A

COLLECTION

OF

FARCES

AND OTHER

AFTERPIECES,

WHICH ARE ACTED AT

THE THEATRES ROYAL, DRURY-LANE, COVENT-GARDEN, AND HAY-MARKET.

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ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.
LYING VALET.
THE CITIZEN.
THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.
CATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO.
PADLOCK.
MISS IN HER TEENS.
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ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE,

A

FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY

MR ISAAC JACKMAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir GILBERT PUMKIN,	*Mr Blanchard.*
Captain STANLEY,	*Mr Brunton.*
Captain STUKELY,	*Mr Claremont.*
DIGGERY,	*Mr Liston.*
CYMON,	*Mr Simmons.*
WAT,	*Mr Beverly.*
Waiter,	*Mr Abbott.*
WILLIAM,	*Mr Jefferies.*
Hostler,	*Mr Atkins.*
Miss BRIDGET PUMKIN,	*Mrs Davenport.*
KITTY SPRIGHTLY,	*Miss Searle.*

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Inn at Shrewsbury.*

CHARLES STANLEY *and* HARRY STUKELY *at Breakfast.*

Har. Faith, Charles, I cannot think as you do on this subject.

Cha. I am sorry for it; but when you have served two or three campaigns more, take my word for it, Harry, you will have the same opinion of the army, that I entertain at this moment.

Har. 'Tis impossible; the army is the only profession, where a great soul can be completely gratified; after a glorious and well-fought field, the approbation of my sovereign, with the acclamations of my brave countrymen, are rewards amply repaying whole years of service.

Cha. True; but the honours we gather, very often adorn the head of a commander. who has been only an ear-witness to this "well-fought field."

Har. Ay, but every individual has his share.

Cha. Of the danger, I grant you; and when a return is made of the killed, wounded, &c. you see in every newspaper a list of them in the following order:—three captains, seven lieutenants, twelve ensigns, killed; so many wounded; then comes in order, the sergeants, sergeant-majors, drummers, &c. &c. &c. and as to the rank and file, they are given to you in the lump; one hundred, or one thousand, just as it happens.

Har. But their memories live for ever in the hearts of their countrymen.—How comes it, Charles, that with these sentiments you ever wore a cockade?

Cha. I'll tell you:—whenever I receive the pay of my sovereign, and am honoured with the character of his trusty and well-beloved, I will faithfully, and I hope bravely, discharge the confidence he reposes in me. But, Harry, you have no serious objection to matrimony: if you have, we had better proceed no further; our project has a period.

Har. Not in the least, I assure you: I think myself capable of engaging in both the fields of love and war. I will marry, because it has its conveniences.

"——But when light-winged toys
Of feather'd Cupid, foil with wanton dulness
My speculative and officed instruments,
Let all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation."

There's a touch of Othello for you, and I think à-propos.

Cha. 'Egad, Harry, that speech puts me in mind of a letter I received from Miss Kitty Sprightly, the fair ward of my uncle, Sir Gilbert Pumkin—you must know, we are to have a play acted at the old family mansion for our entertainment, or rather for the entertainment of Miss Kitty; who is so mad af-

ter every thing that has the appearance of a theatre, that I should not be surprised, if she eloped with the first strolling company that visited this part of the country.

Har. Let us have the letter by all means.

Cha. [*Reads.*] "Miss Kitty Sprightly sends her compliments to Captain Charles, and as she is informed Sir Gilbert has invited him to Strawberry-hall, she thinks it necessary to acquaint Captain Charles, that he must shortly perfect himself in the character of Captain Macheath, as the ladies expect him to perform that character at the mansion-house. If he has a good Filch in the circle of his acquaintance, she desires the captain will not fail to bring him down."

Har. Why, what the devil! I'll lay my life you have brought me down to play this curious character in this very curious family.

Cha. You are right, Harry? and if you can filch away the old sister, you will play the part to some advantage—you will have fifty thousand pounds to your benefit, my boy.

Har. You mean this as an introduction to the family—oh, then have at you—but damn it, I can't sing; I can act tolerably.

Cha. I'll warrant you. But come, now we have cleaned ourselves, we will repair to the mansion; we are only two miles from it; they expect us to dinner. William, desire the hostler to put the horses to. Waiter, a bill.

Enter Waiter.

Upon my word, waiter, your charges are intolerable: what, five shillings for a boiled fowl!

Wait. We know your honour is n't on half-pay: we always charge to the pocket of our customers, your honour.

Har. Well, but good Mr Waiter, take back your bill, and in your charge, consider us on half-pay.

Wait. Lord bless your honour! you are in too good flesh for that: why, your honour looks as fat and as well as myself.

Cha. Ha, ha, ha! [*Both laugh.*] there is half-a-crown above your bill, which you may dispose of as you please. Get you gone!

Wait. Your honours, I hope, will remember honest Will Snap, at the Antelope, when you come next to Shrewsbury. [*Exit.*

Cha. Mr Honesty, your servant. Travelling, Harry, is now become so chargeable, that few gentlemen of our cloth can afford to breathe the fresh air for a day.

Enter Hostler, Bootcatcher, and another Servant.

But what's your business?

Host. The hostler, your honour. There is not such a pair of bays, your honour, in the country; they'll take you to Sir Gilbert's in ten minutes without turning a hair. I hope I shall drink your honour's health.

Har. Get out of my sight, this moment, ye set of scoundrels, or I will knock you down with this chair. [*Takes up one.*] Landlord, hollo! why the devil don't you send in all the poor in the parish? this is highway robbery, without the credit of being robbed. Let us get away, Charles, while we have money to pay the turnpikes.

Cha. Allons! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall at the Mansion-House.*

Enter DIGGERY, *with a Play-book in his hand;* WAT, CYMON, *and a Servant to the Family, making a noise.*

Dig. Hold your damn'd tongues? how is it pos-

sible I can tell you how to act, when you all open like a kennel of hounds! listen, but don't say a word. I am to be Alexander, and, Wat, you are to be my friend Clintus, and—

Wat. Ah, Muster Diggery! you shall see what I'll say.

Dig. Damme, hold your tongue, I say once more —you'll say! what can you say?—say only what is in the book, and don't be cramming in your own nonsense. But listen all of you and mind—you must know the man who wrote this play was mad—

Wat. Lord, I should like to play mad.

Dig. Will nobody stop this fellow's mouth? why, you blockhead, you have not sense enough to be mad; you'd play the fool well enough, but how can you extort that damned pudding-face of yours to madness? why, Wat, your features are as fixed as the man in the moon's.

All. Go on, Master Diggery, go on.

Dig. Well, let me see [*Turns over the leaves of the Play.*] you, Wat, I say, is to be Clintus; and I am to say before all of you, that great Almon gave me birth: then, Wat, you are to say, you lie!

Wat. Ah, but then you'll stick me.

Dig. Never mind that; button your waistcoat over one of our trenchers.—Lord, I forget to begin right; I am first to come out of a tim-whiskey, which you are to draw; and when I come down, you are all to fall upon your marrow-bones. And, as to you, Wat, if you even look at me, I'll come up and give you such a douse of the chops, as you never had in your life.

Wat. Let us try; now you shall see, Muster Diggery.

Dig. Then do as I bid you; down every mother's skin of you. [*They all kneel down;* DIGGERY *draws back.*] Don't stir if Miss Bridget was ringing every

bell in the house. When I say, rise all, my friends, then do you all get up.

Wat. Is that right, Mustur Diggery?

Dig. Very well, now—[*A Bell rings.*]—zounds, here's Miss Bridget!

Enter Miss BRIDGET.

Miss B. Where, in the name of mischief, have you been, rascal? your master has been looking for you this hour, and no tidings, high nor low.

Dig. I'm going. [*Exit, leaving the rest kneeling.*

Miss B. Mercy upon us! what's all this? Cymon! Wat! are you all mad? why don't you answer?

Cymon. Hush, hush! Diggery is to play mad; I must not stir.

Miss B. Mercy upon me! these fellows may be struck mad for ought I know. I'll raise the house—brother, brother! Kitty Sprightly! where are you all?

Enter Sir GILBERT.

Sir G. What the devil's the matter?

Miss B. Look at those fellows, brother; they are all out of their senses; they are all mad.

Sir G. Mad, are they!—why then, run and bring me the short blunderbuss that's hanging in the hall, and I'll take a pop at the whole covey.

Enter DIGGERY.

Diggery, what's the matter with those fellows?

Dig. Nothing, sir?

Sir G. Nothing! why what the devil keeps them in that posture then?

Dig. Lord, sir, I'll soon make them get upon their legs.

Sir G. Do then, I desire you; and send them all to the mad-house.

Dig. [*Goes up to them all.*] Rise all, my friends. [*They all rise.*] Lord, sir, we were only acting a play.

Sir G. You son of a whore! get out of my sight this moment. [*They all run away.*] Was ever man so plagued with such a set of scoundrels? Morning, noon, and night, is this fellow, Diggery, taking these wretches from their labours, and making Cæsars, Alexanders, and Blackamoors of them.

Miss B. Brother, brother, if you had routed that nest of vagabonds who were mumming in our barn about two months ago, none of this would have happened.

Sir G. True, true, sister Bridget. It was but a few days ago, I went to take a walk about my fields; when I came back, the first thing I saw, was a large sheet of paper pasted on the street-door, and on it were wrote in large characters:—

"This evening will be presented here,

THE GREAT ALEXANDER.

Alexander by Mr DIGGERY DUCKLIN,

Roxana by Miss TIPPET BUSKY,

And the part of Statira by a YOUNG LADY,

(Being her first appearance on any stage.")

Damme, if I knew my own house.

Miss B. That's not all, brother; Diggery had nearly smothered that silly hussey, Tippet, in the oven a few days ago.

Sir G. The oven! what the devil brought her there?

Miss B. Why, Diggery prevailed upon her to go in, and he said he would break open the door of it with the kitchen poker, and that would be playing Romo.

Sir G. Romo! Romeo, you mean; why, sister Bridget, you can't speak English—surely some dæmon has bewitched our family! [*Aside.*] But pray what became of Juliet in the oven?

Miss B. Hearing a noise, I went down stairs, and the moment he saw me, he dropt the poker and ran away: but I had no sooner opened the door of the oven, than I saw her gasping for breath; and it was as much as I could do to drag her out, and save her from being suffocated.

Sir G. Why the devil did you not leave her there? she would have been a good example to the whole family. As to that fellow, Diggery, he will be hanged for the murder of some of these creatures, as sure as he is now alive. I overheard him the other day desiring Cymon to fall on the carving-knife, and he would then die like Cato.

Miss B. If they continue these pranks, we shall never be able to receive Captain Charles and his friend; they will certainly imagine we are all run mad in good earnest.

Sir G. How can it be otherwise? Miss Kitty Sprightly forsooth, extorted a promise from me the other day, that when Charles and his friend came down, I would permit the Beggar's Opera to be got up, as she phrased it, in order to entertain them.

Miss B. Brother, that girl is worse than the whole gang of them.

Sir G. Leave me to manage her; I will endeavour to release myself from the promise I made her, and instead of this play, a ball may answer the purpose. I hope, sister, you have prepared a good dinner for my nephew and his friend. He informs me in his letter, that the gentleman he brings down with him is a man of family, and a soldier that does honour to his profession.

Miss B. I must desire, brother, you will mind your

ward, and leave the house to me; let him be related to the first duchess in the land, he shall say, after he leaves Strawberry-Hall, he never feasted until he came there. I have a few polanies of my own making, which I intend to introduce by surprise.

Enter DIGGERY.

Dig. Lord, sir, Captain Macheath is just arrived?

Sir G. Captain Macheath! my nephew, rascal; desire him to walk up immediately.

Dig. Yes, sir—oh, sir, here he is.

Enter CHARLES *and* HARRY.

Sir G. Ah, nephew! I am glad to see you! how have you been these two years? I have not seen you since your last campaign.

Cha. In very good health, sir; and am sincerely happy to see you so. Permit me, sir, to introduce to your acquaintance, the companion of my dangers and my friendship.

Sir G. Sir, you are welcome to Strawberry-Hall. I love a soldier; and I am informed you support the character in all its relations.

Har. You do me great honour, Sir Gilbert; I shall study to deserve your good opinion.

Dig. He's a better figure than me—and better action too. [*Imitates him.*

Cha. I was in great hopes, my dear aunt, that when next I visited Strawberry-Hall, I should have found you happy in the possession of your old lover, parson Dosey. I hope you have not banished him?

Miss B. Don't talk of the wretch; you know he was always my aversion.

[DIGGERY *at the side is stabbing himself with a large Key.*

Sir G. What are you about, Diggery?

Dig. Sir! [*Puts the Key into his pocket.*

Sir G. Come, come, I'll tell you the fact, and spare her blushes. Parson Dosey, you must know, some time ago was playing a pool of quadrille with my sister, and three of her elderly maiden acquaintances, who live in the neighbourhood, when, behold ye, to the astonishment of all the ladies, the parson's right eye dropt into the fish-tray! egad, I was as much astonished as the rest; for none of us had ever discovered the defect, although he has been in the parish for so many years: but in a twinkling, he whipt it into the socket; and when I looked him in the face, damme if I did not think there was as much meaning in it, as in any eye about the table.

Dig. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

[*Sir G. interrupts him in the middle of his laugh.*

Sir G. For shame, Diggery! [*Drives him off.*]—Bless me, I forgot!—give me leave, sir, to introduce you to my sister.

Har. [*Kisses her, and bows very politely.*] Upon my word, madam, such an imposition deserved a very severe chastisement. I hope, madam, you never permitted this made-up gentleman to indulge the eye he had left, with another view of your fair self?

Miss B. Dear sir, I hope you don't mind my brother; he is always upon his fagaries; he puts me to the blush a hundred times a day—faith, a very pretty young fellow! I'll take a more particular view of him presently. [*Aside.*

Sir G. No, no; my sister's observation was a just one; "that when a woman marries, she ought to have a man naturally complete."

Miss B. So, brother, you will go on with your vile conceptions.

Sir G. I have no vile conceptions. Why do you suppose them vile, sister Bridget?

Miss B. Gentlemen, I cannot stay in the room.

Har. Dear madam, I beg—pray madam—

[*Takes her by the hand.*

Miss B. I must go, sir, I am in such a tremble; I shall certainly drop with confusion, if I stay any longer. [*Exit.*

Har. Indeed, Sir Gilbert, this canonical gentleman, presuming to address a lady of Miss Pumkin's qualifications.

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha! Miss Pumkin's qualifications! stick to that, captain, and you will soon have a regiment. I find the soldier has not spoiled the courtier.

Har. I really think what I say, sir;—the deception was unpardonable.

Sir G. Not at all: the parson was very poor, and he knew she was very rich; and if the fellow was blind with one eye, and squinted with the other, I could not blame him to marry her, if she was fool enough to consent to the union; indeed, it was my business to prevent it, but the discovery of the glass eye did the business more effectually than I could do, had I the eloquence of a Cicero.

Cha. But pray, uncle, where is your fair charge, Miss Kitty Sprightly? she's grown, I suppose, a fine girl by this time.

Sir G. A fine girl, quotha!—I do not like that warm enquiry; a red coat may spoil my project of marrying her myself. [*Considers.*] I have it! I'll tell him she's a little crack-brained. [*Aside.*] Nephew, a word in your ear; the poor girl has got a touch.

Cha. A touch! you don't say so.

Sir G. As sure as you are in your senses; she's always imagining herself to be either Helen, Cleopatra, Polly Peachum, or some other female of antiquity, that made a noise in the world.

Cha. Oh, ho! I smell a rat here; but I'll humour it. [*Aside.*] 'Tis a strange species of madness, uncle; she's probably play mad.

Sir G. You have it; and the contagion has run

through the house—there's Diggery, Wat, Cymon, Tippet, and the whole family, except my sister, have got the bite. Why, sometimes you would imagine, from the wooden sceptres, straw crowns, and such like trumpery, that Bedlam was transported from Moorfields to the spot you now stand upon. I give you this hint, that your friend may not be surprised; you will explain the unhappy situation of the poor girl to him.—An excellent thought! it will keep her at a distance from him. [*Aside.*

Cha. Harry, my uncle informs me, [*Winking at him.*] that his fair ward, the young lady I mentioned to you, has lately had a touch.

Har. A touch! I am heartily sorry for it; how came the unlucky accident? I hope no faithless one-eyed lover in the case.

Sir G. Zounds! no, no, no! why, nephew, you described the girl's disorder abominably—she lately had a touch here, here, sir. [*Points to his forehead.*

Har. Oh, is that all? I hope, sir, with a little attention she will be soon restored.

Cha. I am very sorry to hear this account of my dear little Kitty; let us visit her: where is she, uncle?

Sir G. Dear little Kitty! oh, ho! but I'll have all my senses about me. [*Aside.*] In her own chamber, I suppose: but follow me and you shall see her; she's quite another thing to what she was two years ago, when you saw her—but come, gentlemen, dinner will be shortly on the table, and I long to have a bumper with you. [*Exit.*

Har. So, Charles! this is the fair lady you brought me down to run away with?

Cha. Even so.

Har. Why, what the devil would the world say of me for being such a scoundrel?

Cha. Marry the lady, Harry, and when you have fifty thousand pounds in your pocket, the world will be very glad to shake hands and be friends with you.

Har. I would as soon marry Hecate—

Cha. As my aunt; very polite truly! but keep her out of my way, and you may do with her as you please. This girl, who my uncle says is mad, I believe I shall be able to restore in a short time; and it will go hard with me, if you will assist in the project, but I will put her into a post-chaise, and set out for London this very night.

Har. Command me, dear Charles, in any thing that can be of service to you. Have you instructed William? He's a trusty shrewd fellow.

Cha. He has got his lesson; he will soon get into Diggery's good graces, if he can only give him a speech out of a play; however, I hope William will be able to manage him—oh, here is Diggery.

Enter DIGGERY, *with a napkin in his hand.*

Diggery, my honest fellow, I am glad to see you; why you are grown out of knowledge: it is some years since I was first favoured with your acquaintance, Diggery.

Dig. So it is, your honour; let me see, [*Considers*] you was first favoured with my acquaintance, four years come next Lammas: but I knew nothing then; I was quite a thing, your honour.

Cha. You have improved Diggery, since that time, I see, considerably.

Dig. How do you see that, your honour?

Cha. Why your face shews it; there are the lines of good sense, wit, and humour, in every feature; not that insipid face you used to have, no more expression in it than a toasted muffin.

Dig. I got all, your honour, by larning to read; you'll see me when I play, look in a way that will

frighten the whole family—no muffin faces; all mispression, your honour.

[HARRY *hums a tune out of the Beggar's Opera, and acts.*

[*Looks at him.*] Master Charles, who is that gentleman? he's acting, is n't he? has he a muffin face?

Cha. No, no, Diggery, don't disturb him; he is one of the first actors of the age, and has a face that would frighten the devil when he pleases; he'll put us all to rights; I brought him down for the purpose.

Dig. Suppose your honour desires him to kill himself for a minute or two before dinner. I have tried a thousand times, and never could kill myself to my own satisfaction in all my life—I'll lend him my key. [*Bell rings.*] Coming,—oh, Master Charles, I was desired to bid you and the gentleman come to dinner, but I quite forgot it; run as hard as you can.

Cha. Come, Harry, the family waits dinner.

[*Exeunt singing.*

Dig. The family waits dinner. [*Imitates him.*] I can't do it like him—lord! how he'll do Captain Macheath in the play! I'm glad he is not to be hanged. [*Sings.*] "Let us take the road—Hark!
I hear the sound of coaches, [*Bell rings.*
The hour of attack approaches."

[*Bell rings till* DIGGERY *is off.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Dining Parlour; Sir* GILBERT, *Miss* BRIDGET, *Miss* KITTY, CHARLES, *and* HARRY, *at Dinner,* DIGGERY *attending at the side-board.*

Sir G. I hope, gentlemen, you like your dinner. As to my wine, there is not better in the country, I'll lay a hogshead of claret.

Har. Your entertainment is so good, Sir Gilbert, that I shall beg leave to prolong my visit. What shall we do, Charles, when we reach London, that cursed seat of noise and bustle?

Cha. Endeavour to reconcile ourselves to it; a soldier must not always expect good quarters. Pray, Miss Kitty, how does your fair friend, Miss Sally Cockle?

Kit. Oh, she has been married a long time, and was lately brought to bed of two thumping boys.

Miss B. Child, you must not tell that.

Kit. What, mus'n't I tell the truth? why then I do say, she was brought to bed of two boys not six months ago; but she will be at our play to-night.

Sir G. I told you how it was; but she's not mischievous. [*Aside* to CHARLES.

Cha. She has not the appearance of it—I am sure her recollection is very good. [*Aside.*

Sir G. Come, my young soldiers, let us have a bumper to his majesty; what say you, my boys?

Har. A hundred, Sir Gilbert; and I say done first.

Sir G. Why that's rather too many; but while I can stand or sit, have at you. Come, Diggery, let us have three bumpers in a minute here. Diggery! what is that fellow about there?

[DIGGERY *is kneeling at the foot of the side-board, and as if lamenting the death of* STATIRA; *they all rise and look at him.*

Sir G. I say, Diggery—

[DIGGERY *turns his head about, but continues kneeling.*

Dig. Sir.

Sir G. What are you about? acting again, I suppose?

Dig. Lord, sir, I was only striving to cry over Statira. [*Rises.*

Sir G. To cry over Statira! and what have you to do with Statira? let Statira go to the devil; and give us three bumpers to his majesty, and then you may go and follow Statira if you will.

Dig. Yes, sir. [*Brings the Wine.*

Sir G. Come, boys, here is his majesty's health, and a long, glorious, and happy reign to him.

Kit. Indeed, guardie, you frighten poor Diggery so, that he forgets his part almost as soon as he gets it.

Sir G. Kitty Sprightly, hold your tongue, I bid you. I have surely a right to correct my own servants; but rest satisfied, for after this night, if ever I hear the name of that sheep-stealing scoundrel, Willy, as you call him, I will—there now, that fellow's at the devil's trade again. [DIGGERY *is fencing with a large knife.*] Call Cymon here, thou imp of the devil; we shall be able to do something with him—oh Lord, oh Lord!—

Dig. Cymon—Cymon— [*The last very loud.*

Enter CYMON.

Cym. Here.

Sir G. Cymon, do you attend table; that fellow is among the incurables.

Cha. After we have performed this play to-night, I fancy, sir, the family will have quite enough of it.

Miss B. Then I wish it was over with all my heart.

Cha. Miss Kitty, will you drink a glass of wine with me? shall I have the honour to touch your glass?

Kit. If you please, sir.

Har. Suppose, Miss Pumpkin, we make it a quartetto.

Sir G. A quartetto! why not a quintetto? Cymon, five glasses of wine; be quick—I suppose you are not engaged with Statira.

Cym. Yes—no, your honour.

[*Gives five glasses of Wine.*

Sir G. We could not get any fish for you, although we sent far and near for some.

Cha. Give me good roast beef, uncle, the properest diet for a Briton and a soldier.

[CYMON *fills a glass;* DIGGERY *takes it up, and gives it to him; he appears to instruct* CYMON *what to do with it;* CYMON *drinks it, throws the glass over his head, and Sings.*

Cym. "And my comrades shall see that I die."

[DIGGERY *and* CYMON *run off. All rise.*

Sir G. I wish, with all my heart, the devil had the whole pack.—Was ever man so plagued?

Har. Dear Sir Gilbert, do not be uneasy; they will be all tired of playing before to-morrow night, or I am very much mistaken.

Kit. Now, guardie, for my part, I think the best way will be, to let them have their belly full of playing.

Miss B. For shame, Kitty; you must not say belly full before company, that's naughty.

Kit. Well, I do say, that if guardie would only let us play as much as we please, it is very probable, we should as soon be tired of it as he is.

Har. 'Egad, Mrs Kitty, an excellent thought. [*Aside to* CHARLES.] Suppose, Sir Gilbert, we adopt it.

Cha. Do, uncle; my friend and I will engage in one week to make them hate the sight of a theatre.

Sir G. Do you say so! if I thought that could be done—

Miss B. Indeed, indeed, brother, it will make them all as mad as March hares.

Har. Believe me, madam, it will not; I know a gentleman, who every night of his life was at one or other of the play-houses, until he purchased a share

in each of them, and afterwards he no more troubled himself about the theatre, than you do about learning to ride in the great saddle.

Miss B. No!—Well, that's amazing.

Sir G. Well, well, I leave the management of this matter to you both; do with them as you please. If we can provide a remedy for this disorder, let us spare no pains to find it out. Sister, shew your nephew and his friend the garden, and do you, Kitty, go too. You will find me in my study.—Take care of that poor girl, Charles; she is very sensible at some moments. [*Exit.*

Cha. Fear not my government.

Kit. That's what the black man says in the play. This is to my own taste exactly.

Cha. Oh, my Statira, thou relentless fair!
Turn thine eyes on me—I would talk to them.

Kit. Not the soft breezes of the genial spring,
The fragrant violet, or opening rose,
Are half so sweet as Alexander's breath.
Then he will talk—good gods how he will talk!

[*He leads her out, looking at each other languishingly.*

SCENE II.—*The Garden.*

Enter Miss BRIDGET *and* HARRY.

Har. These improvements, madam, are the very extreme of elegance. I take for granted, they were laid out agreeable to your design.

Miss B. Partly, sir. My brother wanted to have the garden crammed full of naked figures, in a most indecent way, but I said not; and if you observe, they are clothed from head to foot; you can't see the ancle of one of them.

Har. There, madam, you blended decency with

elegance, which is little attended to in these days. Besides, the artist has the same opportunity to shew his skill on the drapery of a lady's petticoat, as in finishing a Venus de Medicis.

Miss B. And so I told my brother. Says I, the Venus de Med-med—but won't you please to sit down, sir? you have walked a great deal; I am afraid you are fatigued—sit down, sir, and dispose yourself. [*He brings two Garden-chairs to the front of the Stage; they look at each other languishingly.*] And are you certain, sir, that this kind of play business will not be attended with any bad consequences to the family?

Har. Indeed I think not, madam. A play, certainly is one of the most rational amusements we have. The Greek and Roman stages contributed very much to civilize those nations, and in a great measure rescued them from their original barbarity.

Miss B. So I told my brother—says I, the Greeks, the Romans, the Irish, and a great number of other barbarous nations, had plays.

Har. True, madam.

Miss B. But he said they were all Jacobites.

Har. The justice of that remark, I confess, strikes me—but, madam, you, you, you—damme if I know what to say to this old fool—where is Charles?

[*Aside.*

Miss B. I have touched him with my observations. What a delicate insensibility he discovers. [*Aside.*] I find, sir, from your conversation, you have read a monstrous deal. You have taken a degree, I suppose, sir, at our principal adversity?

Har. There's no standing this. [*Aside.*] Oh, yes, madam; and it cost me many an uneasy moment before I could obtain it: the only thing that made my time pass away even tolerably, was, that during my

probation, I sometimes had the honour of a visit from the muses.

Miss B. Pray, sir, is that the family which lives at Oxford?

Har. No faith, madam, they very seldom even sojourn there; they are a very whimsical family; and although of the highest extraction, very often condescend to visit a cottage instead of a palace.

Miss B. I shall be very glad to see them at Strawberry-Hall, or any of yours, sir.

Har. Dear madam, your goodness overwhelms me. I'll try this old Tabby with a love scene; she grows amorous. [*Aside.*] I cannot but think, madam, of the unaccountable vanity of the parson, whom Sir Gilbert so humourously described to-day. From the enterprising genius of this spiritual gentleman, and from his wanting an eye, one may with great propriety, I think, give him the name of the canonical Hannibal.

Miss B. Ha, ha! a very good summily indeed, sir: he was indeed quite a Canibal, and so I told my brother: but don't mention his name, sir, it affects me like the Hydrophica.

Har. His presumption, madam, deserved death. Monstrous! to think of obtaining such a hand as this, [*Kisses it.*] without the requisites even to gaze upon it—Oh! it's intolerable.

[*She rises and he kneels.*

Miss B. Dear, sir! Lord, sir! with what a warmth he kisses my hand. Oh! he's a dear deluder. [*Aside.*] Sir, captain, what do you call 'um, if we are seen, I am undone.

Har. Be under no apprehensions, my angel.

[*Kisses her hand again.*

Miss B. My angel! there's a word for you.—I shall certainly give way in a few moments. [*Aside.*

Enter DIGGERY, *peeping at the Side-scene.*

Dig. What are are these two cajoling about? acting, I suppose. I'll try if I can't act the same way.

Har. Ah, Miss Pumkin, Miss Pumkin!

[*Kneels; takes out his Handkerchief, and weeps.*

Dig. Ah, Miss Pumkin, Miss Pumkin.

[*Kneels by the Side-scene, and pulls the napkin out of his pocket; part of which must be seen when he enters.*

Enter Sir GILBERT.

Sir G. Where are you, sister? zounds! what's the matter now? what are you acting? have you got the touch?

Har. Humour the thought, madam. [*Aside.*

Sir G. If Diggery had not been one of the dramatis personæ, I should have imagined, sister Bridget, that a red coat and a handsome young fellow, were things not very disagreeable to you.

Dig. Yes, sir, I'm here; I'm always your honour's personæ.

Sir G. Get out of my sight this moment, thou—

[*Exit* DIGGERY.

Miss B. Indeed, brother, I do not think, that acting is so foolish a thing as I thought for. The captain here, has repeated so many pretty speeches, that I could listen to them for an hour longer. However, I will go and prepare tea for you—good bye.

[*Exit.*

Har. Miss Bridget has very kindly undertaken, sir, to perform the part of Mrs Peachum, in this evening's entertainment; and as she takes the part at a short notice, we must indulge her with the book. I shall make a proper apology to the audience upon that occasion, before the opera begins.

Sir G. Mrs Peachum! what has my sister undertaken to play Mother Peachum?

Har. Most kindly, sir.

Sir G. She has! then I shall not be surprised, if I see my she goat and all her family dancing the hayes to-morrow morning—in short, after that, I shall not be surprised at any thing. But tell me, my dear Stukely, tell me truly, do you think that you will be able to give them enough of it? do you think our plan will succeed?

Har. I'll be bound for it, sir. If there are any more plays acted in your house after this, I will consent to lose my head.

Sir G. Then give them as much of it to-night as you can—do not spare them, Stukely. But come, let us go in to tea. Diggery is hard at work, fixing the scenes in the hall, and the whole neighbourhood will be here bye-and-bye. Come along.

[*Exeunt talking.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the House.*

Enter KITTY, *singing.*

Kit. This Charles, notwithstanding my singing, now and then makes me melancholy. He is so lively, and so tragic, and so comic, and so humoursome, and so every thing like myself, that I am much happier with him than any body else. Heigh-ho! what makes me sigh so, when I chuse singing?—"tol, lol, lol, la."—But here he is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Come to my arms, thou loveliest of thy sex.

Kit. Keep off, Charles; I bid you; you must not lay hold on me in such a monstrous way; that's just like Cymon.

Cha. What do I hear? death to my hopes, Cymon! does Cymon lay hold of my dear Kitty?

Kit. To be sure. When I have no other person to rehearse with, I do take Cymon; and he does not perform badly, when I instruct him.

Cha. But don't you think you had better take me? don't you imagine my performance would please you better than his?

Kit. How can I tell, until I try you both. If you will give me a specimen, I'll soon tell you—try now.

Cha. What the devil shall I say? I do not immediately recollect a line of a play. No matter, the first thing that comes into my head. [*Aside.*] Come then, Kitty, you must play with me. Now mind—hear me, thou fairest of the fair—hear me, dear goddess, hear—

Kit. Stop, stop; I do not know where that is.

Cha. Nor I, upon my soul. [*Aside.*] What do not you recollect where that is?

Kit. No. Can you repeat a speech out of Romeo, Crooked-back Richard, the Conscious Lovers, Scrub, the Journey to London, the Clandestine Marriage, the School for Wives—

Cha. Stop, stop; yes, yes, Kitty, I have the Journey to London, the Clandestine Marriage, and the School for Wives, strong at this moment in my recollection. I think I can do—

Kit. What then, you only think, you're not certain? Lord, Lord! I do not believe you can do any thing—why, Cymon, could say them all without missing a word. I only desired him, after supper, a few nights ago, to go into the barn, and get by heart the speech, where the blackamoor smothers his wife, and I had not been in bed ten minutes, when he came into the room, and repeated every word of it.

Cha. The devil he did!

Kit. Ay, and more than that.

Cha. What more, in the devil's name?

Kit. Why to be sure, he was as black as old Harry, that's certain. He had blacked all his face with soot and goose dripping; and he did look so charmingly frightful! but then he did play so well—he laid down the candle, and came up to the bed-side, and said—"one kiss and then."

Cha. What then?

Kit. Why then put out the light. Why Charles, you know no more how to act this scene than Tippet.

Cha. And pray, my dear Kitty, what does Sir Gilbert say to all this?

Kit. Why, he'd never have known a word of it, if it was not that it discovered itself.

Cha. How came that? you tell me it was but a few nights ago, and I do not think it could discover itself so soon.

Kit. Why, you must know, that when Cymon kissed me in bed, he blacked my left cheek so abominably, that when I came down to breakfast in the morning, the family were all frightened out of their wits. Mrs Bridget bid me go to the glass; and when I looked at myself—Lord, Lord, how I did laugh! I told them the whole story. And do you know, that I am locked into my room every night since.

Cha. So much the better. This is simplicity without vice. [*Aside.*] Well, Kitty, you shall see this evening, how I'll play Captain Macheath. I am quite perfect in the captain.

Kit. And I have Polly, every morsel of her.—Lord, how all the country folks will stare! Miss Fanny Blubber, the rich farmer's daughter, in the next village, is to play Lucy; she will do it charmingly, and, as luck would have it, she is now big with child.

Cha. Really! was ever any thing so lucky?

Kit. Are you sure now, that you will not be out?

Cha. You shall see now—come, lean on my shoulder—look fond—quite languishing—that will do—what do you say now? have you forgot?

Kit. That I hav'n't—and are you as fond as ever, my dear?

Cha. Suspect my honour, my courage, suspect any thing but my love. May my pistols want charging, and my mare slip her shoes—no I'm wrong—zounds! —oh! I have it—may my pistols miss fire, and my mare slip her shoulder while I am pursued, if ever I forsake thee!

Kit. Oh, thou charming, charming creature!

[*Kisses him.*

Cha. Damme, but this girl has given me the touch, I believe. She has set me all in a flame. [*Aside.*] But tell me, Kitty, have you thought upon what I said to you in the garden?

Kit. 'Egad I have; but I don't know what's the matter with me; something comes across me, and frightens all my inclination away.

Cha. Be resolute, my dear Kitty, and take to your arms the man who can only live when he is in your presence. Heavens! is it possible, that such a girl as you—a creature formed—

Kit. Lord! am I a creature?

Cha. Ay, and a lovely creature; formed for the delight of our sex, and the envy of yours. To be caged up in such a damned old barn as this! seeing no company but Cymon, Wat, Diggery Ducklin, and such canibals.

Kit. Oh, monstrous!

Cha. It's more than monstrous; it's shocking.

Kit. Is it indeed?

Cha. To be sure.

Kit. Then I will do as you bid me from this moment.

Cha. Come to my arms, and let me hold thee to my heart for ever. [*Embraces her.*] If I were now to die, 'twere now to be most happy; for I fear my soul hath her content so absolute, that not another comfort like this succeeds in unknown fate.

Enter Sir GILBERT.

Sir G. Hollo! what the devil, are you two at it already? why, Charles, are you not afraid she will bite you?

Cha. Not in the least, sir. If I don't make her out of humour with this kind of mumming, before she is twenty-four hours older, I will forfeit my commission.

Sir G. If you do, I promise you a better. What noise is that? [*A board is heard sawing without.*

Kit. It is only Diggery sawing a trap-hole in the floor of the hall. You know we can't play tragedy without it.

Sir G. Death and hell! we shall have the house about our ears presently—mercy upon us!—Diggery, thou imp of the devil, give over. Charles, do you stop him. [*Exit* CHARLES.] Who could have thought of such an infernal scheme?

Re-enter CHARLES.

Oh, Charles, Charles! cure the family of this madness, and I will make your fortune for you.

Cha. He had only begun his work, there can be no mischief done, sir.

Sir G. Thank you, thank you, Charles. As for you, Miss Kitty, do you come with me; the folks will be all here presently.

[*Sir* GILBERT *puts her arm under his; she seizes* CHARLES'S *hand, and imitates the Scene in the Beggar's Opera, where* PEACHUM *drags his Daughter from* MACHEATH.

Kit. Do not tear him from me. Is'n't that right, Charles?

Cha. Astonishing!

Sir G. What the devil's the matter now?

Kit. [*Sings.*] Oh, oh, ray! oh, Ambora! oh, oh!

[*Exeunt Sir* GIL. *and* KITTY.

Cha. Well, certainly there does not exist such an unaccountable family as this. As to the girl, she is a composition of shrewdness and simplicity; and if properly treated, would make an excellent wife. She has thirty-thousand pounds to her fortune, and every shilling at her own disposal. What an old curmudgeon is my uncle, who might provide for his nephew, without putting a shilling out of his own pocket, by bestowing this girl upon him; and never once to hint at such an union—no matter—I'll take this little charming girl to my arms, and make a coup de main of it. Then, farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump; the spirit stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife, the royal banner, and all quality, pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!

Enter HARRY.

Har. Bravo, bravo, Charles! the touch, I fancy, has gone round the whole family.

Cha. 'Egad, I believe so too, Harry. I have got it, you find.

Har. I have been looking for you this half hour. Such a scene as I have had with old mouser!

Cha. Aye, but such a scene as I have had with the kitten! 'egad, Harry! I have her, in spite of all her tricks—but who do you think popped upon us at the critical moment!

Har. Critical moment!

Cha. Just as I had the lovely girl in my arms, repeating to her the first speech that came into my head, in popped old Jowler, my uncle.

Har. Why he caught me much in the same situation in the garden; I was kneeling, kissing Miss Bridget's old damn'd withered fist, and swearing by all the goddesses, their friends and relations, when plump he came upon us: no mischief ensued; for he thought I was giving her a specimen of my abilities in acting. She humoured the idea as completely as if she had but just come from a London boarding-school; and the good old knight desired me to surfeit her, to give her a little more of it.

Cha. This night makes me, or undoes me quite.

Har. Good again, Charles—damme but I think you would make a tolerable actor in good earnest.

Cha. I think I should; and you will shortly have a specimen of my abilities, in the character of a good husband.

Enter WILLIAM, *with a Letter.*

Will. I received this letter, sir, from a hostler, who belongs to an inn in the next village; he waits for an answer, sir.

Cha. What can this mean? I know no person hereabouts, except my uncle's family; let us see.

[*Reads.*

"I this moment heard you was in the country upon a visit at your uncle's; and as I propose staying here to-night, (being heartily fatigued with my journey,) will be much obliged, if you will favour me with your company to supper; I am alone, but if the family cannot spare you, I must insist you will use no ceremony with your old and sincere friend,

JOE TACKUM."

Angels catch the sounds.

Har. With all my heart—but what's the matter?

Cha. Who do you think is by accident arrived at the next village?

Har. Who, who?—you put me in a fever.

Cha. Joe Tackum, my old fellow collegian, who took orders not a month ago, and who, I suppose, is now going to his father's—fly, William; get me pen, ink, and paper: he must not stir from the place he now is at, to get a bishopric.

[*Exeunt* CHARLES *and* WILLIAM.

SCENE IV.—*The Hall, with Benches fixed to see the Play.*

Sir GILBERT, DIGGERY, *&c. are discovered bustling and receiving the Company.*

Sir G. Welcome, my good friends; welcome, ladies and gentlemen. Diggery, don't be mumbling your nonsense, but seat the company—you are all most heartily welcome.—The actors will be here shortly. Diggery, where's my nephew, and his friend? where's Kitty too?

Dig. She is just stepped out with Charles.

Sir G. Ay, ay, to rehearse their parts together, so much the better. Now, neighbours, you shall see the Beggar's Opera in taste.

Dig. Here they are, here they are.

Enter CHARLES, KITTY, *and* HARRY.

Har. Are you sure none of the family know you are married?

Cha. Not a soul; but they shall all know it now—[CHARLES *and* KITTY *go up to Sir* GILBERT *and kneel.*] Sir, this young lady, who is now my wife, joins with me in requesting your blessing and forgiveness.

Dig. No, no, no; you are all wrong; you are to confess the marriage at the end of the third act—we begin at the wrong end. [CHARLES *and* KITTY *rise*

Enter Miss BRIDGET, *in a rage.*

Miss B. Brother, brother, we are all undone—oh, Kitty! you are a sad slut—the wench is married, brother!

Dig. Why, Mrs Bridget, you are wrong too; you are to say that bye-and-bye.

Sir G. You came in too soon, sister Bridget; you have forgot.

Miss B. I tell you, brother, the wench is married; are you stupid?

Sir G. I tell you again, sister Bridget, you are too soon; that rage will do well enough presently—Diggery shall tell you when to come—This foolish woman spoils all—I have seen the Beggar's Opera a thousand times.

Miss B. Was ever any thing to equal this? I'll raise the neighbourhood! murder! robbery! ravishment!—bless me, how my head turns round—

[*They all arise and assist Miss* BRIDGET, *who faints in a Chair.*

Dig. I never saw any thing better acted in all my life.

Sir G. Very well, sister, indeed! bounce away—I did not think it was in you—Very well, indeed! ha, ha, ha! [BRIDGET *shews great agitation.*

Dig. It's very fine, indeed!—I wish I may do my part half as well.

Miss B. I shall go mad! you crazy fool you, hold your tongue, or I will—[*Runs at* DIGGERY.] As for you, brother—

Sir G. No, no; now you are out.

Dig. You should not meddle with me.

Miss B. I tell you, dolt, fool, that your niece there, that impudent baggage, is married to that more impudent fellow, your nephew.

Sir G. It can't be; it's all a lie—Parson Dosey

would not have done such a thing for his other eye, and there's no other in the neighbourhood.

Har. It was not Parson Dosey that did the kind office, but honest Joe Tackum.

Sir G. And pray, who the devil is honest Joe Tackum?

Cha. A friend of mine, sir, who I detained for the purpose.

Kit. Dear guardie, forgive me for this time, and I'll never do it again. [*Kneeling.*

Miss B. Did you ever hear any thing so profligate and destitute? oh, you'll turn out finely, miss!—to deceive us all—what, guilty of such an abomination, in so short a time, and at your age!

Kit. Pray, madam, excuse me; is it not quite as bad to do it in so short a time, and at your age?

Miss B. What do you mean, you impertinent slut?

Sir G. Ay, what do you mean, Miss Hotupon't?

Kit. Ask this gentleman, pray.

Sir G. Why, what the devil, sister!

[*She looks confounded.*

Har. Since I am subpœna'd into court, I must speak the truth. That lady, in so short a time, and at her age, offered her hand for the same trip to matrimony; but I was not in a humour for travelling.

Miss B. You are all a parcel of knaves, fools, and impertinent hussies—I'll never see your faces again. [*Exit.*

Sir G. Well, as my sister, who ought to be wiser, would have done the same, I will forgive the less offence. [*Kisses her.*] Make her a good husband, Charles: and permit me to recommend one thing to you; let her never read a play, or go within the doors of a theatre; if you do, I would not underwrite her.

Cha. My life upon her faith. I am afraid, sir, you judge severely of the drama: it is the business

of the stage, to reflect the manners of the world; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.

We point just satire to correct the age,
And give to truth a beauty from the stage.

[*Exeunt.*

THE

LYING VALET;

A

FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

BY

MR GARRICK.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GAYLESS,	*Mr Holland.*
SHARP,	*Mr Collins.*
Justice GUTTLE	*Mr Maddocks.*
Beau TRIPPET,	*Mr Fisher.*
Drunken Cook,	*Mr Purser.*
MELISSA,	*Mrs Harlow.*
Mrs GADABOUT,	*Mrs Sparks.*
Mrs TRIPPET,	*Mrs Coates.*
KITTY PRY,	*Miss Mellon.*

THE

LYING VALET.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Gayless's *Lodgings*

Enter Gayless *and* Sharp.

Sharp. How, sir, shall you be married to-morrow? Eh, I'm afraid you joke with your poor humble servant.

Gay. I tell thee, Sharp, last night, Melissa consented, and fixed to-morrow for the happy day.

Sharp. 'Tis well she did, sir, or it might have been a dreadful one for us in our present condition: all your money spent; your moveables sold; your honour almost ruined, and your humble servant almost starved; we could not possibly have stood it two days longer; but if this young lady will marry you, and relieve us, o'my conscience I'll turn friend to the sex, rail no more at matrimony, but curse the whores, and think of a wife myself.

Gay. And yet, Sharp, when I think how I have imposed upon her, I am almost resolved to throw

myself at her feet, tell her the real situation of my affairs, ask her pardon, and implore her pity.

Sharp. After marriage, with all my heart, sir; but don't let your conscience and honour so far get the better of your poverty and good sense, as to rely on so great uncertainty as a fine lady's mercy and good-nature.

Gay. I know her generous temper, and am almost persuaded to rely upon it. What! because I am poor, shall I abandon my honour?

Sharp. Yes, you must, sir, or abandon me. So, pray, discharge one of us; for eat I must, and speedily too: and you know very well, that that honour of yours will neither introduce you to a great man's table, nor get me credit for a single beef-steak.

Gay. What can I do?

Sharp. Nothing, while honour sticks in your throat. Do, gulp, master, and down with it.

Gay. Prithee leave me to my thoughts.

Sharp. Leave you! No, not in such bad company, I'll assure you. Why, you must certainly be a very great philosopher, sir, to moralize and declaim so charmingly as you do, about honour and conscience, when your doors are beset with bailiffs, and not one single guinea in your pocket to bribe the villains.

Gay. Don't be witty, and give your advice, sirrah.

Sharp. Do you be wise, and take it, sir. But, to be serious, you certainly have spent your fortune, and out-lived your credit, as your pockets and my belly can testify. Your father has disown'd you; all your friends forsook you, except myself, who am starving with you. Now, sir, if you marry this young lady, who as yet, thank heaven, knows nothing of your misfortunes, and by that means procure a better fortune than that you squander'd away, make a good husband, and turn economist, you still may be happy, may still be Sir William's heir, and the lady

too, no loser by the bargain. There's reason and argument, sir.

Gay. 'Twas with that prospect I first made love to her: and though my fortune has been ill spent, I have at least purchased discretion with it.

Sharp. Pray then convince me of that, sir, and make no more objections to the marriage. You see I am reduced to my waistcoat already; and when Necessity has undress'd me from top to toe, she must begin with you, and then we shall be forced to keep house and die by inches. Look you, sir, if you won't resolve to take my advice, while you have one coat to your back, I must e'en take to my heels while I have strength to run, and something to cover me. So, sir, wishing you much comfort and consolation with your bare conscience, I am your most obedient and half-starved friend and servant. [*Going.*

Gay. Hold, Sharp, you won't leave me?

Sharp. I must eat, sir; by my honour and appetite, I must.

Gay. Well, then, I am resolved to favour the cheat; and as I shall quite change my former course of life, happy may be the consequences: at least of this I am sure—

Sharp. That you can't be worse than you are at present.

Gay. [*A knocking without.*] Who's there?

Sharp. Some of your former good friends, who favour'd you with money at fifty per cent. and helped you to spend it, and are now become daily memento's to you of the folly of trusting rogues, following whores, and laughing at my advice.

Gay. Cease your impertinence! to the door! If they are duns, tell 'em my marriage is now certainly fixed, and persuade them still to forbear a few days longer, and keep my circumstances a secret, for their sakes as well as my own.

Sharp. O never fear it, sir: they still have so

much friendship for you, not to desire your ruin to their own disadvantage.

Gay. And do you hear, Sharp, if it should be any body from Melissa, say I am not at home; lest the bad appearance we make here should make 'em suspect something to our disadvantage.

Sharp. I'll obey you, sir; but I am afraid they will easily discover the consumptive situation of our affairs by my chop-fallen countenance.

[*Exit* SHARP.

Gay. These very rascals who are now continually dunning and persecuting me, were the very persons who led me to my ruin, partook of my prosperity, and profess'd the greatest friendship.

Sharp. [*Without.*] Upon my word, Mrs Kitty, my master's not at home.

Kitty. [*Without.*] Lookee, Sharp, I must and will see him.

Gay. Ha! what do I hear? Melissa's maid! What has brought her here? My poverty has made her my enemy too—She is certainly come with no good intent—No friendship there without fees—She's coming up stairs—What must I do? I'll get into this closet and listen. [*Exit* GAYLESS.

Enter SHARP *and* KITTY.

Kitty. I must know where he is, and will know too, Mr Impertinence.

Sharp. Not of me ye won't. [*Aside.*]—He's not within, I tell you, Mrs Kitty; I don't know myself. Do you think I can conjure?

Kit. But I know you will lie abominably; therefore don't trifle with me. I come from my mistress Melissa: you know, I suppose, what's to be done to-morrow morning?

Sharp. Ay, and to-morrow night too, girl.

Kit. Not if I can help it. [*Aside.*]—But come, where is your master? for see him I must.

Sharp. Pray, Mrs Kitty, what's your opinion of this match between my master and your mistress?

Kit. Why, I have no opinion of it at all; and yet most of our wants will be relieved by it too: For instance now, your master will get a good fortune; that's what I'm afraid he wants: my mistress will get a husband; that's what she has wanted for some time; you will have the pleasure of my conversation, and I an opportunity of breaking your head for your impertinence.

Sharp. Madam, I'm your most humble servant. But I'll tell you what, Mrs Kitty, I am positively against the match: for was I a man of my master's fortune—

Kit. You'd marry if you could, and mend it—Ha, ha, ha! Pray, Sharp, where does your master's estate lie?

Sharp. Lie! lie! why it lies—faith, I can't name any particular place, it lies in so many. His effects are divided, some here, some there; his steward hardly knows himself.

Kit. Scatter'd, scatter'd, I suppose. But harkee, Sharp, what's become of your furniture? You seem to be a little bare here at present.

Sharp. Why, you must know, as soon as the wedding was fix'd, my master order'd me to remove his goods into a friend's house, to make room for a ball which he designs to give here the day after the marriage.

Kit. The luckiest thing in the world! for my mistress designs to have a ball and entertainment here to-night before the marriage; and that's my business with your master.

Sharp. The devil it is!

Kit. She'll not have it public; she designs to invite only eight or ten couple of friends.

Sharp. No more?

Kit. No more: And she order'd me to desire your master not to make a great entertainment.

Sharp. Oh, never fear—

Kit. Ten or a dozen little nice things, with some fruit, I believe, will be enough in all conscience.

Sharp. Oh, curse your conscience! [*Aside.*

Kit. And what do you think I have done of my own head?

Sharp. What?

Kit. I have invited all my Lord Stately's servants to come and see you, and have a dance in the kitchen: Won't your master be surprised?

Sharp. Much so indeed!

Kit. Well, be quick and find out your master, and make what haste you can with your preparations: you have no time to lose. Prithee, Sharp, what's the matter with you? I have not seen you for some time, and you seem to look a little thin.

Sharp. Oh my unfortunate face! [*Aside.*]—I'm in pure good health, thank you, Mrs Kitty; and I'll assure you I have a very good stomach, never better in all my life; and I am as full of vigour, hussey—

[*Offers to Kiss her.*

Kit. What, with that face! Well, bye, bye, [*Going.*]—Oh, Sharp, what ill-looking fellows were those standing about your door when I came in? they want your master too, I suppose.

Sharp. Hum!—Yes, they are waiting for him.—They are some of his tenants out of the country, that want to pay him some money.

Kit. Tenants! What, do you let his tenants stand in the street?

Sharp. They chose it: as they seldom come to town, they are willing to see as much of it as they can when they do; they are raw, ignorant, honest people.

Kit. Well, I must run home: farewell—But do you hear, get something substantial for us in the kitchen

—a ham, a turkey, or what you will—We'll be very merry; and be sure to remove the tables and chairs away there too, that we may have room to dance: I can't bear to be confined in my French dances; tal, lal, lal, [*Dancing*]—Well, adieu! Without any compliment, I shall die if I don't see you soon.

[*Exit* KITTY.

Sharp. And without any compliment, I pray heav'n you may.

Enter GAYLESS.

[*They look for some time sorrowful at each other.*]

Gay. Oh, Sharp!

Sharp. Oh, master!

Gay. We are certainly undone!

Sharp. That's no news to me!

Gay. Eight or ten couple of dancers—Ten or a dozen little nice dishes, with some fruit—my Lord Stately's servants—ham and turkey!

Sharp. Say no more, the very sound creates an appetite; and I am sure of late I have had no occasion for whetters and provocatives.

Gay. Cursed misfortune! What can we do?

Sharp. Hang ourselves; I see no other remedy, except you have a receipt to give a ball and a supper without meat or music.

Gay. Melissa has certainly heard of my bad circumstances, and has invented this scheme to distress me and break off the match.

Sharp. I don't believe it, sir; begging your pardon.

Gay. No? why did her maid then make so strict an inquiry into my fortune and affairs?

Sharp. For two very substantial reasons: the first, to satisfy a curiosity natural to her as a woman; the second, to have the pleasure of my conversation, very natural to her as a woman of taste and understanding.

Gay. Prithee be more serious: Is not our all at stake?

Sharp. Yes, sir; and yet that all of ours is of so little consequence, that a man, with a very small share of philosophy, may part from it without much pain or uneasiness. However, sir, I'll convince you in half an hour, that Mrs Melissa knows nothing of your circumstances; and I'll tell you what too, sir, she shan't be here to-night, and yet you shall marry her to-morrow morning.

Gay. How, how, dear Sharp?

Sharp. 'Tis here, here, sir! Warm, warm; and delays will cool it: therefore I'll away to her, and do you be as merry as love and poverty will permit you.

> Would you succeed, a faithful friend depute,
> Whose head can plan, and front can execute.

I am the man; and I hope you neither dispute my friendship nor qualifications.

Gay. Indeed I don't. Prithee be gone.

Sharp. I fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Melissa's *Lodgings.*

Enter Melissa *and* Kitty.

Mel. You surprise me, Kitty! The master not at home—the man in confusion—no furniture in the house—and ill-looking fellows about the doors! 'Tis all a riddle.

Kit. But very easy to be explain'd!

Mel. Prithee explain it then, nor keep me longer in suspense.

Kit. The affair is this, Madam: Mr Gayless is over head and ears in debt; you are over head and ears in love; you'll marry him to-morrow; the next day your whole fortune goes to his creditors, and you

and your children are to live comfortable upon the remainder.

Mel. I cannot think him base.

Kit. But I know they are all base. You are very young, and very ignorant of the sex; I am young too, but have had more experience; you never was in love before. Know 'em to be a parcel of barbarous, perjured, deluding, bewitching devils.

Mel. The low wretches you have had to do with may answer the character you give 'em; but Mr Gayless—

Kit. Is a man, madam.

Mel. I hope so, Kitty.

Kit. With all my heart—I have given you my sentiments upon the occasion, and shall leave you to your own inclinations.

Mel. Oh, madam, I am much obliged to you for your great condescension, ha, ha, ha! However, I have so great a regard for your opinion, that had I certain proofs of his villainy—

Kit. Of his poverty you may have a hundred: I am sure I have had none to the contrary.

Mel. Oh, there the shoe pinches. [*Aside.*

Kit. Nay, so far from giving me the usual perquisites of my place, he has not so much as kept me in temper, with little endearing civilities; and one might reasonably expect, when a man is deficient in one way, that he should make it up in another.

[*Knocking without.*

Mel. See who's at the door. [*Exit* KITTY.]—I must be cautious how I hearken too much to this girl: her bad opinion of Mr Gayless seems to arise from his disregard of her.

Enter SHARP *and* KITTY.

—So, Sharp, have you found your master? Will things be ready for the ball and entertainment?

Sharp. To your wishes, madam. I have just now

bespoke the music and supper, and wait now for your ladyship's farther commands.

Mel. My compliments to your master, and let him know, I and my company will be with him by six; we design to drink tea and play at cards before we dance.

Kit. So shall I and my company, Mr Sharp. [*Aside.*

Sharp. Mighty well, madam!

Mel. Prithee, Sharp, what makes you come without your coat? 'Tis too cool to go so airy, sure.

Kit. Mr Sharp, madam, is of a very hot constitution, ha, ha, ha!

Sharp. If it had been ever so cool, I have had enough to warm me since I came from home, I'm sure; but no matter for that. [*Sighing.*

Mel. What d'ye mean?

Sharp. Pray don't ask me, madam; I beseech you, don't: let us change the subject.

Kit. Insist upon knowing it, madam—my curiosity must be satisfied, or I shall burst. [*Aside.*

Mel. I do insist upon knowing—On pain of my displeasure, tell me—

Sharp. If my master should know—I must not tell you, madam, indeed.

Mel. I promise you, upon my honour, he never shall.

Sharp. But can your ladyship insure secrecy from that quarter?

Kit. Yes, Mr Jackanapes, for any thing you can say.

Mel. I engage for her.

Sharp. Why then, in short, madam—I cannot tell you.

Mel. Don't trifle with me.

Sharp. Then since you will have it, madam, I lost my coat in defence of your reputation.

Mel. In defence of my reputation!

Sharp. I will assure you, madam, I've suffer'd very much in defence of it! which is more than I would have done for my own.

Mel. Prithee explain.

Sharp. In short, madam, you was seen about a month ago to make a visit to my master alone.

Mel. Alone! my servant was with me.

Sharp. What, Mrs Kitty? So much the worse; for she was looked upon as my property, and I was brought in guilty as well as you and my master.

Kit. What! your property, jackanapes?

Mel. What is all this?

Sharp. Why, madam, as I came out but now to make preparation for you and your company to-night, Mrs Pryabout, the attorney's wife at next door, calls to me; Harkee, fellow, says she, do you, and your modest master know, that my husband shall indict your house at the next parish meeting, for a nuisance?

Mel. A nuisance!

Sharp. I said so—A nuisance! I believe none in the neighbourhood live with more decency and regularity than I and my master—as is really the case—Decency and regularity! cries she, with a sneer—why, sirrah, does not my window look into your master's bed-chamber? and did not he bring in a certain lady such a day? describing you, madam. And did not I see—

Mel. See! O scandalous! What?

Sharp. Modesty requires my silence.

Mel. Did not you contradict her?

Sharp. Contradict her! Why, I told her, I was sure she ly'd: for damn it! said I, (for I could not help swearing,) I am so well convinced of the lady's and my master's prudence, that I am sure, had they a mind to amuse themselves, they would certainly have drawn the window-curtains.

Mel. What, did you say nothing else? Did not you convince her of her error and impertinence?

Sharp. She swore to such things, that I could do nothing but swear and call names; upon which, out bolts her husband upon me, with a fine taper crab in his hand, and fell upon me with such violence, that, being half delirious, I made a full confession.

Mel. A full confession! What did you confess?

Sharp. That my master loved intriguing; that you had no aversion to it; that Mrs Kitty was a bawd, and your humble servant a pimp.

Kit. A bawd! a bawd! Do I look like a bawd, madam?

Sharp. And so, madam, in the scuffle, my coat was torn to pieces as well as your reputation.

Mel. And so you join'd to make me infamous!

Sharp. For heaven's sake, madam, what could I do? His proofs fell so thick upon me, as witness my head, [*Shewing his Head plaster'd.*] that I would have given up all the maidenheads in the kingdom rather than have my brains beat to a jelly.

Mel. And did not you tell your master of this?

Sharp. Tell him! no madam. Had I told him, his love is so violent for you, that he would certainly have murdered half the attorneys in town by this time.

Mel. I'm resolved not to go to your master's to-night.

Sharp. Heavens and my impudence be praised! [*Aside.*

Kit. Why not, madam? If you are not guilty, face your accusers.

Sharp. Oh the devil! ruin'd again! [*Aside.*]—To be sure, face 'em by all means, madam—They can but be abusive, and break the windows a little—besides, madam, I have thought of a way to make this affair quite diverting to you—I have a fine blunderbuss, charged with half a hundred slugs, and my mas-

ter has a delicate large Swiss broad sword; and between us, madam, we shall so pepper and slice 'em, that you will die with laughing.

Mel. What, at murder?

Kit. Don't fear, madam, there will be no murder if Sharp's concern'd.

Mel. Persuade me ever so much, I won't go; that's my resolution.

Kit. Why, then, I'll tell you what, madam; since you are resolved not to go to the supper, suppose the supper was to come to you. 'Tis a great pity such preparations as Mr Sharp has made should be thrown away.

Sharp. So it is, as you say, Mrs Kitty. But I can immediately run back, and unbespeak what I have order'd; 'tis soon done.

Mel. But then what excuse can I send to your master? he'll be very uneasy at my not coming.

Sharp. Oh terribly so!—but I have it—I'll tell him you are very much out of order—that you were suddenly taken with the vapours or qualms, or what you please, madam.

Mel. I'll leave it to you, Sharp, to make my apology; and there's half-a-guinea for you to help your invention.

Sharp. Half-a-guinea!—'Tis so long since I had any thing to do with money, that I scarcely know the current coin of my own country. Oh, Sharp, what talents hast thou! to secure thy master, deceive his mistress, outlie her chamber-maid, and yet be paid for thy honesty! But my joy will discover me. [*Aside.*]—Madam, you have eternally fix'd Timothy Sharp your most obedient humble servant—Oh the delights of impudence and a good understanding.

[*Exit* SHARP.

Kit. Ha, ha, ha! was there ever such a lying varlet! with his slugs and his broad swords, his attorneys and broken heads, and nonsense? Well, ma-

dam, are you satisfied now? Do you want more proofs?

Mel. Of your modesty I do: But I find you are resolved to give me none.

Kit. Madam!

Mel. I see through your little mean artifice: you are endeavouring to lessen Mr Gayless in my opinion, because he has not paid you for services he had no occasion for.

Kit. Pay me, madam! I am sure I have very little occasion to be angry with Mr Gayless for not paying me, when I believe 'tis his general practice.

Mel. 'Tis false! he's a gentleman, and a man of honour, and you are—

Kit. Not in love, I thank heaven! [*Curtseying.*]

Mel. You are a fool.

Kit. I have been in love; but I am much wiser now.

Mel. Hold your tongue, impertinence!

Kit. That's the severest thing she has said yet. [*Aside.*

Mel. Leave me.

Kit. Oh this love, this love is the devil! [*Exit* KITTY.

Mel. We discover our weaknesses to our servants, make them our confidants, put 'em upon an equality with us, and so they become our advisers.—Sharp's behaviour, though I seem'd to disregard it, makes me tremble with apprehensions! and though I have pretended to be angry with Kitty for her advice, I think it of too much consequence to be neglected.

Enter KITTY.

Kit. May I speak, madam?

Mel. Don't be a fool. What do you want?

Kit. There is a servant just come out of the country, says he belongs to Sir William Gayless, and has

got a letter for you from his master upon very urgent business.

Mel. Sir William Gayless? What can this mean! where is the man?

Kit. In the little parlour, madam.

Mel. I'll go to him—my heart flutters strangely.

[*Exit* MELISSA.

Kit. Oh woman, woman, foolish woman! she'll certainly have this Gayless; nay, were she as well convinced of his poverty as I am, she'd have him.—A strong dose of love is worse than one of ratafia; when it once gets into our heads, it trips up our heels, and then good night to discretion.

SCENE III.—GAYLESS'S *Lodgings.*

Enter GAYLESS *and* SHARP.

Gay. Prithee be serious, Sharp. Hast thou really succeeded?

Sharp. To our wishes, sir. In short, I have managed the business with such skill and dexterity, that neither your circumstances nor my veracity are suspected.

Gay. But how hast thou excused me from the ball and entertainment?

Sharp. Beyond expectation, sir; but in that particular, I was obliged to have recourse to truth, and declare the real situation of your affairs. I told her, we had so long disused ourselves to dressing either dinners or suppers, that I was afraid we should be but awkward in our preparations. In short, sir, at that instant a cursed gnawing seized my stomach, that I could not help telling her, that both you and myself seldom make a good meal, now-a-days, once in a quarter of a year.

Gay. Hell and confusion! have you betrayed me, villain? Did you not tell me this moment, she did not in the least suspect my circumstances?

Sharp. No more she did, sir, till I told her.

Gay. Very well; and was this your skill and dexterity?

Sharp. I was going to tell you; but you won't hear reason: my melancholy face and piteous narration had such an effect upon her generous bowels, that she freely forgives all that's past.

Gay. Does she, Sharp?

Sharp. Yes, and desires never to see your face again: and, as a farther consideration for so doing, she has sent you half-a-guinea. [*Shews the Money.*

Gay. What do you mean?

Sharp. To spend it, spend it; and regale.

Gay. Villain, you have undone me!

Sharp. What, by bringing you money, when you are not worth a farthing in the whole world! Well, well, then, to make you happy again, I'll keep it myself; and wish somebody would take it in their head to load me with such misfortunes.

[*Puts up the Money.*

Gay. Do you laugh at me, rascal?

Sharp. Who deserves more to be laughed at? ha, ha, ha! Never for the future, sir, dispute the success of my negociations, when even you, who know me so well, can't help swallowing my hook. Why, sir, I could have played with you backwards and forwards at the end of my line, till I had put your senses into such a fermentation, that you should not have known in an hour's time whether you was a fish or a man.

Gay. Why, what is all this you have been telling me?

Sharp. A downright lie, from beginning to end.

Gay. And have you really excused me to her?

Sharp. No, sir, but I have got this half-guinea to make her excuses to you; and instead of a confederacy between you and me to deceive her, she

thinks she has brought me over to put the deceit upon you.

Gay. Thou excellent fellow!

Sharp. Don't lose time, but slip out of the house immediately; the back way, I believe, will be the safest for you, and to her as fast as you can; pretend vast surprise and concern, that her indisposition has debarred you the pleasure of her company here to-night: You need know no more; away.

Gay. But what shall we do, Sharp? Here's her maid again.

Sharp. The devil she is—I wish I could poison her: for I'm sure, while she lives, I can never prosper.

Enter KITTY.

Kit. Your door was open; so I did not stand upon ceremony.

Gay. I am sorry to hear your mistress is taken so suddenly.

Kit. Vapours, vapours only, sir; a few matrimonial omens, that's all: but I suppose Mr Sharp has made her excuses.

Gay. And tells me I can't have the pleasure of her company to-night. I had made a small preparation; but 'tis no matter: Sharp shall go to the rest of the company, and let them know 'tis put off.

Kit. Not for the world, sir: my mistress was sensible you must have provided for her and the rest of the company; so she is resolved, though she can't, the other ladies and gentlemen shall partake of your entertainment: she's very good-natured.

Sharp. I had better run and let 'em know 'tis deferred. [*Going.*

Kit. [*Stopping him.*] I have been with 'em already, and told 'em my mistress insists upon their coming, and they have all promised to be here: so, pray don't be under any apprehensions that your preparations will be thrown away.

Gay. But as I can't have her company, Mrs Kitty, 'twill be a greater pleasure to me, and a greater compliment to her, to defer our mirth; besides, I can't enjoy any thing at present, and she not partake of it.

Kit. O, no, to be sure; but what can I do? My mistress will have it so; and Mrs Gadabout, and the rest of the company will be here in a few minutes; there are two or three coachfuls of 'em.

Sharp. Then my master must be ruined, in spite of my parts. [*Aside.*

Gay. [*Aside to* SHARP.] 'Tis all over, Sharp.

Sharp. I know it, sir.

Gay. I shall go distracted; what shall I do?

Sharp. Why, sir, as our rooms are a little out of furniture at present, take 'em into the captain's that lodges here, and set 'em down to cards: if he should come in the mean time, I'll excuse you to him.

Kit. I have disconcerted their affairs, I find; I'll have some sport with 'em. Pray, Mr Gayless, don't order too many things: they only make you a friendly visit; the more ceremony, you know, the less welcome. Pray, sir, let me intreat you not to be profuse. If I can be of service, pray command me; my mistress has sent me on purpose: while Mr Sharp is doing the business without doors, I may be employed within. If you'll lend me the keys of your sideboard, [*To* SHARP] I'll dispose of your plate to the best advantage.

Sharp. Thank you, Mrs Kitty; but it's disposed of already. [*Knocking at the Door.*

Kit. Bless me, the company's come! I'll go to the door, and conduct 'em into your presence.

[*Exit* KITTY.

Sharp. If you'd conduct 'em into a horse-pond, and wait of 'em there yourself, we should be more obliged to you.

Gay. I can never support this.

Sharp. Rouse your spirits, and put on an air of gaiety, and I don't despair of bringing you off yet.

Gay. Your words have done it effectually.

Enter Mrs GADABOUT, *Mr* GUTTLE, *Mr* TRIPPET, *Mrs* TRIPPET, *and* KITTY.

Gad. Ah, my dear Mr Gayless! [*Kisses him.*

Gay. My dear widow! [*Kisses her.*

Gad. We are come to give you joy, Mr Gayless.

Sharp. You never was more mistaken in your life. [*Aside.*

Gad. I have brought some company here, I believe, is not well known to you; and I protest I have been all about the town to get the little I have.—Mr Guttle, sir, Mr Gayless—Mr Gayless, Justice Guttle.

Sharp. Oh, destruction! one of the quorum.

Gut. Hem! Though I had not the honour of any personal knowledge of you, yet at the instigation of Mrs Gadabout, I have, without any previous acquaintance with you, throw'd aside all ceremony, to let you know that I joy to hear the solemnization of your nuptials is so near at hand.

Gay. Sir, though I cannot answer you with the same elocution, however, sir, I thank you with the same sincerity.

Kit. Pray, ladies, walk into the next room; Mr Sharp can't lay his cloth till you are set down to cards.

Gad. One thing I had quite forgot, Mr Gayless: my nephew, whom you never saw, will be in town from France presently; so I left word to send him here immediately, to make one.

Gay. You do me honour, Madam.

Sharp. Do the ladies choose cards or the supper first?

Gay. Supper! what does the fellow mean? [*Aside.*

Gut. Oh, the supper by all means; for I have eat nothing to signify since dinner.

Sharp. Nor I, since last Monday was a fortnight. [*Aside.*

Gay. Pray, ladies, walk into the next room: Sharp, get things ready for supper, and call the music.

Sharp. Well said, Master.

Gad. Without ceremony, ladies. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

Kit. I'll to my mistress, and let her know every thing is ready for her appearance. [*Exit* KITTY.

GUTTLE *and* SHARP.

Gut. Pray, Mr What's-your-name, don't be long with supper: But harkee, what can I do in the mean time? Suppose you get me a pipe, and some good wine, I'll try to divert myself that way till supper's ready.

Sharp. Or suppose, sir, you was to take a nap till then; there's a very easy couch in that closet.

Gut. The best thing in the world; I'll take your advice; but be sure you wake me when supper is ready. [*Exit* GUTTLE.

Sharp. Pray heaven you may not wake till then. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE *continues.*

Enter GAYLESS.

Gay. Well, Sharp, I have set 'em down to cards; and now, what have you to propose?

Sharp. I have one scheme left, which in all probability may succeed. The good citizen, overloaded with his last meal, is taking a nap in that closet, in order to get him an appetite for your's. Suppose, sir, we should make him treat us.

Gay. I don't understand you.

Sharp. I'll pick his pocket, and provide us a supper with the booty.

Gay. Monstrous! for without considering the villainy of it, the danger of waking him makes it impracticable.

Sharp. If he wakes, I'll smother him, and lay his death to indigestion—a very common death among the justices.

Gay. Prithee be serious; we have no time to lose: can you invent nothing to drive 'em out of the house?

Sharp. I can fire it.

Gay. Shame and confusion so perplex me, I cannot give myself a moment's thought.

Sharp. I have it; did not Mrs Gadabout say her nephew would be here?

Gay. She did.

Sharp. Say no more, but in to your company; if I don't send them out of the house for the night, I'll at least frighten their stomachs away; and if this stratagem fails, I'll relinquish politics, and think my understanding no better than my neighbours.

Gay. How shall I reward thee, Sharp?

Sharp. By your silence and obedience: away to your company, sir. [*Exit* GAYLESS.] Now, dear Madam Fortune, for once open your eyes, and behold a poor unfortunate man of parts addressing you: now is your time to convince your foes, you are not that blind whimsical whore they take you for; but let 'em see, by your assisting me, that men of sense, as well as fools, are sometimes entitled to your favour and protection—So much for prayer; now for a great noise and a lye. [*Goes aside, and cries out.*] Help, help, master! help, gentlemen, ladies! Murder, fire, brimstone!—Help, help, help.

Enter Mr GAYLESS *and the Ladies, with Cards in their hands; and* SHARP *enters running, and meets 'em.*

Gay. What's the matter?

Sharp. Matter, sir? if you don't run this minute with that gentleman, this lady's nephew will be murdered: I am sure it was he; he was set upon at the corner of the street by four; he has killed two; and if you don't make haste, he'll be either murdered or took to prison.

Gad. For heaven's sake, gentlemen, run to his assistance. How I tremble for Melissa! This frolic of her's may be fatal. [*Aside.*

Gay. Draw, sir, and follow me.

[*Exit* GAY. *and* GAD.

Trip. Not I; I don't care to run myself into needless quarrels.

Mrs Trip. I shall certainly faint, Mr Trippet, if you draw. [*Exit.*

Enter GUTTLE, *disordered, as from sleep.*

Gut. What noise and confusion is this?

Sharp. Sir, there's a man murdered in the street.

Gut. Is that all?—Zounds, I was afraid you had throw'd the supper down. A plague of your noise. I shan't recover my stomach this half hour.

Enter GAYLESS *and* GADABOUT, *with* MELISSA, *in Boy's Clothes, dressed in the French manner.*

Gad. Well, but my dear Jemmy, you are not hurt, sure?

Mel. A little, with riding post only.

Gad. Mr Sharp alarmed us all with an account of your being set upon by four men; that you had killed two, and was attacking the other when he came away; and when we met you at the door, we were running to your rescue.

Mel. I had a small rencounter with half a dozen villains; but finding me resolute, they were wise enough to take to their heels. I believe I scratched some of them. [*Laying her Hand to her Sword.*

Gad. Now my fright's over, let me introduce you, my dear, to Mr Gayless. Sir, this is my nephew.

Gay. [*Saluting her.*] Sir, I shall be proud of your friendship.

Mel. I don't doubt but we shall be better acquainted in a little time.

Gut. Pray, sir, what news?

Mel. Faith, sir, very little that I know of. I had no time to spend in news. I was——

Gay. Among the ladies, I suppose.

Mel. Too much indeed. Faith, I have not philosophy enough to resist their solicitations; you take me. [*To* GAYLESS, *aside.*

Gay. Yes, to be a most incorrigible fop.—'Sdeath, this puppy's impertinence is an addition to my misery. [*Aside to* SHARP.

Mel. Poor Gayless! to what shifts is he reduced! I cannot bear to see him much longer in this condition; I shall discover myself.

[*Aside to* GADABOUT.

Gad. Not before the end of the play; besides, the more his pain now, the greater his pleasure when relieved from it.

Trip. Shall we return to our cards? I have a *sans prendre* here, and must insist you play it out.

Ladies. With all my heart.

Mel. *Allons donc.* [*As the Company goes out,* SHARP *pulls* MELISSA *by the Sleeve.*]

Sharp. Sir, sir! Shall I beg leave to speak with you? Pray, did you find a bank note in your way hither?

Mel. What, between here and Dover, do you mean?

Sharp. No, sir, within twenty or thirty yards of this house.

Mel. You are drunk, fellow.

Sharp. I am undone, sir, but not drunk, I'll assure you. I'll tell you, sir: a little while ago, my master

sent me out to change a note of twenty pounds; but I unfortunately hearing a noise in the street of, Damn me, sir, and clashing of swords, and Rascal and murder, I runs up to the place, and saw four men upon one: and, having heard you was a mettlesome young gentleman, I immediately concluded it must be you, so ran back to call my master; and when I went to look for the note to change it, I found it gone, either stole or lost; and if I don't get the money immediately, I shall certainly be turned out of my place, and lose my character——

Mel. Oh, I'll speak to your master about it, and he will forgive you at my intercession.

Sharp. Ah, sir, you don't know my master.

Mel. I'm very little acquainted with your master; but I've heard he's a very good-natured man.

Sharp. I have heard so too; but I have felt it otherwise: he has so much good-nature, that if I could compound for one broken head a-day, I should think myself very well off.

Mel. Are you serious, friend?

Sharp. Look ye, sir, I take you for a man of honour; there is something in your face that is generous, open, and masculine; you don't look like a foppish, effeminate tell-tale; so I'll venture to trust you. See here, sir; [*Shews his head*] these are the effects of my master's good-nature.

Mel. Why do you live with him then, after such usage?

Sharp. He's worth a great deal of money; and when he's drunk, which is commonly once a-day, he's very free, and will give me any thing—but I design to leave him when he's married, for all that.

Mel. Is he going to be married, then?

Sharp. To-morrow, sir; and between you and I, he'll meet with his match, both for humour and something else too.

Mel. What, she drinks too?

Sharp. Damnably, sir; but mum—You must know this entertainment was designed for Madam to-night, but she got so very gay after dinner, that she could not walk out of her own house; so her maid, who was half gone too, came here with an excuse, that Mrs Melissa had got the vapours; and so she had indeed, violently, here, here, sir. [*Pointing to his Head.*

Mel. Melissa! I have heard of her; they say she's very whimsical.

Sharp. A very woman, an't please your honour; and, between you and I, none of the mildest and wisest of her sex—But to return, sir, to the twenty pounds.

Mel. I am surprised, you who have got so much money in his service, should be at a loss for twenty pounds to save your bones at this juncture.

Sharp. I have put all my money out at interest; I never keep above five pounds by me; and if your honour will lend me the other fifteen, and take my note for it. [*Knocking.*

Mel. Somebody's at the door.

Sharp. I can give very good security.

[*Knocking.*

Mel. Don't let the people wait, Mr——

Sharp. Ten pounds will do. [*Knocking.*

Mel. *Allez vouz en.*

Sharp. Five, sir. [*Knocking.*

Mel. *Je ne puis pas.* [*Exit.*

Sharp. *Je ne puis pas!*—I find we shan't understand one another; I do but lose time; and if I had any thought, I might have known these young fops return from their travels generally with as little money as improvement. [*Exit.*

Enter SHARP *before several Persons with Dishes in their hands, and a Cook drunk.*

Sharp. Fortune, I thank thee; the most lucky accident! [*Aside.*]—This way, gentlemen; this way.

Cook. I am afraid I have mistook the house. Is this Mr Treatwell's?

Sharp. The same, the same: What, don't you know me?

Cook. Know you!—Are you sure there was a supper bespoke here?

Sharp. Yes, upon my honour, Mr Cook; the company is in the next room, and must have gone without, had not you brought it. I'll draw a table. I see you have brought a cloth with you; but you need not have done that, for we have a very good stock of linen—at the pawnbroker's. [*Aside.—Exit, and returns immediately drawing in a Table.*]—Come, come, my boys, be quick; the company begin to be very uneasy; but I knew my old friend Lick-spit here would not fail us.

Cook. Lick-spit! I am no friend of yours; so I desire less familiarity: Lick-spit too!

Enter GAYLESS, *and stares.*

Gay. What is all this?

Sharp. Sir, if the sight of the supper is offensive, I can easily have it removed. [*Aside to* GAYLESS.

Gay. Prythee explain thyself, Sharp.

Sharp. Some of our neighbours, I suppose, have bespoke this supper; but the cook has drank away his memory, forgot the house, and brought it here: however, sir, if you dislike it, I'll tell him of his mistake, and send him about his business.

Gay. Hold, hold; necessity obliges me, against my inclination, to favour the cheat, and feast at my neighbour's expence.

Cook. Hark you, friend, is that your master?

Sharp. Ay; and the best master in the world.

Cook. I'll speak to him then—Sir, I have, according to your commands, dressed as genteel a supper as my art and your price would admit of.

Sharp. Good again, sir; 'tis paid for.

[*Aside to* GAYLESS.

Gay. I don't in the least question your abilities, Mr Cook; and I'm obliged to you for your care.

Cook. Sir, you are a gentleman. And if you would look but over the bill, and approve it, [*Pulls out a Bill,*] you will over and above return the obligation.

Sharp. Oh the devil!

Gay. [*Looking on a Bill.*]—Very well, I'll send my man to pay you to-morrow.

Cook. I'll spare him the trouble, and take it with me, sir—I never work but for ready money.

Gay. Ha!

Sharp. Then yon won't have our custom. [*Aside.*] My master is busy now, friend: Do you think he won't pay you?

Cook. No matter what I think; either my meat or my money.

Sharp. 'Twill be very ill-convenient for him to pay you to-night.

Cook. Then I'm afraid it will be ill-convenient to pay me to-morrow: so d'ye hear—

Enter MELISSA.

Gay. Prithee be advised: 'sdeath, I shall be discovered. [*Takes the Cook aside.*

Mel. [*To* SHARP.] What's the matter?

Sharp. The cook has not quite answered my master's expectations about the supper, sir, and he's a little angry at him; that's all.

Mel. Come, come, Mr Gayless, don't be uneasy, a bachelor cannot be supposed to have things in the utmost regularity; we don't expect it.

Cook. But I do expect it, and will have it.

Mel. What does that drunken fool say?

Cook. That I will have my my money, and I won't stay till to-morrow—and, and—

Sharp. [*Runs and stops his mouth.*]—Hold, hold! what are you doing? are you mad?

Mel. What do you stop the man's breath for?

Sharp. Sir, he was going to call you names. Don't be abusive, cook; the gentleman is a man of honour, and said nothing to you: pray be pacified; you are in liquor.

Cook. I will have my—

Sharp. [*Holding still.*] Why, I tell you, fool, you mistake the gentleman; he's a friend of my master's, and has not said a word to you.—Pray, good sir, go into the next room; the fellow's drunk, and takes you for another.—You'll repent this when you are sober, friend.—Pray, sir, don't stay to hear his impertinence.

Gay. Pray, sir, walk in—He's below your anger.

Mel. Damn the rascal! What does he mean by affronting me?—Let the scoundrel go; I'll polish his brutality, I warrant you. Here's the best reformer of manners in the universe. [*Draws his Sword.*]—Let him go, I say.

Sharp. So, so, you have done finely now—Get away as fast as you can; he's the most courageous mettlesome man in all England—Why, if his passion was up, he could eat you—Make your escape, you fool.

Cook. I won't—Eat me! he'll find me damned hard of digestion though—

Sharp. Prithee come here; let me speak with you. [*They walk aside.*

Enter KITTY.

Kit. Gad's me, is supper on the table already?—Sir, pray defer it for a few moments; my mistress is much better, and will be here immediately.

Gay. Will she, indeed? Bless me—I did not expect—but however—Sharp!

Kit. What success, madam? [*Aside to* MELISSA.

Mel. As we could wish, girl!—but he is in such pain and perplexity, I can't hold it out much longer.

Sharp. I have pacified the cook; and if you can

but borrow twenty pieces of that young prig, all may go well yet: you may succeed, though I could not. Remember what I told you—about it straight, sir—

Gay. Sir, sir, [*To* MELISSA,] I beg to speak a word with you: My servant, sir, tells me he has had the misfortune, sir, to lose a note of mine of twenty pounds, which I sent him to receive; and the bankers' shops being shut up, and having very little cash by me, I should be much obliged to you if you would favour me with twenty pieces till to-morrow.

Mel. Oh, sir, with all my heart; [*Taking out her Purse;*] and as I have a small favour to beg of you, sir, the obligation will be mutual.

Gay. How may I oblige you, sir?

Mel. You are to be married, I hear, to Melissa.

Gay. To-morrow, sir.

Mel. Then you'll oblige me, sir, by never seeing her again.

Gay. Do you call this a small favour, sir?

Mel. A mere trifle, sir—Breaking of contracts, suing for divorces, committing adultery, and such like, are all reckoned trifles now-a-days; and smart young fellows, like you and myself, Gayless, should be never out of fashion.

Gay. But pray, sir, how are you concerned in this affair?

Mel. Oh, sir, you must know I have a very great regard for Melissa, and indeed she for me; and, by the bye, I have a most despicable opinion of you; for, *entre nous*, I take you, Charles, to be a very great scoundrel.

Gay. Sir!

Mel. Nay, don't look fierce, sir, and give yourself airs—Damme, sir, I shall be through your body e're in the snapping of a finger.

Gay. I'll be as quick as you, villain!

[*Draws, and makes at* MELISSA.

Kit. Hold, hold, murder! you'll kill my mistress—the young gentleman, I mean.

Gay. Ah! her mistress! [*Drops his Sword.*

Sharp. How! Melissa!—Nay, then, drive away cart—all's over now.

Enter all the Company, laughing.

Gad. What, Mr Gayless, engaging with Melissa before your time? Ha, ha, ha!

Kit. Your humble servant, good Mr Politician. [*To* SHARP.] This is, gentlemen and ladies, the most celebrated and ingenious Timothy Sharp, schemer-general and redoubted 'squire to the most renowned and fortunate adventurer, Charles Gayless, knight of the woeful countenance: Ha, ha, ha!—Oh that dismal face, and more dismal head of yours.

[*Strikes* SHARP *upon the head.*

Sharp. 'Tis cruel in you to disturb a man in his last agonies.

Mel. O Gayless! 'twas poor to impose upon a woman, and one that loved you too.

Gay. Oh, most unpardonable! But my necessities—

Sharp. And mine, madam, were not to be matched, I'm sure, o'this side starving.

Mel. Know, therefore, all that's past I freely forgive.

Gay. Oh, Melissa! this is too much. Thus let me shew my thanks and gratitude, [*Kneeling, she raises him,*] for here 'tis only due.

Sharp. A reprieve! a reprieve! a reprieve!

Kit. I have been, sir, a most bitter enemy to you; but since you are likely to be a little more conversant with cash than you have been, I am now, with the greatest sincerity, your most obedient friend and humble servant. And I hope, sir, all former enmity will be forgotten.

Gay. Oh, Mrs Pry, I have been too much indul-

ged with forgiveness myself, not to forgive lesser offences in other people.

Sharp. Well, then, madam, since my master has vouchsafed pardon to your handmaid Kitty, I hope you will not deny it to his footman Timothy.

Mel. Pardon! for what?

Sharp. Only for telling you about ten thousand lies, madam; and among the rest, insinuating that your ladyship would—

Mel. I understand you; and can forgive any thing, Sharp, that was designed for the service of your master: and if Pry and you will follow our example, I'll give her a small fortune as a reward for both your fidelities.

Sharp. I fancy, madam, 'twould be better to halve the small fortune between us, and keep us both single; for as we shall live in the same house, in all probability, we may taste the comforts of matrimony, and not be troubled with its inconveniences—What say you, Kitty?

Kit. Do you hear, Sharp; before you talk of the comforts of matrimony, taste the comforts of a good dinner, and recover your flesh a little; do, puppy.

Sharp. The devil backs her, that's certain; and I am no match for her at any weapon.

Gay. Behold, Melissa, as sincere a convert as ever truth and beauty made. The wild impetuous sallies of my youth are now blown over, aud a most pleasing calm of perfect happiness succeeds.

[*Exeunt.*

THE

CITIZEN;

A

FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

BY

ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Old PHILPOT,	*Mr Matthews.*
Young PHILPOT,	*Mr Bannister.*
Sir JASPER WILDING,	*Mr Sparks.*
Young WILDING,	*Mr De Camp.*
BEAUFORT,	*Mr Fisher.*
DAPPER,	*Mr Maddocks.*
QUILLDRIVE,	*Mr Evans.*
MARIA,	*Miss Duncan.*
CORINNA,	*Miss Tidswell*

Servants, &c. &c.

THE

CITIZEN.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Young WILDING, BEAUFORT, *and* WILL *following.*

Wild. Ha, ha, my dear Beaufort! a fiery young fellow like you, melted down into a sighing love-sick dangler after a high heel, a well-turned ancle, and a short petticoat!

Beau. Prithee, Wilding, don't laugh at me—Maria's charms——

Wild. Maria's charms! and so now you would fain grow wanton in her praise, and have me listen to your raptures about my own sister! ha, ha, poor Beaufort!—Is my sister at home, Will?

Will. She is, sir.

Wild. How long has my father been gone out?

Will. This hour, sir.

Wild. Very well. Pray give Mr Beaufort's compliments to my sister, and he is come to wait upon her. [*Exit* WILL.] You will be glad to see her, I suppose, Charles?

Beau. I live but in her presence.

Wild. Live but in her presence! how the devil could the young baggage raise this riot in your heart? 'tis more than her brother could ever do with any of her sex.

Beau. Nay, you have no reason to complain; you are come up to town, post haste, to marry a wealthy citizen's daughter, who only saw you last season at Tunbridge, and has been languishing for you ever since.

Wild. That's more than I do for her; and, to tell you the truth, more than I believe she does for me. This is a match of prudence, man! bargain and sale! my reverend dad and the old put of a citizen finished the business at Garraway's by inch of candle—a mere transferring of property!—"Give your son to my daughter, and I will give my daughter to your son." That's the whole affair; and so I am just arrived to consummate the nuptials.

Beau. Thou art the happiest fellow——

Wild. Happy! so I am—what should I be otherwise for? if Miss Sally—upon my soul I forget her name——

Beau. Well; that is so like you—Miss Sally Philpot——

Wild. Ay! very true—Miss Sally Philpot—she will bring fortune sufficient to pay off an old incumbrance upon the family estate, and my father is to settle handsomely upon me; and so I have reason to be contented, have not I?

Beau. And you are willing to marry her, without having one spark of love for her?

Wild. Love!—why I make myself ridiculous enough by marrying, don't I? without being in love into the bargain! what! am I to pine for a girl that is willing to go to bed to me?—love of all things!—My dear Beaufort, one sees so many people breathing raptures about each other before marriage, and din-

ning their insipidity into the ears of all their acquaintance——

Beau. Poh! this is all idle talk; and in the mean time I am ruined.

Wild. How so?

Beau. Why you know the old couple have bargained your sister away.

Wild. Bargained her away! and will you pretend you are in love!—can you look tamely on, and see her bartered away at Garraway's like logwood, cochineal, or indigo?—Marry her privately, man, and keep it a secret till my affair is over.

Beau. My dear Wilding, will you propose it to her?

Wild. With all my heart—she is very long a coming—I'll tell you what, if she has a fancy for you, carry her off at once—but perhaps she has a mind to this cub of a citizen, Miss Sally's brother.

Beau. Oh no! he's her aversion.

Wild. I have never seen any of the family, but my wife that is to be. What sort of a fellow is the son?

Beau. Oh! a diamond of the first water; a buck, sir, a blood! every night at this end of the town; at twelve next day he sneaks about the 'Change, in a little bit of a frock and bobwig, and looks like a sedate book-keeper in the eyes of all who behold him.

Wild. Upon my word, a gentleman of spirit.

Beau. Spirit! he drives a phaeton two story high, keeps his girl at this end of the town, and is the gay George Philpot all round Covent-garden.

Wild. Oh brave!—and the father—

Beau. The father, sir—but here comes Maria; take his picture from her. [*She sings within.*

Wild. Hey! she is musical this morning; she holds her usual spirits, I find.

Beau. Yes, yes, the spirit of eighteen, with the idea of a lover in her head.

Wild. Ay! and such a lover as you too! though

still in her teens, she can play upon all your foibles, and treat you as she does her monkey, tickle you, torment you, enrage you, soothe you, exalt you, depress you, pity you, laugh at you—*Ecce signum!*

Enter MARIA, *singing.*

The same giddy girl!—sister; come, my dear.

Maria. Have done, brother; let me have my own way—I will go through my song.

Wild. I have not seen you this age; ask me how I do.

Maria. I won't ask you how you do—I won't take any notice of you, I don't know you.

Wild. Do you not know this gentleman then? will you speak to him?

Maria. No, I won't speak to him; I'll sing to him; it's my humour to sing. [*Sings.*

Beau. Be serious but for a moment, Maria; my all depends upon it.

Maria. Oh! sweet sir, you are dying, are you? then positively I will sing the song; for it is a description of yourself—mind it, Mr Beaufort, mind it—brother, how do you do? [*Kisses him.*] Say nothing, don't interrupt me. [*Sings.*

Wild. Have you seen your city lover yet?

Maria. No, but I long to see him; I fancy he is a curiosity.

Beau. Long to see him, Maria!

Maria. Yes; long to see him—[BEAUFORT *fiddles with his Lip, and looks thoughtful.*] Brother, brother! [*Goes to him softly, beckons him to look at* BEAUFORT.] Do you see that. [*Mimicks him.*] Mind him; ha, ha!

Beau. Make me ridiculous if you will, Maria, so you don't make me unhappy, by marrying this citizen.

Maria. And would not you have me marry, sir?—what, I must lead a single life to please you, must I?

—upon my word, you are a pretty gentleman to make laws for me. [*Sings.*

Can it be, or by law or by equity said,
That a comely young girl ought to die an old maid?

Wild. Come, come, Miss Pert, compose yourself a little; this will never do.

Maria. My cross, ill-natured brother! but it will do—Lord: what, do you both call me hither to plague me? I won't stay among ye—à l'honneur, à l'honneur—[*Running away*]—à l'honneur.

Wild. Hey, hey, Miss Notable! come back, pray madam, come back. [*Forces her back.*

Maria. Lord of heaven! what do you want?

Wild. Come, come, truce with your frolic, Miss Hoyden, and behave like a sensible girl; we have serious business with you.

Maria. Have you? well, come, I will be sensible—there, I blow all my folly away—'tis gone, and now I'll talk sense: come—is that a sensible face?

Wild. Po, po, be quiet, and hear what we have to say to you.

Maria. I will, I am quiet. It is charming weather; it will be good for the country, this will.

Wild. Po, ridiculous! how can you be so silly?

Maria. Bless me! I never saw any thing like you; there is no such thing as satisfying you: I am sure it was very good sense what I said—papa talks in that manner—well, well! I'll be silent then—I won't speak at all, will that satisfy you?

[*Looks sullen.*

Wild. Come, come, no more of this folly, but mind what is said to you—you have not seen your city lover you say?

[MARIA *shrugs her Shoulders, and shakes her Head.*

Wild. Why don't you answer?

Beau. My dear Maria, put me out of pain.

[MARIA *shrugs her Shoulders again.*

Wild. Po! don't be so childish, but give a rational answer.

Maria. Why, no, then; no—no, no, no, no, no—I tell you no, no, no; but I am to see him this very day.

Beau. To see him this day, Maria?

Maria. Ha, ha!—look there, brother; he is beginning again—but don't fright yourself, and I'll tell you all about it: my papa comes to me this morning—by the by, he makes a fright of himself with his strange dress; why does he not dress as other gentlemen do, brother?

Wild. He dresses like his brother fox-hunters in Wiltshire.

Maria. But when he comes to town, I wish he would do as other gentlemen do here—I am almost ashamed of him—but he comes to me this morning—"hoic! hoic! our Moll—where is the sly puss—tally ho!"—did you want me, papa?—come hither, Moll, I'll gee you a husband, my girl; one that has mettle enow—he'll take cover, I warrant un—blood to the bone.

Wild. Where are you to see the young citizen?

Maria. Why papa will be at home in an hour, and then he intends to drag me into the city with him, and there the sweet creature is to be introduced to me; the old gentleman, his father, is delighted with me, but I hate him, an old ugly thing.

Wild. Give us a description of him; I want to know him.

Maria. Why he looks like the picture of Avarice sitting with pleasure upon a bag of money, and trembling for fear any body should come and take it away. He has got square-toed shoes, and little tiny buckles, a brown coat, with small round brass buttons, that looks as if it was new in my great grandmother's time, and his face all shrivelled and pinched with care, and he shakes his head like a mandarin upon

a chimney-piece.—Ay, ay, Sir Jasper, you are right, and then he grins at me; I protest she is a very pretty bale of goods. Ay, ay, and my son George is a very sensible lad—ay, ay, and I will underwrite their happiness at one and an half per cent.

Wild. Thank you, my dear girl; thank ye for this account of my relations.

Beau. Destruction to my hopes! surely, my dear little angel, if you have any regard for me——

Maria. There, there, there, he's frightened again. [*Sings,* Dearest creature, &c.

Wild. Pshaw! give over these airs; listen to me, and I'll instruct you how to manage them all.

Maria. Oh! my dear brother, you are very good—but don't mistake yourself; though just come from a boarding-school, give me leave to manage for myself: there is in this case a man I like, and a man I don't like—it is not you I like [*To* BEAUFORT]—no—no—I hate you—but let this little head alone; I know what to do—I shall know how to prefer one, and get rid of the other.

Beau. What will you do, Maria?

Maria. What's that to you, Maria? [*Sings.*

Do not grieve me,
Oh! relieve, &c.

Wild. Come, come, be serious, Miss Pert, and I'll instruct you what to do: the old cit, you say, admires you for your understanding. and his son would not marry you unless he found you a girl of sense and spirit?

Maria. Even so; this is the character of your giddy sister.

Wild. Why then I'll tell you—you shall make him hate you for a fool, and so let the refusal come from himself—

Maria. But how—how, my dear brother? tell me how—

Wild. Why, don't you remember you have seen a play with me, where a man pretends to be a downright country oaf, in order to rule a wife and have a wife.

Maria. Very well—what then? what then?

Wild. What then?—why do you play the part of the fool, and——

Maria. Oh—I have it—I understand you—say no more—'tis charming; I like it of all things; I'll do it, I will: and I will so plague him, that he shan't know what to make of me—he shall be a very toad-eater to me; the sour, the sweet, the bitter, he shall swallow all, and all shall work upon him alike for my diversion. Say nothing of it—it's all among ourselves; but I won't be cruel. I hate ill-nature; and then who knows but I may like him?

Beau. My dear Maria, don't talk of liking him—

Maria. Oh! now you are beginning again.

[*Sings,* Voi Amanti, &c. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Old* Philpot's *House.*

Enter Old Philpot, Dapper, *and* Quilldrive.

O. Phil. Quilldrive, have those dollars been sent to the Bank, as I ordered?

Quill. They have, sir.

O. Phil. Very well.—Mr Dapper, I am not fond of writing any thing of late; but at your request—

Dap. You know I would not offer you a bad policy.

O. Phil. I believe it; well, step with me to my closet, and I will look at your policy: how much do you want upon it?

Dap. Three thousand; you had better take the whole: there are very good names upon it.

O. Phil. Well, well, step with me, and I'll talk to you.—Quilldrive, step with those bills for acceptance —this way, Mr Dapper, this way. [*Exeunt.*

QUILLDRIVE, *solus.*

Quill. A miserly old rascal! digging, digging money out of the very hearts of mankind; constantly, constantly scraping together, and yet trembling with anxiety for fear of coming to want. A canting old hypocrite! and yet, under his veil of sanctity, he has a liquorish tooth left; running to the other end of the town slily every evening, and there he has his solitary pleasures in holes and corners.

GEORGE PHILPOT, *peeping in.*

G. Phil. Hist, hist! Quilldrive!

Quill. Ha, Master George!

G. Phil. Is old square-toes at home?

Quill. He is.

G. Phil. Has he asked for me?

Quill. He has.

G. Phil. [*Walks in on tip-toe.*] Does he know I did not lay at home?

Quill. No; I sunk that upon him.

G. Phil. Well done, that's a fine fellow; I'll give you a choice gelding to carry you to Dulwich of a Sunday—if I say it, you know I'll do it—damnation! up all night—stripped of nine hundred pounds—pretty well for one night!—picqued, repicqued, flammed, and capotted every deal!—old dry beard shall pay all—is forty-seven good? no—fifty good?—no! no, no, no—to the end of the chapter—cruel luck!—damn me, it's life though—this is life—'sdeath! I hear him coming [*Runs off, and peeps.*]—no, all's safe—I must not be caught in these clothes, Quilldrive.

Quill. How come you did not leave them at Madam Corinna's, as you generally do?

G. Phil. I was afraid of being too late for old square-toes, and so I whipt into a hackney coach, and drove with the windows up, as if I was afraid of a bumbailey.—Pretty clothes, an't they?

Quill. Ah! sir.

G. Phil. Reach me one of my mechanic city frocks—no—stay—it's in the next room, an't it?

Quill. Yes, sir.

G. Phil. I'll run and slip it on in a twinkle—I say, look sharp, if the old one were to come, ha, ha!

[*Exit.*

QUILLDRIVE, *solus.*

Quill. Mercy on us! what a life does he lead? old codger within here will scrape together for him, and the moment young master comes to possession, "ill got ill gone," I warrant me; a hard card I have to play between 'em both—drudging for the old man, and pimping for the young one—the father is a reservoir of riches, and the son is a fountain to play it all away in vanity and folly!

Re-enter GEORGE PHILPOT.

G. Phil. Now I'm equipped for the city—damn the city! I wish the Papishes would set fire to it again—I hate to be beating the hoof here among them. Here comes father—no; it's Dapper—Quilldrive, I'll give you the gelding.

Quill. Thank you, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter DAPPER.

Dap. Why you look like a devil, George.

G. Phil. Yes, I have been up all night; lost all my money, and I am afraid I must smash for it.

Dap. Smash for it! what have I let you into the secret for? have I not advised you to trade upon your own account, and you feel the sweets of it; how much do you owe in the city?

G. Phil. At least twenty thousand—

Dap. Poh, that's nothing! bring it up to fifty or sixty thousand, and then give 'em a good crash at once: I have insured the ship for you.

G. Phil. Have you?

Dap. The policy's full! I have just touched your father for the last three thousand.

G. Phil. Excellent! are the goods re-landed?

Dap. Every bale: I have had them up to town, and sold them to a packer for you.

G. Phil. Bravo! and the ship is loaded with rubbish, I suppose?

Dap. Yes; and is now proceeding the voyage.

G. Phil. Very well; and to-morrow, or next day, we shall hear of her being lost upon the Goodwin, or sunk between the Needles.

Dap. Certainly.

G. Phil. Admirable! and then we shall come upon the underwriters.

Dap. Directly.

G. Phil. My dear Dapper! [*Embraces him.*

Dap. Yes; I do a dozen every year. How do you think I can live as I do, otherwise?

G. Phil. Very true; shall you be at the club after 'Change?

Dap. Without fail.

G. Phil. That's right; it will be a full meeting: we shall have Nat Pigtail, the dry salter, there; and Bob Reptile, the 'Change-broker; and Sobersides, the banker—we shall all be there. We shall have deep doings; seven's the main, dam'me——

Dap. Yes, yes; well, a good morning; I must go now and fill up a policy for a ship that has been lost these three days.

G. Phil. My dear Dapper, thou art the best of friends.

Dap. Ay, I'll stand by you; it will be time enough for you to break, when you see your father near his

end: then give 'em a smash; put yourself at the head of his fortune, and begin the world again—good morning.

G. Phil. Dapper, adieu—honest little Dapper, adieu! [*Exit* DAPPER.] take care how you go down my best of friends—this little Dapper's a damned great rogue though—Who now in my situation would envy any of your great folks at the court-end! a lord has nothing to depend upon but his estate—he can't spend you a hundred thousand pounds of other people's money—no—no—I had rather be a little bob-wig citizen, in good credit, than a commissioner of the customs—commissioner!—the king has not so good a thing in his gift, as a commission of bankruptcy—don't we see them all with their country seats at Hogsdon, and at Kentish-town, and at Newington-butts, and at Islington; with their little flying Mercury's tipt upon the top of the house, their Apollo's, their Venus's, and their leaden Hercules's in the garden; and themselves sitting before the door, with pipes in their mouths, waiting for a good digestion—zounds! here comes old dad; now for a few dry maxims of left-handed wisdom, to prove myself a scoundrel in sentiment, and pass in his eyes for a hopeful young man likely to do well in the world.

Enter Old PHILPOT.

O. Phil. Twelve times twelve is one hundred and fourty-four.

G. Phil. I'll attack him in his own way—commission at two and a half per cent—six times six is thirty-six—

O. Phil. There he is, intent upon business! what, plodding, George?

G. Phil. Oh, sir! [*Starts.*] Thinking a little of the main chance, sir.

O. Phil. That's right, it is a wide world, George.

G. Phil. Yes, sir, but you instructed me early in the rudiments of trade.

O. Phil. Ay, ay! I instilled good principles into thee.

G. Phil. So you did, indeed sir—principal and interest is all I ever heard from him. [*Aside.*]—I shall never forget the story you recommended to my earliest notice, sir.

O. Phil. What was that, George? it is quite out of my head—

G. Phil. It intimated, sir, how Mr Thomas Inkle, of London, merchant, was cast away, and was afterwards protected by a young lady, who grew in love with him; and how he afterwards bargained with a planter to sell her for a slave.

O. Phil. Ay, ay, [*Laughs.*] I recollect it now.

G. Phil. And when she pleaded being with child by him, he was no otherwise moved than to raise his price, and make her turn better to account.

O. Phil. [*Bursts into a Laugh.*] I remember it—ha, ha! there was the very spirit of trade! ay, ay—ha, ha!

G. Phil. That was calculation for you—

O. Phil. Ay, ay.

G. Phil. The rule of three——if one gives me so much, what will two give me?

O. Phil. Ay, ay. [*Laughs.*

G. Phil. That was a hit, sir.

O. Phil. Ay, ay.

G. Phil. Rome was not built in a day—fortunes are made by degrees—pains to get, care to keep, and fear to lose.

O. Phil. Ay, ay.

G. Phil. He that lies in bed, his estate feels it.

O. Phil. Ay, ay, the good boy—

G. Phil. The old curmudgeon [*Aside.*]—think nothing mean that brings in an honest penny.

O. Phil. The good boy! George, I have great hopes of thee.

G. Phil. Thanks to your example; you have taught me to be cautious in this wide world—love your neighbour, but don't pull down your hedge.

O. Phil. I profess it is a wise saying—I never heard it before; it is a wise saying; and shews how cautious we should be of too much confidence in friendship.

G. Phil. Very true—

O. Phil. Friendship has nothing to do with trade.

G. Phil. It only draws a man in to lend money.

O. Phil. Ay, ay—

G. Phil. There was your neighbour's son, Dick Worthy, who was always cramming his head with Greek and Latin, at school; he wanted to borrow of me the other day, but I was too cunning.

O. Phil. Ay, ay—let him draw bills of exchange in Greek and Latin, and see where he will get a pound sterling for them.

G. Phil. So I told him—I went to him to his garret in the Minories; and there I found him in all his misery; and a fine scene it was—there was his wife in a corner of the room, at a washing-tub, up to the elbows in suds; a solitary pork-steak was dangling by a bit of pack-thread, before a melancholy fire; himself seated at a three-legged table, writing a pamphlet against the German war; a child upon his left knee; his right leg employed in rocking a cradle with a brattling in it—and so there was business enough for them all—his wife rubbing away, [*Mimicks a Washer-woman*] and he writing on, "the king of Prussia shall have no more subsidies; Saxony shall be indemnified—he shan't have a foot in Silesia." Then squalls the brat; [*Imitates the cry of a Child*] then he rocked the cradle, hush ho! hush ho!—then he twisted the griskin, [*Snaps his Fingers*] hush ho!—"the Russians shall have Prussia," [*Writes.*] the wife

[*Washes, and Sings.*] he—" there's a dear." Round goes the griskin again, [*Snaps his Fingers.*] " and Canada must be restored," [*Writes.*] and so you have a picture of the whole family—

O. Phil. Ha, ha! what becomes of his Greek and Latin now? fine words butter no parsnips—he had no money from you, I suppose, George?

G. Phil. Oh, no! charity begins at home, says I.

O. Phil. And it was wisely said. I have an excellent saying when any man wants to borrow of me. I am ready with my joke—" a fool and his money are soon parted"—ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. Ha, ha!—an old skin-flint. [*Aside.*

O. Phil. Ay, ay—a fool and his money are soon parted—ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. Now, if I can wring a handsome sum out of him, it will prove the truth of what he says. [*Aside.*] And yet trade has its inconveniences—great houses stopping payment!

O. Phil. Hey—what! you look chagrined!—nothing of that sort has happened to thee, I hope?—

G. Phil. A great house at Cadiz—Don John de Alvarada—the Spanish galleons not making quick returns—and so my bills are come back—

O. Phil. Ay! [*Shakes his Head.*] why this is unlucky—how much money?

G. Phil. Three-and-twenty hundred—I have indeed a remittance from Messina. That voyage yields me thiry *per cent.* profit—but this blow coming upon me——

O. Phil. George, too many eggs in one basket; I'll tell thee, George, I expect Sir Jasper Wilding here presently, to conclude the treaty of marriage I have on foot for thee: then hush this up, say nothing of it, and in a day or two you pay these bills with his daughter's portion.

G. Phil. The old rogue; [*Aside.*] that will never do, I shall be blown upon 'Change. Alvarada will

pay in time—he has opened his affairs—he appears a good man.

O. Phil. Does he?

G. Phil. A great fortune left! will pay in time; but I must smash before that—

O. Phil. It is unlucky. A good man you say he is—

G. Phil. No body better—

O. Phil. Let me see—suppose I lend this money?

G. Phil. Ah, sir—if you would be so kind. [*Wheedling.*

O. Phil. How much is your remittance from Messina?

G. Phil. Seven hundred and fifty.

O. Phil. Then you want fifteen hundred and fifty.

G. Phil. Exactly.

O. Phil. Don Alvarada is a good man you say.

G. Phil. Yes, sir.

O. Phil. I will venture to lend the money—you must allow me commission upon those bills, for taking them up for the honour of the drawer—

G. Phil. Agreed, sir, agreed—

O. Phil. Lawful interest, while I am out of my money—

G. Phil. I subscribe.

O. Phil. A power of attorney to receive the monies from Alvarada, when he makes a payment.

G. Phil. You shall have it.

O. Phil. Your own bond.

G. Phil. To be sure.

O. Phil. Go and get me a check—you shall have a draught on the bank—Don Alvarada's a good man you say.

G. Phil. Yes, sir. [*Going.*

O. Phil. But stay—I had forgot—I must sell out for this—stocks are under par—you must pay the difference—

G. Phil. Was ever such a leech! [*Aside.*] By all means, sir.

O. Phil. Step and get me a check.

G. Phil. A fool and his money are soon parted. [*Aside.*

O. Phil. What's that you say?

G. Phil. I was saying, sir, that you were very tender hearted.

Old PHILPOT, *solus.*

What with commission, lawful interest, and his paying the difference of the stocks, which are higher now than when I bought in, this will be no bad morning's work, and then in the evening I shall be in the rarest spirits for this new adventure I am recommended to—let me see what is the lady's name—[*Takes a Letter out.*] Corinna! ay, ay, by the description she is a bale of goods—I shall be in rare spirits.

Enter QUILLDRIVE.

Quill. Sir Jasper Wilding, sir, and his daughter.

O. Phil. I am at home—

Enter Sir JASPER *and* MARIA.

[*Sir* JASPER *dressed as a Fox-hunter, and singing.*]

O. Phil. Sir Jasper, your very humble servant.

Sir J. Master Philpot, I be glad to zee ye, I am indeed—

O. Phil. The like compliment to you, Sir Jasper—Miss Maria, I kiss your fair hand—

Maria. Sir, your most obedient—

Sir J. Ay, ay, I ha' brought un to zee you—there's my girl—I ben't ashamed of my girl.

Maria. That's more than I can say of my father. [*Aside.*

O. Phil. Truly she is a blooming young lady, Sir Jasper, and I verily shall like to take an interest in her.

Sir J. I ha' brought her to zee ye; and so your zon may ha' her as soon as he will.

O. Phil. Why, she looks three and a half per cent. better than when I saw her last.

Maria. Then there is hopes that in a little time I shall be above par—he rates me like a lottery ticket. [*Aside.*

O. Phil. Ay, ay, I doubt not, Sir Jasper. Miss has the appearance of a very sensible, discreet young lady; and, to deal freely, without that she would not do for my son. George is a shrewd lad; and I have often heard him declare, no consideration should ever prevail on him to marry a fool.

Maria. Ay, you have told me so before, old gentleman, and I have my cue from my brother; and if I don't soon give Master George a surfeit of me, why then I am not a notable girl. [*Aside.*

Enter George Philpot.

G. Phil. A good clever old cuff this—after my own heart. I think I'll have his daughter, if it's only for the pleasure of hunting with him.

Sir J. Zon-in-law, gee us your hand—what zay you? are you ready for my girl?

G. Phil. Say grace as soon as you will, sir, and I'll fall to—

Sir J. Well zaid—I like you—I like un, Master Philpot—I like un—I'll tell you what, let un talk to her now.

O. Phil. And so he shall—George, she is a bale of goods; speak her fair now, and then you'll be in cash—

G. Phil. I think I had rather not to speak to her now—I hate speaking to those modest women—sir—sir—a word in your ear—had not I better break my mind, by advertising for her in a newspaper?

O. Phil. Advertise the devil!—talk sense to her,

George; she is a notable girl, and I'll give the draft upon the Bank presently—

Sir J. Come along, Master Philpot, come along—I ben't afraid of my girl—come along—you and I'll go into t'other room, and crack a bottle or two together. [*Exeunt Sir* JASPER *and Old* PHILPOT.

G. Phil. [*Eager to prevent their going.*] I wish they hadn't left me just yet—how should I know what to say to her?

Maria. A pretty sort of a lover they have found for me. [*Aside.*

G. Phil. How should I speak my mind to her? she is almost a stranger to me; I never spoke to a modest— [*Aside.*

Maria. Now I'll make the hideous thing hate me, if I can. [*Aside.*

G. Phil. Ay, she is as sharp as a needle, I warrant her. [*Aside.*

Maria. I wonder when he'll begin; oh! if you won't speak, I will—ah, you fright! you rival Mr Beaufort! I'll give him an aversion to me, that's what I will; and so let him have the trouble of breaking off the match; not a word yet—he is in a fine confusion. [*Looks foolish.*] I think as how I may as well sit down, sir—

G. Phil. Ma'am, I thank you, I may as well, [*Sits down, she looks, he jumps up confused, and carries her a Chair.*] I'll hand you a chair, ma'am—there, ma'am. [*Bows awkwardly.*

Maria. Sir, I thank you.

G. Phil. Ma'am, if you'll give me leave, I'll sit down by you. [*Sits.*

Maria. Heighho!

G. Phil. Ma'am! [*Starts very frightened.*

Maria. Sir!

G. Phil. I thought—I—I—I—did you say something, ma'am?

Maria. No, sir; I say nothing.

G. Phil. I beg your pardon, ma'am.

Maria. Oh! you are a sweet creature. [*Aside.*

G. Phil. The ice is broke now, I have begun, and so I'll go on. [*Sits silent, and steals a look at her.*

Maria. An agreeable interview this!

G. Phil, Pray, ma'am, do you ever go to concerts?

Maria. Concerts! what's that, sir?

G. Phil. Oh lord, ha, ha! a music meeting.

Maria. I have been at a quaker's meeting, but never at a music meeting.

G. Phil. Lord, ma'am, all the gay world goes to concerts—she notable! I'll take courage, she is nobody—will you give me leave to present you a ticket for the Crown and Anchor, ma'am?

Maria. [*Looking simple and awkward.*] a ticket—what's a ticket?

G. Phil. There, ma'am, at your service—

Maria. [*Courtsies awkwardly.*] I long to see what a ticket is.

G. Phil. What a courtsey there is for the St James's end of the town; I hate her, she seems to be an ideot. [*Aside.*

Maria. Here's a charming ticket he has given me. [*Aside.*] And is this a ticket, sir?

G. Phil. Yes, ma'am—and is this a ticket? [*Mimics her aside.*

Maria. [*Reads.*] For sale by the candle, the following goods—thirty chests straw hats; fifty tubs chip hats; pepper, sago, borax—ha, ha, such a ticket!

G. Phil I—I—I beg you ten thousand pardons; I have made a mistake, ma'am; here, here is the right one.

Maria. You need not mind it, sir; I never go to such places—no, no!

G. Phil. No, ma'am. I don't know what to make

of her—now I'm aground again, ay, ay! Was you ever at the White Conduit House?

Maria. There's a question! [*Aside.*] is that a nobleman's seat?

G. Phil. [*Laughs.*] Simpleton! no, miss, it is not a nobleman's seat—lord! it's at Islington.

Maria. Lord Islington! I don't know my Lord Islington.

G. Phil. The town of Islington.

Maria. I have not the honour of knowing his lordship.

G. Phil. Islington is a town, ma'am.

Maria. Oh! it's a town.

G. Phil. Yes, ma'am, it is the town of Islington.

Maria. I am glad of that.

G. Phil. Now, what the devil is she glad of?

Maria. A pretty husband my papa has chose for me. [*Aside.*

G. Phil. What shall I say to her next? I'm aground again—have you been at the burletta, ma'am?

Maria. Where?

G. Phil. The burletta, ma'am.

Maria. Sir, I would have you to know, that I am no such person. I go to burlettas! I am not what you take me for, sir.

G. Phil. Ma'am!

Maria. I'm come of good people, sir; and have been properly educated, as a young girl ought to be.

G. Phil. What a damned fool she is! [*Aside.*] the burletta is an opera, ma'am.

Maria. Opera, sir! I don't know what you mean by this usage—to affront me in this manner.

G. Phil. Affront! I mean quite the reverse, ma'am; I took you for a connoisseur.

Maria. Who, me a connoisseur, sir! I desire you won't call me such names; I am sure I never so much

as thought on such a thing. Sir, I won't be called a connoisseur. I won't—I won't—I won't.

[*Bursts out a crying.*

G. Phil. Ma'am, I meant no offence; a connoisseur is a virtuoso.

Maria. Don't virtuoso me! I am no virtuoso, sir; I would have you to know it—I am as virtuous a girl as any in England, and I will never be a virtuoso.

[*Cries bitterly.*

G. Phil. But, ma'am, you mistake me quite.

Maria. [*In a passion, choking her Tears, and sobbing.*] Sir, I am come of as virtuous people as any in England; my family was always remarkable for virtue. My mamma [*Bursts out*] was as good a woman as ever was born, and my aunt Bridget [*Sobbing*] was a virtuous woman too; and there is my sister Sophy, makes as good and as virtuous a wife as any at all: and so, sir, don't call me a virtuoso; I won't be brought here to be treated in this manner, I won't—I won't—I won't. [*Cries bitterly.*

G. Phil. The girl's a natural; so much the better. I'll marry her, and lock her up. Ma'am, upon my word, you misunderstand me.

Maria. Sir, [*Drying her Tears*] I won't be called connoisseur by you nor any body; and I am no virtuoso, I'd have you to know that.

G. Phil. Ma'am, connoisseur and virtuoso are words for a person of taste.

Maria. Taste! [*Sobbing.*

G. Phil. Yes, ma'am.

Maria. And did you mean to say as how I am a person of taste?

G. Phil. Undoubtedly.

Maria. Sir, your most obedient humble servant; oh, that's another guess sort of thing—I have a taste to be sure.

G. Phil. I know you have, ma'am. Oh, you're a cursed ninny. [*Aside.*

Maria. Yes, I know I have; I can read tolerably, and I begin to write a little. I can tell you how many kings and queens there have been in England.

G. Phil. Indeed! and pray how many?

Maria. One thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven.

G. Phil. Come, she has some learning too; for I'll be cursed if I know that now. Indeed, upon my word you have made a great progress! What could old square-toes mean by passing her upon me for a sensible girl? and what a fool I was to be afraid to speak to her. I'll talk to her openly at once.—Come, sit down, miss—pray, ma'am, are you inclined to matrimony?

Maria. Yes, sir.

G. Phil. Are you in love?

Maria. Yes, sir.

G. Phil. Those naturals are always amorous.—— [*Aside.*] How should you like me?

Maria. Of all things—

G. Phil. A girl without ceremony [*Aside.*] do you love me?

Maria. Yes, sir.

G. Phil. But you don't love any body else?

Maria. Yes, sir.

G. Phil. Frank and free; [*Aside.*] but not so well as me?

Maria. Yes, sir.

G. Phil. Better, may be?

Maria. Yes, sir.

G. Phil. The devil you do; [*Aside.*] and perhaps, if I should marry you, I should have a chance to be made a—

Maria. Yes, sir.

G. Phil. The case is clear; Miss Maria, your very humble servant; you are not for my money, I promise you.

Maria. Sir!

G. Phil. I have done, ma'am, that's all, and I take my leave.

Maria. But you'll marry me?

G. Phil. No, ma'am, no; no such thing; you may provide yourself a husband elsewhere, I am your humble servant.

Maria. Not marry me, Mr Philpot? but you must; my papa said you must, and I will have you.

G. Phil. There's another proof of her nonsense—[*Aside.*] make yourself easy, for I shall have nothing to do with you.

Maria. Not marry me, Mr Philpot? [*Bursts out in Tears.*] but I say you shall; and I will have a husband, or I'll know the reason why—you shall, you shall—

G. Phil. A pretty sort of a wife they intend for me here—

Maria. I wonder you an't ashamed of yourself, to affront a young girl in this manner. I'll go and tell my papa—I will—I will—I will—

[*Crying bitterly.*

G. Phil. And so you may, and your mamma, and your aunt Bridget into the bargain.

Maria. Ay! and by goles! my brother Bob shall fight you.

G. Phil. What care I for your brother Bob; damn your brother Bob. I'll fight your brother Bob, your aunt Bridget, and the whole family, one down, t'other come on. [*Going.*

Maria. How can you be so cruel, Mr Philpot? how can you—I will have you, that's what I will—oh— [*Cries and struggles with him.*

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter CORINNA—TOM *following her.*

Cor. An elderly gentleman, did you say?

Tom. Yes; that says he has got a letter for you, ma'am.

Cor. Desire the gentleman to walk up stairs. [*Exit* TOM] These old fellows will be coming after a body; but they pay well, and so—servant sir.

Enter Old PHILPOT.

O. Phil. Fair lady, your very humble servant—truly a blooming young girl! Madam, I have a letter here for you from Bob Poacher, whom I presume you know—

Cor. Yes, sir, I know Bob Poacher—he is a very good friend of mine! [*Reads to herself.*] He speaks so handsomely of you, sir, and says you are so much of the gentleman, that, to be sure, sir, I shall endeavour to be agreeable, sir—

O. Phil. Really you are very agreeable—you see I am punctual to my hour.

[*Looks at his Watch.*

Cor. That is a mighty pretty watch, sir.

O. Phil. Yes, madam, it is a repeater; it has been in our family for a long time, and I'll take care it shall be so much longer.—This is a mighty pretty lodging. I have twenty guineas here in a purse, here they are; [*Turns them out on the Table.*] as pretty golden rogues as ever your fair fingers played with.

Cor. I am always agreeable to any thing from a gentleman.

O. Phil. There are some light guineas among them. I always put off my light guineas in this way. [*Aside.*]

You are exceedingly welcome, madam. Your fair hand looks so tempting, I must kiss it—oh! I could eat it up; fair lady, your lips look so cherry—they actually invite to touch. [*Kisses.*] Really it makes the difference of cent. per cent. in one's constitution; you have really a mighty pretty foot—oh, you little rogue, I could smother you with kisses; oh, you little delicate, charming— [*Kisses her.*

GEORGE PHILPOT, *within.*

G. Phil. Gee-houp! awhi! awhi!—Gallows—awhi!

O. Phil. Hey—what is all that?—somebody coming!

Cor. Some young rake, I fancy, coming in whether my servants will or no—

O. Phil. What shall I do? I would not be seen for the world—can't you hide me in that room?

Cor. Dear heart! no, sir; these wild young fellows take such liberties, he may take it into his head to go in there, and then you will be detected—get under the table, he shan't remain long whoever he is; here, here, sir, get under here.

O. Phil. Ay, ay, that will do; don't let him stay long; give me another buss—wounds! I could—

Cor. Hush! make haste!

O. Phil. Ay, ay, I will, fair lady. [*Creeps under the Table, and Peeps out.*] Don't let him stay long.

Cor. Hush! silence! you will ruin all else.

Enter GEORGE PHILPOT, *dressed out.*

G. Phil. Sharper, do your work—awhi, awhi! s my girl, how dost do?

Cor. Very well, thank you; I did not expect to see you so soon; I thought you was to be at the club. The servants told me that you came back from the city at two o'clock to dress, and so I concluded you would have staid all night, as usual.

G. Phil. No; the run was against me again, and I did not care to pursue ill-fortune. But I am strong in cash, my girl.

Cor. Are you?

G. Phil. Yes, yes; suskins in plenty.

O. Phil. [*Peeping.*] Ah the ungracious! these are your haunts, are they?

G. Phil. Yes, yes; I am strong in cash; I have taken in an old curmudgeon since I saw you.

Cor. As how, pray?

O. Phil. [*Peeping out.*] Ay, as how, let us hear, pray.

G. Phil. Why, I'll tell you.

O. Phil. [*Peeping.*] Ay, let us hear.

G. Phil. I talked a world of wisdom to him—

O. Phil. Ay!

G. Phil. Tipt him a few rascally sentiments, and then he took a liking to me—ay, ay, says he, ay, friendship has nothing to do with trade—George, thou art a son after my own heart; and then, as I dealt out maxims of penury, he grinned like a Jew broker, when he has cheated his principal out of an eighth per cent.; and cried, ay, ay, that is the very spirit of trade—a fool and his money are soon parted; [*Mimicking him.*] and so on he went, like Harlequin in a French comedy, tickling himself into a good humour, till at last I tickled him out of fifteen hundred and odd pounds.

O. Phil. I have a mind to rise and break his bones; but then I discover myself. Lie still, Isaac, lie still.

G. Phil. Oh! I understand trap; I talked of a great house stopping payment; the thing was true enough, but I had no dealing with them.

O. Phil. Ay, ay.

G. Phil. And so, for fear of breaking off a match with an ideot he wants me to marry, he lent me the money—the old rogue cheated me though.

O. Phil. Ay, you have found it out, have ye?

G. Phil. Po! damn it, he is an old curmudgeon, and so I will talk no more about him; come, give me a kiss. [*They kiss.*

O. Phil. The young dog, how he fastens his lips to her!

G. Phil. You shall go with me to Epsom next Sunday.

Cor. Shall I? that's charming.

G. Phil. You shall, in my chariot—I drive.

Cor. But I don't like to see you drive.

G. Phil. But I like it; I am as good a coachman as any in England. There was my Lord What-d'ye-call-him, he kept a stage coach for his own driving; but, lord! he was nothing to me.

Cor. No!

G. Phil. Oh, no! I know my road work, my girl. Mind me when I go to work—throw my eyes about a few—handle the braces—take the off leader by the jaw—here you—how have you curbed this horse up? let him out a link, do, you blood of a— whoo eh! Jewel!—Button! whoo eh! come here, you sir, how have you coupled Gallows? you know he'll take the bar of Sharper; take him in two holes, do.—There's four pretty little knots as any in England—whoo eh!

Cor. But can't you let your coachman drive?

G. Phil. No, no; see me mount the box, handle the reins, my wrist turned down, square my elbows, stamp with my foot, gee up! off we go—Button, do you want to have us over? do your work, do, awhi! awhi! there we bowl away: see how sharp they are; Gallows—softly up hill; [*Whistles.*] there's a public-house—give 'em a mouthful of water, do, and fetch me a dram—drink it off—gee up! awhi! awhi!—there we go scrambling together—reach Epsom in an hour and forty-three minutes, all Lombard-street to an egg-shell, we do; there's your work, my girl!—eh, damn me.

O. Phil. Mercy on me! what a profligate debauched young dog it is.

Enter Young WILDING.

Wild. Ha! my little Corinna; sir, your servant.

G. Phil. Your servant, sir.

Wild. Sir, your servant.

G. Phil. Any commands for me, sir?

Wild. For you, sir?

G. Phil. Yes, for me, sir.

Wild. No, sir, I have no commands for you.

G. Phil. What's your business?

Wild. Business!

G. Phil. Ay, business.

Wild. Why very good business, I think; my little Corinna, my life, my little—

G. Phil. Is that your business?—pray, sir—not so free, sir.

Wild. Not so free!

G. Phil. No, sir, that lady belongs to me.

Wild. To you, sir!

G. Phil. Yes, to me.

Wild. To you, who are you?

G. Phil. As good a man as you.

Wild. Upon my word!—who is this fellow, Corinna? some journeyman tailor, I suppose, who chooses to try on the gentleman's clothes before he carries them home.

G. Phil. Tailor! damnation! what do you mean by that! you lie! I am no tailor!

Wild. You shall give me satisfaction for that!

G. Phil. For what?

Wild. For giving me the lie.

G. Phil. I did not.

Wild. You did, sir.

G. Phil. You lie, I did not; I'll bet you five pounds I did not; but you have a mind for a frolic; let me put by my sword—now, sir, come on.

[*In a boxing attitude.*

Wild. Why, you scoundrel, do you think I want to box? draw, sir, this moment.

G. Phil. Not I; come on.

Wild. Draw, or I'll cut you to pieces.

G. Phil. I'll give you satisfaction this way.

Wild. And I'll give you satisfaction this way. Draw, sir, draw. [*Pushes at him.*] You won't draw?—there, take that, sirrah—and that, and that, you scoundrel.

[CORINNA *goes off.*

O. Phil. Ay, ay, well done; lay it on.

[*Peeps out.*

Wild. And there, you rascal, and there.

O. Phil. Thank you, thank you; could not you find in your heart to lay him on another for me? I am safe here; lie still, Isaac, lie still; I am safe.

Wild. The fellow has put me out of breath. [*Sits down.*]—[*Old* PHILPOT'S *Watch strikes Ten under the Table.*] What watch is that? [*Stares round.*] hey! what is all this? [*Looks under the Table.*] your humble servant, sir! turn out, pray turn out. You won't; then I'll unshell you. [*Takes away the Table.*] Your very humble servant, sir.

G. Phil. Zounds! my father there all this time!

[*Aside.*

Wild. I suppose you will give me the lie too.

O. Phil. [*Still on the Ground.*] No, sir; not I truly. But the gentleman there may divert himself again, if he has a mind.

G. Phil. No, sir, not I; I pass the box.

O. Phil. George, you are there, I see.

G. Phil. Yes, sir; and you are there, I see.

Wild. Come, rise—who is this old fellow?

Cor. Upon my word I don't know; as I live and breathe I don't—he came after my maid, I suppose; I'll run and ask her—let me run out of the way, and hide myself from this scene of confusion. [*Exit.*

G. Phil. What an imp of hell she is. [*Aside.*

Wild. Come, get up, sir, you are too old to be beat.

O. Phil. [*Rising.*] In troth, so I am; but there you may exercise yourself again, if you please.

G. Phil. No, no more for me, sir, I thank you.

O. Phil. I have made but a bad voyage of it; the ship is sunk, and stock and block lost. [*Aside.*

Wild. Ha, ha! upon my soul I can't help laughing at this old square-toes; as for you, sir, you have had what you deserved; ha, ha! you are a kind of cull, I suppose, ha, ha! and you, reverend dad, you must come here tottering after a punk, ha, ha!

O. Phil. Oh, George! George!

G. Phil. Oh, father! father! [*Sighs.*

Wild. Ha, ha! what, father and son! and so you have found one another out, ha, ha! well, you may have private business together, and so, gentlemen, I'll leave you to yourselves. [*Exit.*

G. Phil. This is too much to bear; what an infamous jade she is! all her contrivance! Don't be angry with me, sir; I'll go my ways this moment, tie myself up in a matrimonial noose, and never have any thing to do with these courses again. [*Going.*

O. Phil. And hark you, George; tie me up in a real noose, and turn me off as soon as you will.

G. Phil. I'll do any thing to oblige you, sir, that's in my power. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BEAUFORT, *dressed as a Lawyer, and Sir* JASPER WILDING, *with a Bottle and Glass in his Hand.*

Beau. No more, Sir Jasper, I can't drink any more.

Sir J. Why, you be but a weezen'd-faced drinker, Master Quagmire—come, man, finish this bottle.

Beau. I beg to be excused; you had better let me read over the deeds to you.

Sir J. Zounds! it's all about out-houses, and messuages, and barns, and stables, and orchards, and mea-

dows, and lands and tenements, and woods and underwoods, and commons and backsides. I am o'the commission for Wilts, and I know the ley, and so truce with your jargon, Master Quagmire.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Old Mr Philpot, sir, and his son.

Sir J. Wounds! that's right, they'll take me out of the hand of this lawyer here.

Enter Old PHILPOT *and* GEORGE PHILPOT.

Sir J. Master Philpot, I be glad you are come; this man here has so plagued me with his ley, but now we'll have no more about it, but sign the papers at once.

O. Phil. Sir Jasper, twenty thousand pounds you know is a great deal of money—I should not give you so much, if it was not for the sake of your daughter's marrying my son; so that if you will allow me discount for prompt payment, I will pay the money down.

G. Phil. Sir, I must beg to see the young lady once more, before I embark; for to be plain, sir, she appears to me a mere natural—

Sir J. I'll tell you what, youngster, I find my girl a notable wench—and here, here's zon Bob. Well, young gentleman, which way is your mind now?

G. Phil. Why, sir, to be plain, I find your daughter an ideot.

Sir J. Zee her again then, zee her again; here you, sirrah, send our Moll hither.

Serv. Yes, sir.

Sir J. Very well then, we'll go into t'other room, crack a bottle, and settle matters there; and leave us together—hoic! hoic! our Moll—tally over—

Enter MARIA.

Maria. Did you call me, papa?

Sir J. I did, my girl; there, the gentleman wants to speak with you; behave like a clever wench as you are—come along, my boys—Master Quagmire, come and finish the business.

[*Exit singing, with Old* PHILPOT *and* BEAUFORT, *manent* GEORGE *and* MARIA.

G. Phil. I know she is a fool, and so I will speak to her without ceremony: Well, miss, you told me you could read and write?

Maria. Read, sir!—heavens!—[*Looking at him.*]—ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. Miss, I think you told me you could read and write.

Maria. Read, sir? reading is the delight of my life—do you love reading, sir?

G. Phil. Prodigiously—how pert she's grown—I have read very little, and I am resolved for the future to read less. [*Aside.*]—What have you read, miss?

Maria. Every thing.

G. Phil. You have.

Maria. Yes, sir, I have.

G. Phil. Oh! brave; and do you remember what you read, miss?

Maria. Not so well as I could wish—wits have short memories.

G. Phil. Oh! you are a wit too?

Maria. I am; and do you know that I feel myself provoked to a simile now.

G. Phil. Provoked to a simile!—let us hear it.

Maria. What do you think we are both like?

G. Phil. Well—

Maria. Like Cymon and Iphigenia in Dryden's fable.

G. Phil. I like Jenny in Dryden's fable!

Maria. The fanning breeze upon her bosom blows,
To meet the fanning breeze her bosom rose.

That's me—now you—

> He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
> And whistled as he went [*mimics*] for want of thought.

G. Phil. This is not the same girl.

[*Disconcerted.*

Maria. Mark again, mark again :

> The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
> And gaping mouth that testified surprise.

[*He looks foolish, she laughs at him.*

G. Phil. I must take care how I speak to her; she is not the fool I took her for.

Maria. You seem surprised, sir; but this is my way. I read, sir, and then I apply; I have read every thing:—Suckling, Waller, Milton, Dryden, Lansdown, Gay, Prior, Swift, Addison, Pope, Young, Thomson—

G. Phil. Hey! the devil; what a clack is here!

[*He walks across the Stage.*

Maria. [*Following him eagerly.*] Shakespeare, Fletcher, Otway, Southern, Rowe, Congreve, Wycherly, Farquhar, Cibber, Vanbrugh, Steele, in short every body; and I find them all wit, vivacity, spirit, genius, taste, imagination.

G. Phil. Her tongue goes like a water-mill.

Maria. What do you say to me now, sir?

G. Phil. Say; why, I don't know what the devil to say. [*Aside.*] I beg you won't trouble yourself, and pray don't trouble me.

Maria. What's the matter, sir? why, you look as if the stocks were fallen—or like London-bridge at low water—or like a waterman when the Thames is frozen—or like a politician without news—or like a prude without scandal—or like a great lawyer without a brief—or like some lawyers with one—or—

G. Phil. Or like a poor devil of a husband hen

pecked by a wit, and so say no more of that—what a capricious piece here is! [*Aside.*

Maria. Oh, fye! you have spoiled all; I had not half done.

G. Phil. There is enough of all conscience; you may content yourself.

Maria. But I can't be so easily contented—I like a simile half a mile long.

G. Phil. I see you do.

Maria. Oh! and I make verses, verses like an angel—off hand—extempore—can you give me an extempore?

G. Phil. An extreme; what the devil does she mean!—no, miss—I have never a one about me.

Maria. You can't give me an extempore—oh, for shame, Mr Philpot!—I love an extempore of all things; and I love the poets dearly, their sense so fine, their invention rich as Pactolus.

G. Phil. A poet rich as Pactolus! no, come, that will never pass—I have heard of Pactolus in the city.

Maria. Very like—

G. Phil. But you never heard of a poet as rich as he.

Maria. As who?

G. Phil. Pactolus; he was a great Jew merchant; lived in the ward of Farringdon without.

Maria. Pactolus, a Jew merchant! Pactolus is a river.

G. Phil. A river! poh! ha, ha!

Maria. Yes; don't you understand geography?

G. Phil. The girl's crazy.

Maria. Oh! sir, if you don't understand geography, you are nobody. I understand geography, orthography, stenography, and all the other ographies; you know I told you I can write, and I can dance too; will you dance a minuet? [*Sings and dances.*

G. Phil. No, you shan't lead me a dance, I promise you.

Maria Oh! very well, sir—you refuse me—remember you'll hear immediately of my being married to another, and then you'll be ready to hang yourself.

G. Phil. Not I, I promise you.

Maria. Oh! very well,—very well—remember—mark my words—I'll do it—you shall see—ha, ha!

[*Runs off in a fit of laughing.*

GEORGE, *solus.*

G. Phil. Marry you! I would as soon carry my wife to live in Bow-street, and write over the door, 'Philpot's punch-house.'

Enter Old PHILPOT, *Sir* JASPER, BEAUFORT, WILDING, *and* MARIA.

Maria. Well, papa, the gentleman won't have me.

O. Phil. The numskull won't do as his father bids him; and so, Sir Jasper, with your consent, I'll make a proposal to the young lady myself.

Maria. How! what does he say?

O. Phil. I am in the prime of my days, and I can be a brisk lover still; fair lady, a glance of your eye is like the returning sun in the spring; it melts away the frost of age, and gives a new warmth and vigour to all nature. [*Falls a coughing.*

Maria. Dear heart! I should like to have a scene with him.

Sir J. Hey! what's in the wind now!—this won't take—my girl shall have fair play—no old fellow shall totter to her bed—what say you my girl, will you rock his cradle?

Maria. Sir, I have one small doubt; pray, can I have two husbands at a time?

G. Phil. There's a question now? she is grown foolish again.

O. Phil. Fair lady, the law of the land—

Sir J. Hold ye, hold ye, let me talk of law; I know the law better nor any on ye—two husbands at once—no; no—men are scarce, and that's downright poaching.

Maria. I am sorry for it, sir; for then I can't marry him, I see.

Sir J. Why not?

Maria. I am contracted to another.

Sir J. Contracted! to whom?

Maria. To Mr Beaufort—that gentleman, sir.

O. Phil. That gentleman!

Beau. Yes, sir. [*Throws open his gown.*] My name is Beaufort; and I hope, Sir Jasper, when you consider my fortune, and my real affection for your daughter, you will generously forgive the stratagem I have made use of.

Sir J. Master Quagmire! what, are you young Beaufort all this time?

O. Phil. That won't take, sir, that won't take.

Beau. But it must take, sir; you have signed the deeds for your daughter's marriage; and Sir Jasper, by this instrument, has made me his son-in-law.

O. Phil. How is this? how is this? then, Sir Jasper, you will agree to cancel the deeds, I suppose, for you know—

Sir J. Catch me at that an ye can! I fulfilled my promise, and your son refused, and so the wench has looked out slily for herself elsewhere. Did I not tell you she was a clever girl! I ben't ashamed o' my girl—our Moll, you have done no harm, and Mr Beaufort is welcome to you with all my heart. I'll stand to what I have signed, though you have taken me by surprise.

Maria. Well, brother, how have I played my part?

Wild.
Beau. } To a miracle.

Maria. Have I? I don't know how that is.

Love urged me on to try all wily arts,
To win your—[*To* BEAUFORT.] no! not yours—
To win your hearts. [*To the Audience.*
Your hearts to win is now my aim alone;
'There if I grow, the harvest is your own.'

[*Exeunt.*

Three Weeks after Marriage;

A

FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY

ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Charles Rackett,	*Mr Lewis.*
Drugget,	*Mr Munden.*
Lovelace,	*Mr Claremont.*
Woodley,	*Mr Menage.*
William,	*Mr W. Murray.*
Lady Rackett,	*Mrs Glover.*
Mrs Drugget,	*Mrs Davenport.*
Nancy,	*Miss Searle.*
Dimity,	*Mrs Dibdin.*

THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Enter WOODLEY *and* DIMITY.

Dim. Po! po!—no such thing: I tell you, Mr Woodley, you are a mere novice in these affairs.

Wood. Nay, but listen to reason, Mrs Dimity: has not your master, Mr Drugget, invited me down to his country seat? has not he promised to give me his daughter Nancy in marriage? and with what pretence can he now break off?

Dim. What pretence!—you put a body out of all patience. Go on your own way, sir; my advice is lost upon you.

Wood. You do me injustice, Mrs Dimity. Your advice has governed my whole conduct. Have not I fixed an interest in the young lady's heart?

Dim. An interest in a fiddlestick!—You ought to have made sure of the father and mother. What, do you think the way to get a wife, at this time of day, is by speaking fine things to the lady you have a fancy for? That was the practice indeed; but things

are altered now. You must address the old people, sir; and never trouble your head about your mistress.

Wood. But you know, my dear Dimity, the old couple have received every mark of attention from me.

Dim. Attention! to be sure you did not fall asleep in their company; but what then? You should have entered into their characters, played with their humours, and sacrificed to their absurdities.

Wood. But if my temper is too frank——

Dim. Frank, indeed! yes, you have been frank enough to ruin yourself. Have not you to do with a rich old shopkeeper, retired from business with an hundred thousand pounds in his pocket, to enjoy the dust of the London road, which he calls living in the country? and yet you must find fault with his situation! What if he has made a ridiculous gimcrack of his house and gardens? you know his heart is set upon it: and could not you have commended his taste? But you must be too frank! "Those walks and alleys are too regular: those evergreens should not be cut into such fantastic shapes."—And thus you advise a poor old mechanic, who delights in every thing that's monstrous, to follow nature. Oh, you are likely to be a successful lover!

Wood. But why should I not save a father-in-law from being a laughing-stock?

Dim. Make him your father-in-law first.—And then the mother; how have you played your cards in that quarter? She wants a tinsel man of fashion for her second daughter. "Don't you see," says she, "how happy my eldest girl is made by her match with Sir Charles Rackett? She has been married three entire weeks, and not so much as one angry word has passed between them! Nancy shall have a man of quality too."

Wood. And yet I know Sir Charles Rackett perfectly well.

Dim. Yes, so do I; and I know he'll make his lady wretched at last. But what then? You should have humoured the old folks: you should have been a talking empty fop to the good old lady; and to the old gentleman, an admirer of his taste in gardening. But you have lost him: he is grown fond of this beau Lovelace, who is here in the house with him: the coxcomb ingratiates himself by flattery, and you're undone by frankness.

Wood. And yet, Dimity, I won't despair.

Dim. And yet you have reason to despair; a million of reasons: to-morrow is fixed for the wedding-day; Sir Charles and his lady are to be here this very night; they are engaged, indeed, at a great rout in town, but they take a bed here, notwithstanding. The family is sitting up for them; Mr Drugget will keep you all in the next room there till they arrive; to-morrow the business is over; and yet you don't despair!—Hush! hold your tongue; here comes Lovelace; step in, and I'll devise something, I warrant you. [*Exit* WOODLEY.] The old folks shall not have their own way. It is enough to vex a body, to see an old father and mother marrying their daughter as they please, in spite of my judgment, and all I can do.

Enter LOVELACE.

Do lend us your assistance, Mr Lovelace. You are a sweet gentleman, and love a good-natured action.

Love. Why, how now! what's the matter?

Dim. My master is going to cut the two yew-trees into the shape of two devils, I believe; and my poor mistress is breaking her heart for it. Do, run and advise him against it. She is your friend, you know she is, sir.

Love. Oh, if that's all, I'll make that matter easy directly.

Dim. my mistress will be for ever obliged to you; and you will marry her daughter in the morning.

Love. Oh, my rhetoric shall dissuade him.

Dim. And, sir, put him against dealing with that nursery-man; Mrs Drugget hates him.

Love. Does she?

Dim. Mortally.

Love. Say no more; the business is done. [*Exit.*

Dim. If he says one word against the giants at Guildhall, he is undone. Old Drugget will never forgive him. My brain was at its last shift; but if this plot takes—So, here comes our Nancy.

Enter NANCY.

Nan. Well, Dimity, what's to become of me?

Dim. My stars! what makes you up, Miss? I thought you were gone to bed.

Nan. What should I go to bed for? only to tumble and toss, and fret, and be uneasy. They are going to marry me, and I am frighted out of my wits.

Dim. Why then you are the only young lady within fifty miles round, that would be frightened at such a thing.

Nan. Ah! if they would let me chuse for myself.

Dim. Don't you like Mr Lovelace?

Nan. My mamma does, but I don't; I don't mind his being a man of fashion, not I.

Dim. And, pray, can you do better than to follow the fashion?

Nan. Ah! I know there's a fashion for new bonnets, and a fashion for dressing the hair; but I never heard of a fashion for the heart.

Dim. Why then, my dear, the heart mostly follows the fashion now.

Nan. Does it! Pray, who sets the fashion of the heart?

Dim. All the fine ladies in London, o'my conscience.

Nan. And what's the last new fashion, pray?

Dim. Why, to marry any fop that has a few deceitful agreeable appearances about him; something of a pert phrase, a good operator for the teeth, and tolerable tailor.

Nan. And do they marry without loving?

Dim. Oh! marrying for love has been a great while out of fashion.

Nan. Why then, I'll wait till that fashion comes up again.

Dim. And then, Mr Lovelace, I reckon—

Nan. Pshaw! I don't like him: he talks to me as if he was the most miserable man in the world, and the confident thing looks so pleased with himself all the while. I want to marry for love, and not for card-playing. I should not be able to bear the life my sister leads with Sir Charles Rackett. Shall I tell you a secret? I will forfeit my new cap if they don't quarrel soon.

Dim. Oh fie! no! they won't quarrel yet a-while. A quarrel in three weeks after marriage, would be somewhat of the quickest. By-and-by we shall hear of their whims and their humours. Well, but if you don't like Mr Lovelace, what say you to Mr Woodley?

Nan. Ah! I don't know what to say; but I can sing something that will explain my mind.

SONG.

1.

When first the dear youth passing by,
  Disclosed his fair form to my sight,
I gazed, but I could not tell why;
  My heart it went throb with delight;

II.

As nearer he drew, those sweet eyes
Were with their dear meaning so bright,
I trembled, and, lost in surprise,
My heart it went throb with delight.

III.

When his lips their dear accents did try
The return of my love to excite,
I feigned, yet began to guess why
My heart it went throb with delight.

IV.

We changed the stolen glance, the fond smile,
Which lovers alone read aright;
We looked, and we sighed, yet the while
Our hearts they went throb with delight.

V.

Consent I soon blushed, with a sigh
My promise I ventured to plight;
Come, Hymen, we then shall know why
Our hearts they go throb with delight.

Enter WOODLEY.

Wood. My sweetest angel! I have heard it all, and my heart overflows with love and gratitude.

Nan. Ah! but I did not know you was listening. You should not have betrayed me so, Dimity: I shall be angry with you.

Dim. Well, I'll take my chance for that. Run both into my room, and say all your pretty things to one another there, for here comes the old gentleman —make haste away.

[*Exeunt* WOODLEY *and* NANCY.

Enter DRUGGET.

Drug. A forward presuming coxcomb! Dimity, do you step to Mrs Drugget, and send her hither.

Dim. Yes, sir; it works upon him I see. [*Exit.*

Drug. The yew-trees ought not to be cut, because they'll help to keep off the dust, and I am too near the road already. A sorry ignorant fop! when I am in so fine a situation, and can see every cart, waggon, and stage-coach that goes by. And then to abuse the nurseryman's rarities! A finer sucking pig in lavender, with sage growing in his belly, was never seen! And yet he wants me not to have it. But have it I will. —There's a fine tree of knowledge, with Adam and Eve in Juniper; Eve's nose not quite grown, but it's thought in the spring will be very forward: I'll have that too, with the serpent in ground ivy. Two poets in wormwood! I'll have them both. Ay, and there's a Lord Mayor's feast in honey-suckle; and the whole court of Aldermen in hornbeam: "and three modern beaux in jessamine, somewhat stunted;" they all shall be in my garden, with the Dragon of Wantley in box, all, all; I'll have them all, let my wife and Mr Lovelace say what they will.

Enter Mrs DRUGGET.

Mrs D. Did you send for me, lovey?

Drug. The yew-trees shall be cut into the giants at Guildhall, whether you will or not.

Mrs D. Sure my own dear will do as he pleases.

Drug. And the pond, though you praise the green banks, shall be walled round, and I'll have a little fat boy in marble, spouting up water in the middle.

Mrs D. My sweet, who hinders you?

Drug. Yes, and I'll buy the nurseryman's whole catalogue. Do you think, after retiring to live all the way here, almost four miles from London, that I won't do as I please in my own garden?

Mrs D. My dear, but why are you in such a passion?

Drug. I'll have the the lavender pig, and the Adam

and Eve, and the Dragon of Wantley, and all of 'em: and there shan't be a more romantic spot on the London road than mine.

Mrs D. I'm sure it is as pretty as hands can make it.

Drug. I did it all myself, and I'll do more. And Mr Lovelace shan't have my daughter.

Mrs D. No! what's the matter now, Mr Drugget?

Drug. He shall learn better manners than to abuse my house and gardens. You put him into the head of it, but I'll disappoint ye both. And so you may go and tell Mr Lovelace, that the match is quite off.

Mrs D. I can't comprehend all this, not I. But I'll tell him so, if you please, my dear. I am willing to give myself pain, if it will give you pleasure: must I give myself pain? Don't ask me, pray don't; I can't support all this uneasiness.

Drug. I am resolved, and it shall be so.

Mrs D. Let it be so then. [*Cries.*] Oh! oh! cruel man! I shall break my heart if the match is broke off. If it is not concluded to-morrow, send for an undertaker, and bury me the next day.

Drug. How! I don't want that neither.

Mrs D. Oh! oh!

Drug. I am your lord and master, my dear, but not your executioner. Before George, it must never be said that my wife died of too much compliance. Chear up, my love; and this affair shall be settled as soon as Sir Charles and Lady Rackett arrive.

Mrs D. You bring me to life again. You know, my sweet, what an happy couple Sir Charles and his lady are. Why should not we make our Nancy as happy.

Enter DIMITY.

Dim. Sir Charles and his lady, ma'am.

Mrs D. Oh! charming! I'm transported with joy! where are they? I long to see 'em. [*Exit.*

Dim. Well, sir, the happy couple are arrived.

Drug. Yes, they do live happy indeed.

Dim. But how long will it last?

Drug. How long! Don't forbode any ill, you jade; don't, I say. It will last during their lives, I hope.

Dim. Well, mark the end of it. Sir Charles, I know, is gay and good-humoured; but he can't bear the least contradiction, no, not in the merest trifle.

Drug. Hold your tongue; hold your tongue.

Dim. Yes, sir, I have done; and yet there is in the composition of Sir Charles a certain humour, which, like the flying gout, gives no disturbance to the family, till it settles in the head: when once it fixes there, mercy on every body about him! But here he comes. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir CHARLES.

Sir C. My dear sir, I kiss your hand. But why stand on ceremony? To find you up at this late hour mortifies me beyond expression.

Drug. 'Tis but once in a way, Sir Charles.

Sir C. My obligations to you are inexpressible; you have given me the most amiable of girls; our tempers accord like unisons in music.

Drug. Ah! that's what makes me happy in my old days; my children and my garden are all my care.

Sir C. And my friend Lovelace—he is to have our sister Nancy, I find.

Drug. Why my wife is so minded.

Sir C. Oh, by all means, let her be made happy. A very pretty fellow Lovelace; as to that Mr—Woodley, I think you call him—he is but a plain, underbred, ill-fashioned sort of a—Nobody knows him;

he is not one of us. Oh, by all means marry her to one of us.

Drug. I believe it must be so. Would you take any refreshment?

Sir C. Nothing in nature—it is time to retire to rest.

Drug. Well, well! good night Sir Charles. Ha! here comes my daughter. Good night, Sir Charles.

Sir C. Bon repos.

Enter Lady RACKETT.

Lady R. Dear sir! I did not expect to see you up so late.

Drug. My Lady Rackett, I am glad to hear how happy you are: I won't detain you now. There's your good man waiting for you: good night my girl. [*Exit.*

Sir C. I must humour this old putt, in order to be remembered in his will.

Lady R. O la! I am quite fatigued. I can hardly move. Why don't you help me, you barbarous man?

Sir C. There; take my arm—Was ever thing so pretty made to walk?

Lady R. But I won't be laughed at. [*Looking tenderly at him.*] I don't love you.

Sir C. Don't you?

Lady R. No. Dear me! this glove! Why don't you help me off with my glove? Pshaw! you awkward thing, let it alone; you an't fit to be about my person. I might as well not be married, for any use you are of. Reach me a chair. You have no compassion for me. I am so glad to sit down. Why do you drag me to routs? You know I hate them.

Sir C. Oh! there is no existing, no breathing, unless one does as other people of fashion do.

Lady R. But I am out of humour; I lost all my money.

Sir C. How much?

Lady R. Three hundred.

Sir C. Never fret for that. I don't value three hundred pounds to contribute to your happiness.

Lady R. Don't you?—not value three hundred pounds to please me?

Sir C. You know I don't.

Lady R. Ah, you fond fool!—But I hate gaming: it almost metamorphoses a woman into a fury. Do you know that I was frighted at myself several times to night? I had an huge oath at the very tip of my tongue.

Sir C. Had ye?

Lady R. I caught myself at it; but I bit my lips, and so I did not disgrace myself. And then I was crammed up in a corner of the room with such a strange party at a whist-table, looking at black and red spots: did you mind them?

Sir C. You know I was busy elsewhere.

Lady R. There was that strange, unaccountable woman, Mrs Nightshade: she behaved so fretfully to her husband, a poor, inoffensive, good-natured, good sort of a good-for-nothing kind of man: but she so teized him—"How could you play that card? Ah, you've a head, and so has a pin—You're a numskull, you know you are—ma'am, he has the poorest head in the world, he does not know what he is about; you know you don't—Oh fye!—I'm ashamed of you!"

Sir C. She has served to divert you, I see.

Lady R. And to crown all, there was my Lady Clackit, who runs on with an eternal 'larum about nothing, out of all season, time, and place—In the very midst of the game she begins, 'Lard, ma'am, I was apprehensive I should not be able to wait on your la'ship; my poor little dog, Pompey—the sweetest

thing in the world,—a spade led!—there's the knave—I was fetching a walk, me'm, the other morning in the Park; a fine frosty morning it was; I love frosty weather of all things. Let me look at the last trick—and so, me'm, little Pompey—Oh! if your la'ship was to see the dear creature pinched with the frost, and mincing his steps along the Mall, with his pretty innocent face—I vow I don't know what to play—And so, me'm, while I was talking to Captain Flimsey—Your la'ship knows Captain Flimsey—Nothing but rubbish in my hand—I can't help it—And so, me'm, five odious frights of dogs beset my poor little Pompey—the dear creature has the heart of a lion, but who can resist five at once? And so Pompey barked for assistance. The hurt he received was upon his chest: the doctor would not advise him to venture out till the wound is healed, for fear of an inflammation—Pray what's trumps?'

Sir C. My dear, you'd make a most excellent actress.

Lady R. Why don't you hand me up stairs? Oh! I am so tired: let us go to rest.

Sir C. [*Assisting her.*] You complain, and yet raking is the delight of your little heart.

Lady R. [*Leaning on him as she walks away.*] It is you that make a rake of me. Oh! Sir Charles, how shockingly you played that last rubber, when I stood looking over you!

Sir C. My love, I played the truth of the game.

Lady R. No, indeed, my dear, you played it wrong. Ah! Sir Charles, you have a head.

Sir C. Po! nonsense! you don't understand it.

Lady R. I beg your pardon: I am allowed to play better than you.

Sir C. All conceit, my dear: I was perfectly right.

Lady R. No such thing, Sir Charles. How can you dispute it? The diamond was the play.

Sir C. Po! ridiculous! the club was the card against the world.

Lady R. Oh, no, no, no; I say it was the diamond.

Sir C. Zounds! madam, I say it was the club.

Lady R. What do you fly into such a passion for?

Sir C. Death and fury! do you think I don't know what I am about? I tell you once more, the club was the judgment of it.

Lady R. May be so. Have it your own way, sir. [*Walks about and sings.*

Sir C. Vexation! You're the strangest woman that ever lived; there's no conversing with you. Look'ye here, my Lady Rackett; it is the clearest case in the world; I'll make it plain to you in a moment.

Lady R. Very well, sir. To be sure you must be right. [*With a sneering laugh.*

Sir C. Listen to me, Lady Rackett: I had four cards left. Trumps were out. The lead was mine. They were six—no, no, no, they were seven, and we nine; then you know, the beauty of the play was to—

Lady R. Well, now it's amazing to me, that you can't perceive: give me leave, Sir Charles. Your left hand adversary had led his last trump, and he had before finessed the club, and ruffed the diamond: now if you had led your diamond—

Sir C. Zoons! madam, but we played for the odd trick.

Lady R. And sure the play for the odd trick—

Sir C. Death and fury! can't you hear me?

Lady R. And must not I be heard, sir?

Sir C. Zoons! hear me, I say. Will you hear me?

Lady R. I never heard the like in my life.

[*Hums a Tune and walks about fretfully*

Sir C. Why then you are enough to provoke the patience of a Stoic.—] *Looks at her; she walks about and laughs.*] Very well, madam; you know no more of the game than your father's leaden Hercules on the

top of the house. You know no more of whist than he does of gardening.

Lady R. Go on your own way, sir.

[*Takes out a Glass and settles her hair.*

Sir C. Why then, by all that's odious, you are the most perverse, obstinate, ignorant—

Lady R. Polite language, sir!

Sir C. You are, madam, the most perverse, the most obstinate—you are a vile woman!

Lady R. I am obliged to you, sir.

Sir C. You are a vile woman, I tell you so, and I will never sleep another night under one roof with you.

Lady R. As you please.

Sir C. Madam, it shall be as I please. I'll order my chariot this moment. [*Going.*] I know how the cards should be played as well as any man in England, that let me tell you. [*Going.*]—And when your family were standing behind counters, measuring out tape, and bartering for Whitechapel needles, my ancestors, my ancestors, madam, were squandering away whole estates at cards; whole estates, my Lady Rackett.—[*She hums a Tune, and he looks at her.*] Why then, by all that's dear to me, I'll never exchange another word with you, good, bad, or indifferent. [*Goes and turns back.*] Will you command your temper, and listen to me?

Lady R. Go on, sir.

Sir C. Can't you be cool as I am?—Look'ye, my Lady Rackett: thus it stood. The trumps being all out, it was then my business—

Lady R. To play the diamond to be sure.

Sir C. Damnation! I have done with you for ever; for ever, madam, and so you may tell your father.

[*Going.*

Lady R. What a passion the gentleman is in!

Sir C. Will you let me speak?

Lady R. Who hinders you, sir?

Sir C. Once more then, out of pure good nature.

Lady R. Oh! sir, I am convinced of your good nature.

Sir C. That, and that only prevails with me to tell you, the club was the play.

Lady R. I am prodigiously obliged to you for the information. I am perfectly satisfied, sir.

Sir C. It is the clearest point in the world. Only mind now. We were nine, and—

Lady R. And for that reason, the diamond was the play. Your adversary's club was the best in the house.

Sir C. Why then, such another fiend never existed. There is no reasoning with you. It is in vain to say a word. Good sense is thrown away upon you. I now see the malice of your heart. You are a base woman, and I part from you for ever. You may live here with your father, and admire his fantastical evergreens, till you become as fantastical yourself. I'll set out for London this moment. Your servant, madam. [*Turns and looks at her.*] The club was not the best in the house.

Lady R. How calm you are!—Well, I'll go to bed. Will you come? You had better. Not come when I ask you?—Oh! Sir Charles. [*Going.*

Sir C. That ease is so provoking. I desire you will stay and hear me. Don't think to carry it in this manner. Madam, I must, and will be heard.

Lady R. Oh! lud! with that terrible countenance! you frighten me away. [*Runs in and shuts the Door.*

Sir C. [*Following her.*] You shall not fly me thus. Confusion!—open the door—will you open it? This contempt is beyond enduring. [*Walks away.*] I intended to have made it clear to her, but now let her continue in her absurdity. She is not worth my notice. My resolution is taken. She has touched my pride, and I now renounce her for ever; yes, for ever;

not to return, though she were to request, beseech, and implore on her very knees. [*Exit.*

Lady R. [*Peeping in.*] Is he gone? [*Comes forward.*] Bless me! what have I done?—I have carried this too far, I believe. I had better call him back. For the sake of peace I'll give up the point. What does it signify which was the best of the play?—It is not worth quarrelling about.—How!—here he comes again.—I'll give up nothing to him. He shall never get the better of me: I am ruined for life if he does. I will conquer him, and I am resolved he shall see it. [*Runs in and shuts the Door.*

Sir C. [*Looking in.*] No; she won't open it. Headstrong and positive!—If she could but command her temper, the thing would be as clear as day-light. She has sense enough, if she would but make use of it. It were pity she should be lost. [*Advances towards the Door.*] All owing to that perverse spirit of contradiction.—I may reclaim her still—[*Peeps through the key-hole.*] Not so much as a glimpse of her. [*Taps at the Door.*] Lady Rackett—Lady Rackett—

Lady R. [*Within.*] What do you want?

Sir C. [*Laughing affectedly.*] Come, you have been very pleasant. Open the door: I cannot help laughing at all this.——Come, no more foolery: have done now, and open the door.

Lady R. [*Within.*] Don't be such a torment.

Sir C. Will you open it?

Lady R. [*Laughing.*] No—no——ho! ho!

Sir C. Hell and Confusion! what a puppy I make of myself! I'll bear this usage no longer. To be trifled with in this sort by a false, treacherous—— [*Runs to the Door, and speaks through the key-hole.*] The diamond was NOT the play. [*Walks away as fast as he can.*] I know what I am about. [*Looks back in a violent rage.*] And the club was not the best in the house. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Enter* DIMITY.

Dim. [*Laughing violently.*] Oh! I shall die; I shall expire in a fit of laughing. This is the modish couple that were so happy! Such a quarrel as they have had; the whole house is in an uproar. Ho! ho! ho! a rare proof of the happiness they enjoy in high life. I shall never hear people of fashion mentioned again, but I shall be ready to crack my sides. They were both—Ho! ho! ho! This is three weeks after marriage, I think.

Enter DRUGGET.

Drug. Hey! how! what's the matter, Dimity? What am I called down stairs for?

Dim. Why, there's two people of fashion—
[*Stifles a laugh.*

Drug. Why, you malapert hussey! explain this moment.

Dim. The fond couple have been together by the ears this half hour. Are you satisfied now?

Drug. Ay!—what, have they quarrelled? What was it about?

Dim. Something too nice and fine for my comprehension; and your's too, I believe. People in high life understand their own forms best. And here comes one that can unriddle the whole affair. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir CHARLES.

Sir C. [*To the People within.*] I say, let the horses be put to this moment. So, Mr Drugget!

Drug. Sir Charles, here's a terrible bustle. I did not expect this. What can be the matter?

Sir C. I have been used by your daughter in so base, so contemptuous, so vile a manner, that I am determined not to stay in this house to-night.

Drug. This is a thunderbolt to me! After seeing how elegantly and fashionably you lived together, to find now all sunshine vanished! Do Sir Charles, let me heal this breach, if possible.

Sir C. Sir, it is impossible. I'll not live with her an hour longer.

Drug. Nay, nay, don't be too hasty. Let me intreat you, go to bed and sleep upon it. In the morning, when you are cool——

Sir C. Oh, sir, I am very cool, I assure you. Ha! ha!—it is not in her power, sir, to—a—a—to disturb the serenity of my temper. Don't imagine that I'm in a passion. I am not so easily ruffled as you imagine. But quietly and deliberately, I can repay the injury done me by a false, ungrateful, deceitful woman.

Drug. The injuries done you by a false, ungrateful! My daughter, I hope, sir—

Sir C. Her character is now fully known to me. I understand her perfectly. She is a vile woman! that's all I have to say, sir!

Drug. Hey! how!—a vile woman! what has she done? I hope she is not capable—

Sir C. I shall enter into no detail, Mr Drugget—See if the horses are put to.

Drug. Mercy on me! in my old days to hear this.

Enter Mrs DRUGGET.

Mrs D. Deliver me! I am all over in such a tremble. Sir Charles, I shall break my heart if there is any thing amiss.

Sir C. Madam, I am very sorry, for your sake; but to live with her is impossible.

Mrs D. My poor dear girl! what can she have done?

Sir C. What all her sex can do; it needs no explanation: the very spirit of them all.

Drug. Ay! I see how it is.—She is bringing foul disgrace upon us. This comes of her marrying a man of fashion.

Sir C. Fashion, sir, that should have instructed her better. She might have been sensible of her happiness. Whatever you may think of the fortune you gave her, my rank in life claims respect; claims obedience, attention, truth, "and love, from one raised in the world as she has been by an alliance with me."

Drug. And, let me tell you, however you may estimate your quality, my daughter is dear to me.

Sir C. And, sir, my character is dear to me. It shall never be in her power to expose me.

Drug. Yet you must give me leave to tell you—

Sir C. I won't hear a word.

Drug. Not in behalf of my own daughter?

Mrs D. Don't be so hasty, my love; have some respect for Sir Charles's rank; don't be violent with a man of his fashion.

Drug. Hold your tongue, woman, I say: hold your tongue. You are not a person of fashion at least. My daughter was ever a good girl.

Sir C. I have found her out.

Drug. Oh! then its all over, and it does not signify arguing about it.

Mrs D. That ever I should live to see this hour! How the unfortunate girl could take such wickedness in her head, I can't imagine. I'll go and speak to the unhappy creature this moment. [*Exit.*

Sir C. She stands detected now: detected in her truest colours.

Drug. Well, grievous as it may be, let me hear the circumstances of this unhappy business.

Sir C. Mr Drugget, I have not leisure now. Her behaviour has been so exasperating, that I shall make the best of my way to town. My mind is fixed. She sees me no more, and so, your servant, sir.

Drug. What a calamity has here befallen us! A good girl, and so well disposed! but the evil communication of high life, and fashionable vices, turned her heart to folly.

Enter Lady RACKETT, *Mrs* DRUGGET, *and* DIMITY.

Lady R. A cruel, barbarous man! to quarrel in this unaccountable manner; to alarm the whole house, and to expose me and himself too.

Mrs D. Oh! child! I never thought it would have come to this. Your shame will not end here; it will be all over St James's parish by to-morrow morning.

Lady R. Well, if it must be so, there is one comfort still: the story will tell more to his disgrace than mine.

Dim. As I'm a sinner, and so it will, madam. He deserves what he has met with.

Mrs D. Dimity, don't you encourage her. You shock me to hear you speak so. I did not think you had been so hardened.

Lady R. Hardened do you call it? I have lived in the world to very little purpose, if such trifles as these are to disturb my rest.

Mrs D. You wicked girl! do you call it a trifle to be guilty of falsehood to your husband's bed?

Lady R. How!——

[*Turns short, and stares at her.*

Well, I protest and vow I don't comprehend all this. Has Sir Charles accused me of any impropriety in my conduct?

Mrs D. Oh! too true, he has: he has found you out, and you have behaved basely, he says.

Lady R. Madam!

Mrs D. You have fallen into frailty, like many others of your sex, he says; and he is resolved to come to a separation directly.

Lady R. Why then, if he is so base a wretch as to dishonour me in that manner, his heart shall ache before I live with him again.

Dim. Hold to that, ma'am, and let his head ache into the bargain.

Mrs D. Your poor father heard it as well as I.

Lady R. Then let your doors be open for him this very moment; let him return to London. If he does not, I'll lock myself up, and the false one shan't approach me, though he were to whine on his knees at my very door. A base, injurious man! [*Exit.*

Mrs D. Dimity, do let us follow, and hear what she has to say for herself. [*Exit.*

Dim. She has excuse enough I warrant her. What a noise is here indeed! I have lived in polite families, where there was no such bustle made about nothing. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir CHARLES *and* DRUGGET.

Sir C. It is in vain, sir, my resolution is taken.

Drug. Well, but consider, I am her father. Indulge me only till we hear what the girl has to say in her defence.

Sir C. She can have nothing to say: no excuse can palliate such behaviour.

Drug. Don't be too positive: there may be some mistake.

Sir C. No, sir, no; there can be no mistake. Did not I see her, hear her myself?

Drug. Lack-a-day! then I am an unfortunate man!

Sir C. She will be unfortunate too: with all my heart. She may thank herself. She might have been happy, had she been so disposed.

Drug. Why truly, I think she might.

Enter Mrs DRUGGET.

Mrs D. I wish you would moderate your anger a little, and let us talk over this affair with temper. My daughter denies every title of your charge.

Sir C. Denies it! denies it!

Mrs D. She does indeed.

Sir C. And that aggravates her fault.

Mrs D. She vows that you never found her out in any thing that was wrong.

Sir C. She does not allow it to be wrong then! Madam, I tell you again, I know her thoroughly. I have found her out: I am now acquainted with her character. I am to be deceived no more.

Mrs D. Then you are in opposite stories. She swears, my dear Mr Drugget, the poor girl swears she never was guilty of the smallest infidelity to her husband in her born days.

Sir C. And what then? What if she does say so?

Mrs D. And if she says truly, it is hard her character should be blown upon without just cause.

Sir C. And is she therefore to behave ill in other respects? I never charged her with infidelity to me, madam; there I allow her innocent.

Drug. And did not you charge her then?

Sir C. No, sir, I never dreamt of such a thing.

Drug. Why then, if she is innocent, let me tell you, you are a scandalous person.

Mrs D. Prithee, my dear—

Drug. Be quiet; though he is a man of quality, I will tell him of it. Did not I fine for sheriff?—Yes, you are a scandalous person to defame an honest man's daughter.

Sir C. What have you taken into your head now?

Drug. You charged her with falsehood to your bed.

Sir C. No—never—never.

Drug. I say you did.

Sir C. And I say no, no.

Drug. But I say you did; you called yourself a cuckold. Did not he, wife?

Mrs D. Yes, lovey, I am witness.

Sir C. Absurd! I said no such thing.

Drug. But I aver you did.

Mrs D. You did, indeed, sir.

Sir C. But I tell you, no, positively no.

Drug. and *Mrs D.* And I say, yes, positively yes.

Sir C. 'Sdeath, this is all madness.

Drug. You said that she followed the ways of most of her sex.

Sir C. I said so, and what then?

Drug. There he owns it: owns that he called himself a cuckold, and without rhyme or reason into the bargain.

Sir C. I never owned any such thing.

Drug. You owned it even now — now — now — now——

Mrs D. This very moment.

Sir C. No, no; I tell you, no.

Drug. This instant. Prove it: make your words good: shew me your horns, and if you can't, it is worse than suicide to call yourself a cuckold, without proof.

Enter DIMITY, *in a fit of laughing.*

Dim. What do you think it was all about? Ha! ha! the whole secret is come out, ha! ha! It was all about a game of cards—Ho! ho! ho!

Drug. A game of cards!

Dim. [*Laughing.*] It was all about a club and a diamond. [*Runs out laughing.*]

Drug. And was that all, Sir Charles?

Sir C. And enough too, sir.

Drug. And was that what you found her out in?

Sir C. I can't bear to be contradicted, when I am clear that I am in the right.

Drug. I never heard of such a heap of nonsense in all my life. Woodley shall marry Nancy.

Mrs D. Don't be in a hurry, my love, this will all be made up.

Drug. Why does he not go and beg her pardon then?

Sir C. I beg her pardon! I won't debase myself to any of you. I shan't forgive her, you may rest assured. [*Exit.*

Drug. Now there, there's a pretty fellow for you!

Mrs D. I'll step and prevail on my Lady Rackett to speak to him: all this will be set right. [*Exit.*

Drug. A ridiculous fop! I am glad it is no worse, however. He must go and talk scandal of himself, as if the town did not abound with people ready enough to take that trouble off his hands.

Enter NANCY.

Drug. So, Nancy—you seem in confusion, my girl!

Nan. How can one help it, with all this noise in the house? And you are going to marry me as ill as my sister. I hate Mr Lovelace.

Drug. Why so, child?

Nan. I know these people of quality despise us all out of pride, and would be glad to marry us out of avarice.

Drug. The girl's right.

Nan. They marry one woman, live with another, and love only themselves.

Drug. And then quarrel about a card.

Nan. I don't want to be a gay lady. I want to be happy.

Drug. And so you shall: don't fright yourself, child. Step to your sister, bid her make herself easy: go, and comfort her, go.

Nan. Yes, sir. [*Exit.*

Drug. I'll step and settle the matter with Mr Woodley, this moment. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment.*

Sir CHARLES, *with a Pack of Cards, at a Table.*

Sir C. Never was any thing like her behaviour. I can pick out the very cards I had in my hand, and then 'tis as plain as the sun. There—there—now—there—no—damn it on—there it was—now let me see—They had four by honours and we play'd for the odd trick,—damnation! honours were divided—ay!—honours were divided and then a trump was led, and the other side had the—confusion!—this preposterous woman has put it all out of my head. [*Puts the Cards into his Pocket.*] Mighty well, madam; I have done with you.

Enter Mrs DRUGGET.

Mrs D. Sir Charles, let me prevail. Come with me and speak to her.

Sir C. I don't desire to see her face.

Mrs D. If you were to see her all bathed in tears, I am sure it would melt your very heart.

Sir C. Madam, it shall be my fault if ever I am treated so again. I'll have nothing to say to her. [*Going, stops.*] Does she give up the point?

Mrs D. She does, she agrees to any thing.

Sir C. Does she allow that the club was the play?

Mrs D. Just as you please: she is all submission.

Sir C. Does she own that the club was not the best in the house?

Mrs D. She does; she is willing to own it.

Sir C. Then I'll step and speak to her. I never was clearer in any thing in my life. [*Exit.*

Mrs D. Lord love 'em, they'll make it up now, and then they'll be as happy as ever. [*Exit.*

Enter NANCY.

Nan. Well! they may talk what they will of taste, and genteel life; I don't think its natural. Give me Mr Woodley—La! that odious thing coming this way.

Enter LOVELACE.

Love. My charming little innocent, I have not seen you these three hours.

Nan. I have been very happy these three hours.

Love. My sweet angel, you seem disconcerted. And you neglect your pretty figure. No matter for the present; in a little time I shall make you appear as graceful and as genteel as your sister.

Nan. That is not what employs my thoughts, sir.

Love. Ay! but my pretty little dear, that should engage your attention. To set off and adorn the charms that nature has given you, should be the business of your life.

Nan. But as I have something else to do, you'll excuse my leaving you. [*Exit.*

Love. I must have her, notwithstanding this: for though I am not in love, I am most confoundedly in debt.

Enter DRUGGET.

Drug. So, Mr Lovelace! any news from above stairs? Is this absurd quarrel at an end? Have they made it up.

Love. Oh! a mere bagatelle, sir: these little fracas among the better sort of people never last long: elegant trifles cause elegant disputes, and we come together elegantly again, as you see; for here they come, in perfect good humour.

Enter Sir CHARLES *and Lady* RACKETT.

Sir C. Mr Drugget, I embrace you; you see me in the most perfect harmony of spirits.

Drug. What, all reconciled again?

Lady R. All made up, sir. I knew how to bring the gentleman to a sense of his duty. This is the first difference, I think, we ever had, Sir Charles.

Sir C. And I'll be sworn it shall be the last.

Drug. I am happy now, as happy as a fond father can wish. Sir Charles, I can spare you an image to put on the top of your house in London.

Sir C. Infinitely obliged to you.

Drug. Well! well! it's time to retire: I am glad to see you reconciled; and now I wish you a good night, Sir Charles. Mr Lovelace, this is your way. Fare ye well both. I am glad your quarrels are at an end: this way Mr Lovelace.

[*Exeunt* DRUGGET *and* LOVELACE.

Lady R. Ah! you are a sad man, Sir Charles, to behave to me as you have done.

Sir C. My dear, I grant it: and such an absurd quarrel too—ha! ha!

Lady R. Yes—ha! ha! about such a trifle.

Sir C. It is pleasant how we could both fall into such an error. Ha! ha!

Lady R. Ridiculous beyond expression! Ha! ha!

Sir C. And then the mistake your father and mother fell into!

Lady R. That too is a diverting part of the story. Ha! ha!—But, Sir Charles, must I stay and live with my father till I grow as fantastical as his own evergreens?

Sir C. Nay, prithee don't remind me of my folly.

Lady R. Ah! my relations were all standing behind counters, selling Whitechapel needles, while your family were spending great estates.

Sir C. Spare my blushes: you see I am covered with confusion.

Lady R. How could you say so indelicate a thing? I don't love you.

Sir C. It was indelicate; I grant it.

Lady R. Am I a vile woman?

Sir C. How can you, my angel?

Lady R. I shan't forgive you! I'll have you on your knees for this. [*Sings and plays with him.*]—'Go naughty man.'—Ah! Sir Charles!

Sir C. The rest of my life shall aim at convincing you how sincerely I love you.

Lady R. [*Sings.*] 'Go naughty man, I can't abide you'—Well! come, let us go to rest. [*Going.*] Ah, Sir Charles! now it's all over, the diamond was the play.

Sir C. Oh no, no, no; now that one may speak, it was the club indeed.

Lady R. Indeed, my love, you are mistaken.

Sir C. You make me laugh: but I was not mistaken; rely upon my judgment.

Lady. R. You may rely upon mine: you was wrong.

Sir C. [*Laughing.*] Po! no, no, no such thing.

Lady R. [*Laughing.*] But I say, yes, yes, yes.

Sir C. Oh! no, no; it is too ridiculous; don't say any more about it, my love.

Lady R. [*Toying with him.*] Don't you say any more about it: you had better give it up, you had indeed.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Your honour's cap and slippers.

Sir C. Lay down my cap, and here take these shoes off. [*He takes them off, and leaves them at a distance.*] Indeed, my Lady Rackett, you make me ready to expire with laughing. Ha! ha!

Lady R. You may laugh, but I am right notwithstanding.

Sir C. How can you say so?

Lady R. How can you say otherwise?

Sir C. Well now mind me, my Lady Rackett, we can now talk of this matter in good humour: we can discuss it coolly.

Lady R. So we can—and it is for that reason I venture to speak to you. Are these the ruffles I bought for you?

Sir C. They are, my dear.

Lady R. They are very pretty. But indeed you played the card wrong.

Sir C. No, no, listen to me; the affair was thus: Mr Jenkins having never a club left—

Lady R. Mr Jenkins finessed the club.

Sir C. [*Peevishly.*] How can you?
Lady R. And trumps being all out—
Sir C. And we playing for the odd trick—
Lady R. If you had minded your game—
Sir C. And the club being the best—
Lady R. If you had led your diamond—
Sir C. Mr Jenkins would, of course, put on a spade.
Lady R. And so the odd trick was sure.
[*Both speaking very fast and together.*]

Sir C. Damnation, will you let me speak?

Lady R. Very well, sir, fly out again.

Sir C. Look here now: here is a pack of cards. Now you shall be convinced.

Lady R. You may talk till to-morrow, I know I am right. [*Walks about.*

Sir C. Why then, by all that's perverse, you are the most headstrong—Can't you look here? here are the very cards.

Lady R. Go on; you'll find it out at last.

Sir C. Will you hold your tongue, or not? will you let me shew you?—Po! its all nonsense. [*Puts up the Cards.*] Come, let us go to bed. [*Going.*]—Only stay one moment. [*Takes out the Cards.*] Now command yourself, and you shall have demonstration.

Lady R. It does not signify, sir. Your head will be clearer in the morning. I chuse to go to bed.

Sir C. Stay and hear me, can't you?

Lady R. No; my head aches. I am tired of the subject.

Sir C. Why then, damn the cards. There, and there, and there. [*Throwing them about the Room.*] You may go to bed by yourself. Confusion seize me, if I stay here to be tormented a moment longer.

[*Putting on his Shoes.*

Lady R. Don't make me laugh again, Sir Charles.

[*Walks and Sings.*

Sir C. Hell and the devil! Will you sit down quietly, and let me convince you?

Lady R. I don't chuse to hear any more about it.

Sir C. Why then may I perish if ever—a blockhead, an idiot I was to marry. [*Walks about.*] Such provoking impertinence! [*She sits down.*] Damnation! I am so clear in the thing. She is not worth my notice—[*Sits down, turns his Back, and looks uneasy*] I'll take no more pains about it. [*Pauses for some time, then looks at her.*] is it not very strange, that you won't hear me?

Lady R. Sir, I am very ready to hear you.

Sir C. Very well then, very well; you remember how the game stood. [*Draws his Chair near her.*

Lady R. I wish you would untie my necklace, it hurts me.

Sir C. Why can't you listen?

Lady R. I tell you it hurts me terribly.

Sir C. Death and confusion! [*Moves his Chair away.*] there is no bearing this. [*Looks at her angrily.*] It won't take a moment, if you will but listen. [*Moves towards her.*] Can't you see, that by forcing the adversary's hand, Mr Jenkins would be obliged to—

Lady R. [*Moving her Chair away from him.*] Mr Jenkins had the best club, and never a diamond left.

Sir C. [*Rising.*] Distraction! Bedlam is not so mad. Be as wrong as you please, madam. May I never hold four by honours, may I lose every thing I play for, may fortune eternally forsake me, if I endeavour to set you right again. [*Exit.*

Enter Mr and Mrs DRUGGET, *and* WOODLEY.

Mrs D. Gracious! what's the matter now?

Lady R. Such another man does not exist. I did not say a word to the gentleman, and yet he has been raving about the room, and storming like a whirlwind.

Drug. And about a club again! I heard it all. Come hither, Nancy; Mr Woodley, she is your's for life.

Mrs D. My dear, how can you be so passionate?

Drug. It shall be so. Take her for life, Mr Woodley.

Woodley. My whole life shall be devoted to her happiness.

Drug. Mr Woodley, I recommend my girl to your care. I shall have nothing now to think of, but my

greens, and my images, and my shrubbery. Though, mercy on all married folks, say I!—for these wranglings are, I am afraid, what they must all come to.

[*Exeunt.*

Catherine and Petruchio;

A

COMEDY,

IN THREE ACTS.

ALTERED FROM SHAKESPEARE,

BY DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PETRUCHIO,	*Mr Lewis.*
BAPTISTA,	*Mr Davenport.*
HORTENSIO,	*Mr Claremont.*
GRUMIO,	*Mr Blanchard.*
Music Master,	*Mr Wilde.*
BIONDELLO,	*Mr Farley.*
PEDRO,	*Mr Menage.*
Tailor,	*Mr Simmons.*
Haberdasher,	*Mr Field.*
NATHANIEL,	*Mr Jefferies.*
PETER,	*Mr Treby.*
NICHOLAS,	*Mr Powers.*
Cook,	*Mr Louis.*
PHILIP,	*Mr Holland.*
GREGORY,	*Mr Sarjant.*
CATHERINE,	*Mrs Glover.*
BIANCA,	*Mrs Humphries.*
CURTIS,	*Mrs Emery.*

CATHERINE & PETRUCHIO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Baptista's *House.*

Enter Baptista, Petruchio, *and* Grumio.

Bap. Thus have I, 'gainst my own self-interest,
Repeated all the worst you are to expect
From my shrewd daughter, Catherine; if you'll venture
Maugre my plain and honest declaration,
You have my free consent; win her, and wed her.
Pet. Signor Baptista, thus it stands with me.
Anthonio, my father, is deceased:
You knew him well, and knowing him, know me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have bettered, rather than decreased.
And I have thrust myself into the world,
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may:
My business asketh haste, old signior,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Yes, when the special thing is well obtained,
My daughter's love, for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all;
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Grum. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head. Though she have as many diseases as two-and-fifty horses; why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Bap. As I have shewed you, sir, the coarser side,
Now let me tell you, she is young and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman;
Her only fault, and that is fault enough,
Is that she is intolerably froward;
If that you can away with, she is yours.
And will you woo her, sir?

Pet. Why came I hither but to that intent;
Think you a little din can daunt my ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear,
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush, tush! scare boys with bugs.

Bap. Then thou'rt the man,
The man for Catherine, and her father too:
I'll portion her above her gentle sister,

New married to Hortensio.

Pet. Say'st thou me so? Then as your daughter, signior,
Is rich enough to be Petruchio's wife;
Be she as curst as Socrates' *Xantippe*,
She moves me not a whit—Were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas,
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua,
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed;
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Aye, to the proof, as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

[CATHERINE *and the Music-master make a noise within.*]

Music-mas. Help! help!

Cath. Out of the house, you scraping fool.

Pet. What noise is that?

Bap. Oh, nothing; this is nothing——
My daughter Catherine, and her music-master;
This is the third I've had within this month.
She is an enemy to harmony.

Enter Music-master.

How now, friend, why dost look so pale?

Music-mas. For fear, I promise you, if I do look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Music-mas. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why then, thou canst not break her to the lute?

Music-mas. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me,
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bowed her hand to teach her fingering,
When with a most impatient devilish spirit,

Frets call you them, quoth she? I'll fret your fool's cap:
And with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way,
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me rascal-fiddler,
And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now by the world, it is a lusty wench,
I love her ten times more than e'er I did;
Oh how I long to have a grapple with her!

Music-mas. I would not make another trial with her
To purchase Padua: for what is past
I'm paid sufficiently; if at your leisure,
You think my broken fortunes, head and lute,
Deserve some reparation, you know where
T'enquire for me; and so, good gentleman,
I am your much abused humble servant. (*Exit.*

Bap. Not yet moved, Petruchio! Do you flinch?

Pet. I am more and more impatient, sir, and long
To be a partner in those favourite pleasures.

Bap. O, by all means, sir. Will you go with me,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do, I will attend her here.
(*Exit* BAPTISTA.

Grumio, retire, and wait my call within.
(*Exit* GRUMIO.

Since that her father is so resolute,
I'll woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail, why then, I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly washed with dew:
Say she be mute, and will not speak a word,
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.

If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married—
But here she comes, and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter CATHERINE.

Cath. How! turned adrift! not know my father's house!
Reduced to this, or none, the maid's last prayer;
Sent to be wooed, like bear unto the stake?
Trim wooing like to be! and he the bear,
For I shall bait him. Yet the man's a man.
Pet. Kate in a calm! Maids must not be wooers.
Good morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear.
Cath. Well have you heard, but impudently said;
They call me Catherine that do talk of me.
Pet. You lie, in faith, for you are called plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst,
But Kate--the prettiest Kate in Christendom.
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation!
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Thy affability and bashful modesty,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.
Cath. Moved! in good time let him that moved you hither
Remove you hence! I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.
Pet. A moveable! Why, what's that!
Cath. A joint-stool.
Pet. Thou hast hit it; come, sit on me.
Cath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.
Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.
Alas! good Kate, I will not burthen thee;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light--

Cath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch. (*Going.*

Pet. Come, come, you wasp: i'faith you are too angry.

Cath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy, then, is to pluck it out.

Cath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. The fool knows where the honey is, sweet Kate. (*Offers to kiss her.*

Cath. 'Tis not for drones to taste.

Pet. That will I try. (*She strikes him.*

I swear, I'll cuff you, if you strike again.
Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Cath. How can I help it, when I see that face?
But I'll be shocked no longer with the sight. (*Going.*

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate; in soothe you 'scape not so.

Cath. I chafe you, if I tarry. Let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit, I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar.
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Cath. This is beyond all patience. Don't provoke me.

Pet. Why doth the world report that Kate doth limp?
Oh, slanderous world! Kate, like the hazle twig,
Is straight, and slender, and as brown in hue
As hazle-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O let me see thee walk. Thou dost not halt.

Cath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber, with her princely gait?

Oh, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful.
Cath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Pet. It is *extempore*, from my mother wit.
Cath. A witty mother, witless else her son.
Pet. Am I not wise?
Cath. Yes, in your own conceit;
Keep yourself warm with that, or else you'll freeze.
Pet. Or rather warm me in thy arms, my Kate!
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms: Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Cath. Whether I will or no? O fortune's spite!
Pet. Nay, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,)
Thou must be married to no man but me:
For I am he, am born to tame you, Kate.
Cath. That will admit dispute, my saucy groom.
Pet. Here comes your father; never make denial,
I must, and will have Catherine to my wife.

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Now, signior, now, how speed you with my daughter?
Pet. How should I speed but well, sir? how
But well? It were impossible I should speed amiss.
Bap. Why, how now, daughter Catherine, in your dumps?
Cath. Call me, daughter? Now, I promise you,
You've shewed a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic,
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.
Bap. Better this Jack than starve, and that's your portion.
Pet. Father, 'tis thus: Yourself, and all the world

That talked of her, have talked amiss of her.
If she be curst, it is for policy;
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove:
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn:
For patience she will prove a second *Grissel;*
And Roman *Lucrece* for her chastity:
And, to conclude, we've 'greed so well together,
We have fixed to-morrow for the wedding-day.

Cath. I'll see thee hanged to-morrow first—To-morrow!—

Bap. Petruchio, hark! she says, she'll see thee hanged first.
Is this your speeding?

Pet. Oh! be patient, sir;
If she and I be pleased, what's that to you!
'Tis bargained 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be cursed in company.

Cath. A plague upon his impudence! I am vexed--- (*Aside.*
I'll marry my revenge, but I will tame him.

Pet. I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me. Oh! the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss,
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
Oh, you are novices; 'tis a world to see
How tame, when men and women are alone.
Give me thy hand, Kate, I will now away
To buy apparel for my gentle bride.
Father, provide the feast, and bid the guests.

Bap. What dost thou say, my Catherine! Give thy hand.

Cath. Never to man shall Catherine give her hand.
Here 'tis, and let him take it an' he dare.

Pet. Were it the fore-foot of an angry bear,
I'd shake it off; but, as it is Kate's, I kiss it.

Cath. You'll kiss it closer, ere our moon be waned.

Bap. Heaven send you joy, Petruchio, 'tis a match.

Pet. Father and wife, adieu. I must away
Unto my country-house, and stir my grooms,
Scour their country rust, and make 'em fine,
For the reception of my Catherine.
We will have rings, and things, and fine array,
To-morrow, Kate, shall be our wedding-day.
[*Exit* PETRUCHIO.

Bap. Well, daughter, though the man be somewhat wild,
And thereto frantic, yet his means are great;
Thou hast done well to seize the first kind offer,
For by thy mother's soul, 'twill be the last.

Cath. My duty, sir, hath followed your command.

Bap. Art thou in earnest? Hast no trick behind?
I'll take thee at thy word, and send t' invite
My son-in-law, Hortensio, and thy sister,
And all our friends, to grace thy nuptials, Kate.
[*Exit* BAPTISTA.

Cath. Why, yes; sister Bianca now shall see
The poor abandon'd Catherine, as she calls me,
Can hold her head as high, and be as proud,
And make her husband stoop unto her lure,
As she, or e'er a wife in Padua.
As double as my portion be my scorn:
Look to your seat, Petruchio, or I throw you.
Catherine shall tame this haggard——or if she fails,
Shall tie her tongue up, and pare down her nails.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

Enter BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, CATHERINE, BIANCA, *and Attendants.*

Bap. Signior Hortensio, this is the appointed day
That Catherine and Petruchio should be married;
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.

What will be said? what mockery will it be
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What says Hortensio to this shame of ours?

Cath. No shame but mine; I must, forsooth, be forced
To give my hand opposed against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain Rudesby, full of spleen,
Who wooed in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;
And to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends invite, yea and proclaim the banns,
Yet never mean to wed where he hath wooed.
Now must the world point at poor Catherine,
And say, Lo! there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.

Bian. Such hasty matches seldom end in good.

Hor. Patience, good Catherine, and Bianca too;
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word;
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Cath. Would I had never seen his honesty.
Oh! I could tear my flesh for very madness.

(*Exit* CATHERINE.

Bap. Follow your sister, girl, and comfort her.

(*Exit* BIANCA.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master! master! news! and such news as you never heard of.

Bap. Is Petruchio come?

Bion. Why no, sir.

Bap. What then!

Bion. He is coming; but how? Why, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice

turned; a pair of boots, that have been candle cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword, ta'en out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless, with two broken points; his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred; besides possessed with the glanders; waid in the back, and shoulder-shotten, near-legged before, and with a half-checked bit; and a head stall of sheep leather, which being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girt six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with pack-thread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O sir, his lacquey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse, with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies pricked upon it for a feather. A monster! a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy, or a gentleman's lacquey.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoever he comes.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO, *fantastically habited.*

Pet. Come, where be these gallants! Who is at home?

Bap. You're welcome, sir.

Pet. Well am I come then, sir.

Bap. Not so well 'parelled as I wish you were.

Pet. Why, were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?
Wherefore gaze this goodly company?
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day;
First, we were sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.

Fy! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
And eye-sore to our solemn festival.

Hor. And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all along detained you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself!

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Let it suffice, I'm come to keep my word.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears; 'tis time we were at church.

Hor. See not your bride in these irreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me, thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus I trust you will not marry her.

Pet. Goodsooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words;
To me she's married, not unto my clothes.
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I could change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss.
What, ho! my Kate! my Kate! (*Exit* PET.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

(*Exeunt all but* GRUMIO.

Grum. He's gone swearing to church with her. I would sooner have led her to the gallows. If he can but hold it, 'tis well; and, if I know any thing of myself and master, no two men were ever born with such qualities to tame women. When madam goes home, we must look for another guise-master than we have had. We shall see old coil between 'em. If I can spy into futurity a little, there will be much clatter among the moveables, and some practice for the surgeons. By this the parson has given 'em his licence to fall together by the ears.

Enter PEDRO.

Ped. Grumio, your master bid me find you out, and speed you to your country-house, to prepare for his reception; and if he finds not things as he expects 'em, according to the directions that he gave you, you know, he says, what follows: This message he delivered before his bride, even in her way to church, and shook his whip in token of his love.

Gru. I understand it, sir, and will convey the same token to my horse immediately, that he may take to his heels, in order to save my bones, and his own ribs. (*Exit* GRUMIO.

Ped. So odd a master, and so fit a man,
Were never seen in Padua before.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Now, Biondello, came you from the church?

Bion. As willing as e'er I came from school.

Ped. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Bion. A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom indeed;
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Ped. Curster than she? why 'tis impossible.

Bion. Why, he's a devil; a devil! a very fiend!

Ped. Why, she's a devil; a devil! the devil's dam.

Bion. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, brother Pedro, when the priest
Did ask if Catherine should be his wife,
Aye, by gogs-wounds, quoth he, and swore so loud,
That, all amazed, the priest let fall his book;
And as he stooped again to take it up,
This mad brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.
Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

Ped. What said the wench when he rose up again?

Bion. Trembled and shook; for why? he stamp'd and swore,

As if the vicar went to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine; a health, quoth he, as if
He'd been aboard carousing to his mates
After a storm; quaffl off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other cause, but that his beard
Grew thin and hungerly, and seem'd to ask
His sops as he was drinking. This done, he took
The bride about the neck, and kiss'd her lips
With such a clamorous smack, that at the parting
All the church echo'd; and I seeing this,
Came thence for very shame; and after me
I know the rout is coming.
Such a mad marriage never was before—— [*Music.*
Hark, hark, I hear the minstrels play.

Enter PETRUCHIO [*singing*], CATHERINE, BIANCA, HORTENSIO, *and* BAPTISTA.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains;
I know you think to dine with me to-day.
And have prepared great store of wedding-cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence;
And, therefore, here I mean to take my leave.
Bap. Is't possible you will away to-night?
Pet. I must away to-day, before night come.
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would intreat me rather go than stay;
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me.
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.
Hor. Let me intreat you, stay till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.
Bian. Let me intreat you, that my sister stay;

I come on purpose to attend the wedding;
And pass this day in mirth and festival.
Pet. It cannot be.
Cath. Let me intreat you.
Pet. I am content——
Cath. Are you content to stay!
Pet. I am content you shall intreat my stay;
But yet not stay, intreat me how you can.
Cath. Now if you love me, stay.
Pet. My horses there!—what, ho! my horses there!——
Cath. Nay then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow; nor till I please myself.
The door is open, sir; there lies your way;
You may be jogging while your boots are green.
For me, I'll not go till I please myself;
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
To take it on you at the first so roundly.
Bap. O Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.
Cath. I will be angry: what hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.
Hor. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.
Cath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.
Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feast, revel and domineer;
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves;
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret,
I will be master of what is mine own;
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring my action on the proudest he

That stops my way in Padua; Petruchio,
Draw forth thy weapon, thou'rt beset with thieves;
Rescue thy wife then, if thou be a man.
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee Kate;
I'll buckler thee against a million, Kate.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before* PETRUCHIO'S *House.*

Enter GRUMIO.

Grum. Fy, fy on all jades, and all mad masters, and foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? Was ever man so raide? Was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them.——Now were I not a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me; but I with blowing the fire shall warm myself; for considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold——Holla, hoa, Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Cur. Who is it that calls so coldly?

Grum. A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Cur. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Grum. Oh, ay Curtis, ay; and therefore fire, fire, cast on no water.

Cur. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Grum. She was, good Curtis, before the frost; but thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast, for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Cur. Away, you thick-pated fool; I am no beast.

Grum. Where's the cook? Is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept, the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garments on? be the *Jacks* fair within, the *Jills* fair without, carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Cur. All ready: and therefore, I pray thee, what news?

Grum. First know, my horse is tired, and my master and mistress fallen out.

Cur. How?

Grum. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Grum Lend thine ear.

Cur. Here.

Grum. There. (*Strikes him.*

Cur. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Grum. And therefore is called a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech you listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress——

Cur. Both on one horse?

Grum. What's that to thee? tell thou the tale. But, hadst thou not crost me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place; how she was bemoiled; how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore, how she prayed, that never prayed before! how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper; how my mistress lost her slippers, tore and bemired her garments, limped to the farm-house, put on Rebecca's old shoes and petticoat; with many

things worthy of memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Cur. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Grum. Ay, for the nonce—and that, thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. —But what talk I of this? call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugar-sop, and the rest.—Are they all ready?

Cur. They are.

Grum. Call them forth.

Cur. Do you hear, ho! Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, &c. Where are you?

Enter NATHANIEL, PHILIP, *&c.*

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Pet. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad!

Grum. Welcome, you; how now, you; what you; fellow you; and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things are ready; how near is our master?

Grum. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore, be not——Cock's passion! Silence, I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* CATHERINE.

Pet. Where are these knaves? What, no man at Door, to hold my stirrup, or to take my horse?
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

All. Here, here, sir; here, sir!

Pet. Here, sir; here, sir; here, sir; here, sir!
You loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms;
What, no attendance, no regard, no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Grum. Here, sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain, you whoreson malt-horse drudge,
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?
Grum. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made;
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel:
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory,
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly:
Yet as they are, here are they come to meet you.
Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.
(*Exeunt Servants.*
Sit down, Kate, and welcome——*Soud, soud, soud, soud.* [Sings.]

Enter Servants, with slippers.

Why, when, I say? nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogue: you villain, when!—

SINGS.

It was a friar of orders gray,
As he forth walked on his way.

Out, out, you rogue: you pluck my foot awry.
Take that, and mind the plucking of the other.
(*Strikes him.*
Be merry, Kate! some water here. What, hoa!
Where's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:
One, Kate, that you must kiss and be acquainted with.
Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?

Enter Servant, with Water.

Come Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.
(*Servant lets fall the Water.*
You whoreson villain, will you let it fall?

Cath. Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.
Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Cath. Indeed I have:
And never was repast so welcome to me.
Pet. Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?
What's this, mutton?
Serv. Yes.
Pet. Who brought it?
Serv. I.
Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat——
What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villain, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me, that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups and all.
(*Throws the Meat, &c. about.*
You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.
(*Exeunt all the Servants.*
Cath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, and well I could have eat,
If you were so disposed; I'm sick with fasting.
Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away.
And I expressly am forbid to touch it;
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better it were that both of us did fast,
Since of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh—
Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And for this night we'll fast for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
(*Exeunt.*

Enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty,

And till she stoop, she must not be full gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bit and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night shall not:
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet; that way the sheets;
Aye, and amid this hurly, I'll pretend
That all is done in reverent care of her:
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night;
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is the way to kill a wife with kindness,
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour—
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak, 'tis charity to shew. [*Exit.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Enter CATHERINE *and* GRUMIO.

Grum. No, no, forsooth, I dare not for my life.
Cath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars that come unto my father's door,
Upon intreaty have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to intreat,
Nor ever needed that I should intreat,
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep:

With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed;
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love:
As who would say, if I should sleep or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death!—
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Grum. What say you to a neat's foot?

Cath. 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee let me have it.

Grum. I fear it is too phlegmatic a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe, finely boiled?

Cath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Grum. I cannot tell—I fear, it's choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

Cath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Grum. Aye, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Cath. Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Grum. Nay, that I will not, you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Cath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Grum. Why then, the mustard, dame, without the beef.

Cath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [*Beats him.*
That feed'st me only with the name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery.
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Why, how now!
What, sweeting, all amort? mistress, what cheer?

Cath. 'Faith as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
For now, my honey-love, we are refresh'd—

Cath. Refresh'd, with what?

Pet. We will return into thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best.
Now thou hast eat, the tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his rustling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Haber. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.
Pet. Why this was moulded on a porringer;
Why 'tis a cockle, or a walnut shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.
Away with it; come, let me have a bigger.
Cath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.
Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.
Cath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will? I am no child, no babe;
Your betters have endured me say my mind;
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears?
Pet. Thou say'st true, Kate, it is a paultry cap;
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.
Cath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,
And I will have it, or I will have none.
Pet. Thy gown? why, aye; come, tailor, let me see't.
O mercy, heaven! what masking stuff is here!
What's this, a sleeve? 'Tis like a demi-canon;
What up and down, carved like an apple-tart!
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop.
Why, what the devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?
Grum. I see she's like to've neither cap nor gown.
Tailor. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion of the time.

Pet. Marry, and did: but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel, home;
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Cath. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true? he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tailor. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. Oh! most monstrous arrogance!
Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail.
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket, thou!
Braved in my own house with a skein of thread!
Away thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I shall so bemete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st:
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd the gown.

Tailor. Your worship is deceived, the gown is made just as my master had direction; Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Grum. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tailor. But how did you desire it should be made?

Grum. Marry, sir, with a needle and thread.

Tailor. But did not you request to have it cut?

Grum. Though thou hast faced many things, face not me: I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut the gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. *Ergo,* thou liest.

Tailor. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Tailor. *Imprimis,* a loose-bodied gown.

Grum. Master, if ever I said a loose-bodied gown, sew me up in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tailor. With a small compass cape.

Grum. I confess the cape.

Tailor. With a trunk sleeve.

Grum. I confess two sleeves.

Tailor. The sleeves curiously cut.

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Grum. Error in the bill, sir; error in the bill; I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed upon again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tailor. This is true that I say; an' I had thee in a place, thou shouldst know it.

Grum. I am for thee, streight——Come on, you parchment shred! [*They fight.*

Pet. What, chickens spar in presence of the kite! I'll swoop upon you both! out, out, ye vermin! [*Beats them off.*

Cath. For heaven's sake, sir, have patience! how you fright me!

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest, mean habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
Go call my men, and bring our horses out.

Cath. O happy hearing! let us straight be gone;
I cannot tarry here another day.

Pet. Cannot, my Kate! O fy! indeed you can—
Besides, on second thoughts, 'tis now too late,
For, look, how bright and goodly shines the moon.

Cath. The moon! the sun; it is not moon-light now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Cath. I say it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.

Go on, and fetch our horses back again;
Evermore crost, and crost? nothing but crost!
Grum. Say as he says, or we shall never go.
Cath. I see 'tis vain to struggle with my bonds;
So be it moon, or star, or what you please;
And if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth, I vow, it shall be so for me.
Pet. I say, it is the moon.
Cath. I know it is the moon.
Pet. Nay, then, you lie, it is the blessed sun;
Cath. Just as you please, it is the blessed sun;
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind:
What you will have it named, even that it is,
And so it shall be for your Catherine.
Pet. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowl shall run,
And not unluckily against the bias.
But, soft, some company is coming here,
And stops our journey.

Enter BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, *and* BIANCA.

Good-morrow, gentle mistress, where away?
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman;
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Fair lovely maid, once more, good day to thee,
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.
Bap. What's all this?
Cath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow.
Bian. What mummery is this?

Pet. Why, how now, Kate; I hope thou art not mad!
This is Baptista, our old reverent father,
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Cath. Pardon, dear father, my mistaken eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green;
Now I perceive thou art my reverent father:
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.
(*Kneeling.*

Bap. Rise, rise, my child; what strange vagary's this?
I come to see thee with my son and daughter.
How likest thou wedlock? Art not alter'd, Kate?

Cath. Indeed I am. I am transform'd to stone.

Pet. Changed for the better much; art not, my Kate?

Cath. So good a master cannot choose but mend me.

Hor. Here is a wonder, if you talk of wonders.

Bap. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes?

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.
My fortune is sufficient. Here's my wealth;
Kiss me, my Kate; and since thou art become
So prudent, kind, and dutiful a wife,
Petruchio here shall doff the lordly husband;
An honest mask which I throw off with pleasure.
Far hence all rudeness, wilfulness, and noise,
And be our future lives one gentle stream
Of mutual love, compliance, and regard.

Cath. Nay, then I'm all unworthy of thy love,
And look with blushes on my former self.
How shameful 'tis when women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
Where bound to love, to honour and obey. (*Exeunt.*

THE PADLOCK,

A

FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY

MR ISAAC BICKERSTAFFE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don Diego,	*Mr Bellamy.*
Leander,	*Mr Taylor.*
Mungo,	*Mr Blanchard.*
1 Scholar,	*Mr Treby.*
2 Scholar,	*Mr Jefferies.*
Leonora,	*Miss Bolton.*
Ursula,	*Mrs Davenport.*

SCENE—*Salamanca.*

THE PADLOCK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Garden belonging to* DON DIEGO'S *House.*

Don DIEGO *enters, musing.*

Thoughts to council——let me see——
Hum——to be or not to be
A husband, is the question.
A cuckold! must that follow?
Say what men will,
Wedlock's a pill
Bitter to swallow,
And hard of digestion.
But fear makes the danger seem double.
Say, Hymen, what mischief can trouble
My peace, should I venture to try you?
My doors shall be lock'd,
My windows be block'd;
No male in my house,
Not so much as a mouse:
Then, horns, horns, I defy you.

Dieg. Ursula!

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Here, an't please your worship.

Dieg. Where is Leonora?

Urs. In her chamber, sir?

Dieg. There is the key of it; there the key of the best hall; there the key of the door upon the first flight of stairs; there the key of the door upon the second; this double locks the hatch below, and this the door that opens into that entry.

Urs. I am acquainted with every ward of them.

Dieg. You know, Ursula, when I took Leonora from her father and mother, she was to live in the house with me three months; at the expiration of which time, I entered into a bond of four thousand pistoles, either to return her to them spotless, with half that sum for a dowry, or make her my true and lawful wife.

Urs. And I warrant you they came secretly to inquire of me whether they might venture to trust your worship. Lord! said I, I have lived with the gentleman nine years and three quarters, come Lammas, and never saw any thing uncivil by him in my life; nor no more I ever did: and, to let your worship know, if I had, you would have mistaken your person; for I bless heaven, though I'm poor, I'm honest, and would not live with any man alive that should want to handle me unlawfully.

Dieg. Ursula, I do believe it: and you are particularly happy, that both your age and your person exempt you from any such temptation. But be this as it will, Leonora's parents, after some difficulty, consented to comply with my proposal; and, being fully satisfied with their daughter's temper and conduct, which I wanted to be acquainted with, this day being the expiration of the term, I am resolved to fulfil my bond, by marrying her to-morrow.

Urs. Heaven bless you together.

Dieg. During the time she has lived with me, she has never been a moment out of my sight; and now tell me, Ursula, what you have observed in her.

Urs. All meekness and gentleness, your worship; and yet, I warrant you, shrewd and sensible; egad, when she pleases, she can be as sharp as a needle.

Dieg. You have not been able to discover any particular attachments?

Urs. Why, sir, of late I have observed——

Dieg. Eh! how! what?

Urs. That she has taken greatly to——

Dieg. To what?

Urs. To the young kitten.

Dieg. O! is that all?

Urs. Ay, by my faith, I don't think she is fond of any thing else.

Dieg. Of me, Ursula?

Urs. Aye, aye, of the kitten and your worship, and her birds, and going to mass. I have taken notice of late, that she is mighty fond of going to mass, as your worship lets her, early of a morning.

Dieg. Well! I am now going to her parents, to let them know my resolution; I will not take her with me, because, having been used to confinement, and it being the life I am determined she shall lead, it will be only giving her a bad habit. I shall return with the good folks to-morrow morning; in the mean time, Ursula, I confide in your attention; and take care, as you would merit my favour.

Urs. I will indeed, your worship; nay, if there's a widow gentlewoman in all Salamanca fitter to look after a young maiden——

Dieg. Go, and send Leonora to me.

Urs. I know the world, sir, though I say't:
I'm cautious and wise;
And they who surprise
My prudence nodding,
Must sit up late.
Never fear, sir;
Your safety's here, sir;
Yes, yes,
I'll answer for miss;

Let me alone;
I warrant my care
Shall weigh to a hair
As much as your own.

[*Exit* URSULA.

Dieg. I dreamt last night that I was going to church with Leonora to be married, and that we were met on the road by a drove of oxen——Oxen——I don't like oxen! I wish it had been a flock of sheep.

Enter LEONORA, *with a Bird on her finger, which she holds in the other hand by a string.*

Leon. Say, little, foolish, fluttering thing,
Whither, ah! whither would you wing
Your airy flight?
Stay here and sing,
Your mistress to delight.
No, no, no,
Sweet Robin, you shall not go:
Where, you wanton, could you be
Half so happy as with me?

Dieg. Leonora!

Leon. Here I am.

Dieg. Look me in the face, and listen to me attentively.

Leon. There.

Dieg. I am going this evening to your father and mother, and I suppose you are not ignorant of the cause of my journey. Are you willing to be my wife?

Leon. I am willing to do whatever you and my father and my mother please.

Dieg. But that's not the thing; do you like me?

Leon. Y—es.

Dieg. What do you sigh for?

Leon. I don't know.

Dieg. When you came hither, you were taken from a mean little house, ill situated, and worse furnished;

you had no servants, and were obliged, with your mother, to do the work yourself.

Leon. Yes; but when we had done, I could look out at the window, or go a-walking in the fields.

Dieg. Perhaps you dislike confinement?

Leon. No, I don't, I'm sure.

Dieg. I say, then, I took you from that mean habitation and hard labour, to a noble building, and this fine garden; where, so far from being a slave, you are absolute mistress; and instead of wearing a mean stuff gown, look at yourself, I beseech you; the dress you have on is fit for a princess.

Leon. 'Tis very fine indeed.

Dieg. Well, Leonora, you know in what manner you have been treated since you have been my companion; ask yourself again now, whether you can be content to lead a life with me according to the specimen you have had?

Leon. Specimen?

Dieg. Ay, according to the manner I have treated you—according—

Leon. I'll do whatever you please.

Dieg. Then, my dear, give me a kiss.

Leon. Good bye to you.

Dieg. Here, Ursula.

By some I am told,
That I'm wrinkled and old;
But I will not believe what they say:
I feel my blood mounting,
Like streams in a fountain,
That merrily sparkle and play.
For love I have will
And ability still:
Obsbobs, I can scarcely refrain!
My diamond, my pearl—
Well, be a good girl,
Until I come to you again.

[*Exit Don* DIEGO.

Leon. Heigho!—I think I am sick.—He's very

good to me, to be sure; and 'tis my duty to love him, because we ought not to be ungrateful; but I wish I was not to marry him for all that, though I'm afraid to tell him so. Fine feathers, they say, make fine birds; but I am sure they don't make happy ones; a sparrow is happier in the fields than a goldfinch in a cage. There is something makes me mighty uneasy. While he was talking to me, I thought I never saw any thing look so ugly in my life—O dear now, why did I forget to ask leave to go to mass to-morrow? I suppose, because he's abroad. Ursula won't take me—I wish I had asked leave to go to mass.

Was I a shepherd's maid to keep
On yonder plains a flock of sheep;
Well pleased I'd watch the live-long day,
My ewes at feed, my lambs at play;
Or would some bird that pity brings,
But for a moment lend its wings,
My parents then might rave and scold,
My guardians strive my will to hold:
Their words are harsh, his walls are high,
But spite of all away I'd fly.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street in Salamanca.*

LEANDER *enters with two Scholars, all in their University Gowns.*

Lean. His name is Don Diego; there's his house, like another monastery, or rather prison; his servants are an ancient duenna, and a negro slave—

1 *Schol.* And after having lived fifty years a bachelor, this old fellow has picked up a young thing of sixteen whom he by chance saw in a balcony!

2 *Schol.* And you are in love with the girl?

Lean. To desperation; and I believe I am not indifferent to her; for, finding that her jealous guardian took her to the chapel of a neighbouring convent

every morning before it was light, I went there in the habit of a pilgrim, planting myself as near her as I could. I then varied my appearance, continuing to do so from time to time, till I was convinced she had sufficiently remarked and understood my meaning.

1 *Schol.* Well, Leander, I'll say that for you, there is not a more industrious fellow in the university of Salamanca, when a wench is to be ferreted.

2 *Schol.* But, prithee, tell us now, how did you get information?

Lean. First from report, which raised my curiosity; and afterwards from the negro I just now mentioned. I observed, that when the family was gone to bed, he often came to air himself at yonder grate. You know I am no bad chanter, nor a very scurvy minstrel; so, taking a guitar, clapping a black patch on my eye, and a swathe upon one of my legs, I soon scraped acquaintance with my friend Mungo. He adores my songs and sarabands, and, taking me for a poor cripple, often repays me with a share of his allowance, which I accept to avoid suspicion.

1 *Schol.* And so---

Lean. And so, sir, he has told me all the secrets of his family, and one worth knowing; for he informed me last night, that his master will this evening take a short journey into the country, from whence he proposes not to return till to-morrow, leaving his young wife, that is to be, behind him.

2 *Schol.* Zounds! let's scale the wall.

Lean. Fair and softly; I will this instant go and put on my disguise, watch for the Don's going out, attack my negro afresh, and try if, by his means, I cannot get into the house, or at least get a sight of my charming angel.

1 *Schol.* Angel! is she then so handsome?

Lean. It is time for us to withdraw. Come to my

chambers, and there you shall know all you can desire. (*Exeunt Scholars.*

Hither, Venus, with your doves;
Hither, all ye little loves;
Round me, light your wings display,
And bear a lover on his way.
Oh, could I but, like Jove of old,
Transform myself to showery gold;
Or in a swan my passion shroud,
Or wrap it in an orient cloud;
What locks, what bars, should then impede,
Or keep me from my charming maid?

(*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Changes to the outside of Don* DIEGO's *House, which appears with Windows barred up, and an iron Grate before an entry Don* DIEGO *enters from the House, having first unlocked the Door, and removed two or three bars which assisted in fastening it.*

Dieg. With the precautions I have taken, I think I run no risk in quitting my house for a short time; Leonora has never shewed the least inclination to deceive me; besides, my old woman is prudent and faithful; she has all the keys, and will not part with them from herself. But suppose---suppose---by the rood and St Francis, I will not leave it in her power to do mischief. A woman's not having it in her power to deceive you is the best security for her fidelity, and the only wise one a man can confide in; "Fast bind, safe find," is an excellent proverb. I'll e'en lock her up with the rest; there's a hasp to the door, and I have a padlock within which shall be my guarantee: I will wait till the negro returns with provisions he is gone to purchase; and, clapping them all up together, make my mind easy, by having the key they are under in my pocket.

Enter MUNGO *with a Hamper.*

Mun. Go, get you down, you damn hamper; you carry me now. Curse my old Massa, sending me here and dere for one something to make me tire like a mule—curse him imperance—and damn him insurance.

Dieg. How now?

Mun. Ah, Massa! bless your heart.

Dieg. What's that you are muttering, sirrah?

Mun. Noting, Massa; only me say you very good Massa.

Dieg. What do you leave your load down there for?

Mun. Massa, me lily tire.

Dieg. Take it up, rascal.

Mun. Yes, bless your heart, Massa.

Dieg. No, lay it down. Now I think on't, come hither.

Mun. What you say, Massa?

Dieg. Can you be honest?

Mun. Me no savee, Massa; you never ax me before.

Dieg. Can you tell truth?

Mun. What you give me, Massa?

Dieg. There's a pistern for you. Now tell me, do you know of any ill going on in my house?

Mun. Ah, Massa! a damn deal.

Dieg. How, that I am a stranger to?

Mun. No, Massa: you lick me every day with your rattan; I'm sure, Massa, that's mischief enough for poor neger man.

Dieg. So, so.

Mun. La, Massa, how could you have a heart to lick poor neger man, as you lick me last Thursday?

Dieg. If you have not a mind I should chastise you now, hold your tongue.

Mun. Yes, Massa, if you no lick me again.

Dieg. Listen to me, I say.

Mun. You know, Massa, me very good servant—

Dieg. Then you will go on?

Mun. And ought to be use kine——

Dieg. If you utter another syllable——

Mun. And I'm sure, Massa, you can't deny but I worky worky—I dress a victuals, and run a errands, and wash a house, and make a beds, and scrub a shoes, and wait a table.

Dieg. Take that—Now, will you listen to me!

Mun. La, Massa, if ever I saw——

Dieg. I am going abroad, and shall not return till to-morrow morning. During this night, I charge you not to sleep a wink, but be watchful as a lynx, and keep walking up and down the entry, that, if you hear the least noise, you may alarm the family.

Mun. So I must be stay in a cold all night, and have no sleep, and get no tanks neither; then him call me tief, and rogue, and rascal, to tempt me.

Dieg. Stay here, perverse animal, and take care that nobody approaches the door; I am going in, and shall be out again in a moment.

Mun. Dear heart, what a terrible life am I led!
A dog has a better, that's sheltered and fed.
Night and day 'tis the same,
My pain is dere game:
Me wish to de Lord me was dead.
Whate'er's to be done,
Poor black must run:
Mungo here, Mungo dere,
Mungo every where;
Above and below,
Sirrah, come, sirrah, go;
Do so, and do so.
Oh, oh!
Me wish to de Lord me was dead.

[*Exit into the House.*

DON DIEGO, *having entered the House during the Song, returns with* URSULA, *who, after the Negro goes in, appears to bolt the Door on the inside: then* DON DIEGO, *unseen by them, puts on a large Padlock, and goes off: after which* LEANDER *enters disguised, and* MUNGO *comes to the Grate.*

Lean. So—my old Argus is departed, and the evening is as favourable for my design as I could wish. Now to attract my friend Mungo; if he's within hearing of my guitar, I am sure he will quickly make his appearance.

Mun. Who goes dere?—Hip, hollo!

Lean. Heaven bless you, my worthy master. Will your worship's honour have a little music this evening? And I have got a bottle of delicious cordial here, given me by a charitable monk of a convent hard by, if your grace will please to taste it.

Mun. Give me a sup tro a grate; come closee, man, don't be fear; old Massa gone out, as I say last night, and he no come back before to-morrow; come, trike mousic, and give us a song.

Lean. I'll give your worship a song I learnt in Barbary, when I was a slave among the Moors.

Mun. Ay, do.

Lean. There was a cruel and malicious Turk, who was called Heli Abdalla Mahomet Scah; now this wicked Turk had a fair Christian slave named Jezabel, who not consenting to his beastly desires, he draws out his sabre, and is going to cut off her head; here's what he says to her—[*sings and plays.*] Now you shall hear the slave's answer—[*sings and plays again.*] Now you shall hear how the wicked Turk, being greatly enraged, is again going to cut off the fair slave's head—[*sings and plays again.*] Now you shall hear——

Mun. What signify me hear—me no understand.

Lean. Oh, you want something you understand! If your honour had said that——

URSULA *above at the Window.*

Urs. Mungo! Mungo!

Mun. Some one call dere—

Urs. Mungo, I say.

Mun. What devil you want?

Urs. What lewd noise is that?

Mun. Lewd yourself; no lewd here;—play away, never mind her.

Urs. I shall come down if you go on.

Mun. Ay, come along, more merrier; nothing here but poor man; he sing for bit of bread.

Urs. I'll have no poor man near our door: Hark'ee fellow, can you play the Forsaken Maid's Delight, or Black Bess of Castile? Ah, Mungo, if you had heard me sing when I was young!

Mun. Gad, I'm sure I hear your voice often enough now you old.

Urs. I could quaver like any blackbird.

Mun. Come, throw a poor soul a penny; he play a tune for you.

Urs. How did you lose the use of your leg?

Lean. In the wars, my good dame: I was taken by a Barbary Corsair, and carried into Sallee, where I lived eleven years and three quarters upon cold water and the roots of the earth, without having a coat on my back, or laying my head on a pillow: an infidel bought me for a slave; he gave me the strappado on my shoulders, and the bastinado on the soles of my feet; now this infidel Turk had fifty three wives, and one hundred and twelve concubines.

Urs. Then he was an unreasonable villain.

LEONORA *above at the Window.*

Leon. Ursula!

Urs. Od's my life, what's here to do? Go back,

go back; fine work we shall have indeed! good man, good bye.

Leon. I could not stay any longer by myself; pray let me take a little air at the grate.

Lean. Do, worthy madam, let the young gentlewoman stay; I'll play her a love song for nothing.

Urs. No, no, none of your love songs here; if you could play a saraband indeed, and there was room for one's motion——

Lean. I am but a poor man; but if your ladyship will let me in as far as the hall or kitchen, you may all dance, and I shan't ask any thing.

Urs. Why, if it was not on my master's account, I should think no harm in a little innocent recreation.

Mun. Do, and let us dance.

Lean. Has madam the keys then?

Urs. Yes, yes, I have the keys.

Lean. Have you the key of this padlock too, madam? Here's a padlock upon the door, heaven help us, large enough for a state prison.

Urs. Eh—ho—what! a padlock?

Mun. Here it is, I feel it; adod, 'tis a tumper.

Urs. He was afraid to trust me then?

Mun. And if the house was a-fire, we none of us get out to save ourselves.

Lean. Well, madam, not to disappoint you and the young lady, I know the back of your garden wall, and I'll undertake to get up at the outside of it, if you can let me down on the other.

Urs. Do you think you could with your lame leg?

Lean. O yes, madam, I am very sure.

Urs. Then, by my faith you shall; for now I am set on't.—A padlock! Mungo, come with me into the garden. [*Exit from the Window.*

MUNGO *and* URSULA *going off,* LEANDER *and* LEONORA *are left together. The first Part of the Quintetto is*

sung by them in Duet; then MUNGO *and* URSULA *return one after another to the stations they had quitted.*

Leon. Pray, let me go with you.

Lean. Stay, charming creature! why will you fly the youth who adores you?

Leon. Oh, Lord! I'm frighted out of my wits!

Lean. Have you not taken notice, beauteous Leonora, of the pilgrim who has so often met you at church? I am that pilgrim. one who would change shapes as often as Proteus, to be blessed with a sight of you.

O thou whose charms enslave my heart,
In pity hear a youth complain.
Leon. I must not hear—dear youth, depart—
I am certain I have no desert
A gentleman like you to gain.
Lean. Then do I seek your love in vain?
Leon. It is another's right;
Lean. ——————— And he,
Distracting thought! must happy be,
While I am doom'd to pain.
Urs. Come round, young man, I've been to try.
Mun. And so have I
A. 2. I'm sure the wall is not too high.
If you please,
You ll mount with ease.
Lean. Can you to aid my bliss deny?
Shall it be so?
If you say no,
I will not go.
Leon. I must consent, however loath:
But whenever we desire,
Make him promise to retire.
Urs. Nay, marry, he shall take his oath.
Lean. By your eyes of heavenly blue;
By your lips ambrosial dew;
Your cheeks, where rose and lily blend,
Your voice, the music of the spheres——
Mun. Lord o' mercy how he swears!
He makes my hairs
All stand on end!
Urs. Come, that's enough, ascend, ascend,

A. 4. Let's be happy while we may:
Now the old one's far away.
Laugh and sing, and dance and play;
Harmless pleasure why delay?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in* Don Diego's *House, on one side a Stair-case leading to an Apartment, on the other a Door leading to a Cellar.*

Enter Ursula *and* Leander.

Urs. Oh, shame! out upon't, sir, talk to me no more; I that have been famed throughout all Spain, as I may say, for virtue and discretion; the very flower and quintessence of duennas! you have cast a blot upon me; a blot upon my reputation, that was as fair as a piece of white paper; and now I shall be reviled, pointed at; nay, men will call me filthy names upon your account.

Lean. What filthy names will they call you?

Urs. They'll say I'm an old procuress.

Lean. Fie, fie, men know better things—besides, though I have got admittance into your house, be assured I shall commit no outrage here; and if I have been guilty of any indiscretion, let love be my excuse.

Urs. Well, as I live, he's a pretty young fellow.

Lean. You, my sweet Ursula, have known what it is to be in love; and, I warrant, have had admirers enough at your feet; your eyes still retain fire enough to tell me that.

Urs. They tell you no lie; for, to be sure, when I was a young woman, I was greatly sought after; nay, it was reported that a youth died for love of me, one Joseph Perez, a tailor by trade; of the grey-hound

make, lank; and if my memory fail me not, his right shoulder about the breadth of my hand higher than his left; but he was upright as an arrow; and by all accounts, one of the finest workmen at a button-hole!——

Lean. But where is Leonora?

Urs. Where is she! by my troth, I have shut her up in her chamber, under three bolts, and a double lock.

Lean. And will you not bring us together?

Urs. Who I?—How can you ask me such a question? Really, sir, I take it extremely unkind.

Lean. Well, but you misapprehend—

Urs. I told you just now, that if you mentioned that to me again, it would make me sick; and so it has turned me upside down as it were.

Lean. Indeed, my best friend—

Urs. Oh, oh! hold me or I shall fall.

Lean. I will hold you.

Urs. And do you feel any compassion for me?

Lean. I do.

Urs. Why, truly, you have a great deal to answer for, to bring tears into my eyes at this time o'day; I'm sure they are the first I have shed since my poor dear husband's death.

Lean. Nay, don't think of that now.

Urs. For you must understand, sir, to play a trick upon a grave discreet matron—And yet, after all, by my faith, I don't wonder you should love the young thing under my care; for it is one of the sweetest conditioned souls that ever I was acquainted with; and, between ourselves, our Donnee is too old for such a babe.

Lean. Ursula, take this gold.

Urs. For what, Sir?

Lean. Only for the love of me.

Urs. Nay, if that be all, I won't refuse it, for I love you I assure you; you put me so much in mind

of my poor dear husband! he was a handsome man; I remember he had a mole between his eye-brows, about the bigness of a hazel-nut; but, I must say, you have the advantage in the lower part of the countenance.

Lean. The old beldam grows amorous—

Urs. Lord love you, you're a well looking young man.

Lean. But Leonora—

Urs. Ha, ha, ha! to pretend you were lame—I never saw a finer leg in my life.

Lean. Leonora!

Urs. Well, sir, I'm going.

Lean. I shall never get rid of her.

Urs. Sir.———

Lean. How now?

Urs. Would you be so kind, sir, as to indulge me with the favour of a salute?

Lean. Ugh!

Urs. Gad-a-mercy, your cheek.—Well, well, I have seen the day; but no matter, my wine's upon the lees now, however, sir, you might have had the politeness when a gentlewoman made the offer——But heaven bless you. [*Exit* URSULA.

Enter MUNGO.

Mun. Ah! Massa—You brave Massa now! what you do here wid de old woman?

Lean. Where is your young mistress, Mungo?

Mun. By gog she lock her up. But why you no tell me before time you a gentleman?

Lean. Sure I have not given the purse for nothing.

Mun. Purse! what! you giving her money den? —curse her imperance, why you no give it me?—you give me something as well as she. You know, Massa, you see me first.

Lean. There, there, are you content?

Mun. Me get supper ready, and now me go to de

cellar—But I say, Massa, ax de old man now, what good him watching do, him bolts and bars, him walls, and him padlock?

Lean. Hist! Leonora comes.

Mun. But, Massa, you say you teach me play.

Let me, when my heart a sinking,
Hear the sweet guitar a clinking;
When a string speak,
Such moosic he make,
Me soon am cured of tinking,
Wide de toot, toot, toot,
Of a merry flute,
And cymbalo
And tymbalo
To boot:
We dance and we sing,
Till we make a house ring,
And, tied in his garters, old Massa may swing.

[*Exit into the Cellar.*

Enter LEONORA *and* URSULA.

Lean. Oh, charming Leonora, how shall I express the rapture of my heart upon this occasion? I almost doubt the reality of that chance which has brought me thus happily to see, to speak to you without restraint.

Urs. Well, but it must not be without restraint; it can't be without restraint; it can't, by my faith;—now you are going to make me sick again.

Leon. La! Ursula, I durst to say the gentleman doesn't want to do me any harm—Do you, sir? I'm sure I would not hurt a hair of his head, nor nobody's else, for the lucre of the whole world.

Urs. Come, sir, where is your lute? You shall see me dance a saraband: or if you'd rather have a song—or the child and I will move a minuet, if you choose grace before agility.

Lean. This fulsome harridan—

Leon. I don't know what's come over her, sir! I never saw the like of her since I was born.

Lean. I wish she was at the devil.

Leon. Ursula, what's the matter with you?

Urs. What's the matter with me! Marry come up, what's the matter with you! Signor Diego can't shew such a shape as that; well, there is nothing I like better than to see a young fellow with a well-made leg.

Lean. Pr'ythee let us go away from her.

Leon. I don't know how to do it, sir.

Lean. Nothing more easy; I will go with my guitar into the garden; 'tis moon-light; take an opportunity to follow me there: I swear to you, beautiful and innocent creature, you have nothing to apprehend.

Leon. No, sir, I am certain of that, with a gentleman such as you are, and that have taken so much pains to come after me; and I should hold myself very ungrateful, if I did not do any thing to oblige you in a civil way.

Lean. Then you'll come?

Leon. I'll do my best endeavour, sir.

Lean. And may I hope that you love me?

Leon. I don't know; as to that I can't say.

Urs. Come, come, what colloguin's here? I must see how things are going forward; besides, sir, you ought to know, that it is not manners to be getting into corners, and whispering before company.

Lean. Psha!

Urs. Ay, you may say your pleasure, sir; but I'm sure what I say is the right thing: I should hardly choose to venture in a corner with you myself; nay, I would not do it, I protest and vow.

Lean. Beautiful Leonora, I find my being depends upon the blessing of your good opinion; do you desire to put an end to my days?

Leon. No, indeed! Indeed I don't.

Lean. But then——

In vain you bid your captive live,
While you the means of life deny;
Give me your smiles, your wishes give
To him who must without you die.
Shut from the sun's enlivening beam,
Bid flowers retain their scent and hue;
Its source dried up. bid flow the stream,
And me exist deprived of you.

[*Exit* LEANDER.

Urs. Let me sit down a little; come hither, child, I am going to give you good advice; therefore listen to me, for I have more years over my head than you.

Leon. Well, and what then?

Urs. What then!—Marry, then you must mind what I say to you—as I said before—

Leon. Well, Ursula, after all, I wish this gentleman had never got into the house; heaven send no ill comes of it.

Urs. Ay, I say so too; heaven send it; but I'm cruelly afraid; for how shall we get rid of him? he'll never be able to crawl up the inside of the wall, whatever he did the out.

Leon. O Lord! won't he?

Urs. No, by my conscience, won't he; and when your guardian comes in, if we had fifty necks a-piece, he'd twist them every one, if he finds him here; for my part, the best I expect is to end my old days in a prison.

Leon. You don't say so!

Urs. I do indeed, and it kills me to think of it; but every one has their evil day, and this has been mine.

Leon. I have promised to go to him into the garden.

Urs. Nay, you may do any thing now, for we are undone; though I think, if you could persuade him to get up the chimney, and stay on the roof of the house until to-morrow night, we might then steal the

keys from your guardian—but I'm afraid you won't be able to persuade him.

Leon. I'll go down upon my knees.

Urs. Find him out, while I step up stairs.

Leon. Pray for us, dear Ursula.

Urs. I will, if I possibly can.

Leon. Oh me, oh me, what shall we do?
The fault is all along of you:
You brought him in——why did you so?
'Twas not by my desire, you know.
We have but too much cause to fear
My guardian, when he comes to hear
We've had a man with us, will kill
Me, you, and all; indeed he will.
No penitence will pardon procure,
He'll kill us ev'ry soul, I'm sure.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Don Diego, *groping his way, with the Padlock in his Hand.*

Dieg. All dark, all quiet; gone to bed, and fast asleep, I warrant them: however, I am not sorry that I altered my first intention of staying out the whole night; and meeting Leonora's father on the road was at any rate a lucky incident. I will not disturb them; but since I have let myself in with my master key, go softly to bed; I shall be able to strike a light, and then I think I may say my cares are over.——Good Heavens! what a wonderful deal of uneasiness may mortals avoid by a little prudence! I doubt not now, there are some men, who would have gone out in my situation, and, trusting to the goodness of fortune, left their house and their honour in the care of an inexperienced girl, or the discretion of a mercenary servant.—While he is abroad, he is tormented with fears and jealousies; and when he returns home, he probably finds disorder, and perhaps shame. But what do I do?—I put on a padlock on my door, and all is safe.

Enter MUNGO *from the Cellar, with a Flask in one Hand, and a Candle in the other.*

Mun. Tol, lol, lol, lol.

Dieg. Hold, didn't I hear a noise?

Mun. Holla!

Dieg. Heavens and earth! what do I see?

Mun. Where are you, young Massa and Missy? Here wine for supper.

Dieg. I'm thunder-struck!

Mun. My old Massa little tink we be so merry—hic—hic—What's the matter with me! the room turn round.

Dieg. Wretch, do you know me?

Mun. Know you?——damn you.

Dieg. Horrid creature! what makes you here at this time of night? is it with a design to surprise the innocents in their beds, and murder them sleeping?

Mun. Hush, hush—make no noise—hic—hic—

Dieg. The slave is intoxicated.

Mun. Make no noise, I say; deres young gentleman wid young lady; he play on guitar, and she like him better dan she like you. Fal, lal, lal.

Dieg. Monster, I'll make an example of you.

Mun. What you call me names for, you old dog?

Dieg. Does the villain dare to lift his hand against me?

Mun. Will you fight?

Dieg. He's mad.

Mun. Deres one in de house you little tink. Gad he do your business.

Dieg. Go lie down in your stye, and sleep.

Mun. Sleep? sleep you self, you drunk—ha, ha, ha! Look, a padlock:—you put a padlock on a door again, will you?—Ha, ha, ha!

Dieg. Didn't I hear music?

Mun. Hic—hic.

Dieg. Was it not the sound of a guitar?

Mun. Yes, he play on de guitar rarely—Give me hand; you're old rascal——an't you?

Dieg. What dreadful shock affects me? I'm in a cold sweat; a mist comes over my eyes, and my knees knock together as if I had got a fit of the shaking palsy.

Mun. I tell you a word in your ear.

Dieg. Has any stranger broke into my house?

Mun. Yes, by——hic——a fine young gentleman; he now in next room with Missy.

Dieg. Holy St Francis! is it possible?

Mun. Go you round softly—you catch them together.

Dieg. Confusion! distraction! I shall run mad.

[*Exit* MUNGO.

Enter MUNGO, URSULA, LEANDER, *and* LEONORA.

Urs. O shame! monstrous! you drunken swab, you have been in the cellar, with a plague to you.

Mun. Let me put my hands about you neck.

Urs. Oh, I shall be ruin'd! Help, help! ruin, ruin!

Leon. Goodness me, what's the matter?

Urs. Oh dear, child! this black villain has frightened me out of my wits; he has wanted to——

Mun. Me! curse a heart! I want noting wid her—— What she say, I want for——

Leon. Ursula, the gentleman says he has some friends waiting for him at the other side of the garden-wall, that will throw him over a ladder made of ropes, which he got up by.

Lean. Then must I go?
Leon. Yes, good Sir, yes.
Lean A parting kiss?
Leon. No, good Sir, no.
Lean. It must be so.
By this, and this,
Here I could for ever grow,
'Tis more than mortal bliss.

Leon. Well, now good night;
Pray, ease our fright;
You re very bold, Sir;
Let loose your hold, Sir:
I think you want to scare me quite.
Lean. Oh fortune's spite!
Leon. Good night, good night.
Hark! the neighb'ring convent's bell
Tolls the vesper hour to tell;
The clock now chimes;
A thousand times,
A thousand times farewell.

Enter Don Diego.

Dieg. Stay, Sir; let nobody go out of the room.
Urs. *(falling down)* Ah, ah! a ghost! a ghost!
Dieg. Woman, stand up.
Urs. I won't, I won't. Murder! don't touch me.
Dieg. Leonora, what am I to think of this?
Leon. Oh, dear Sir, don't kill me.
Dieg. Young man, who are you who have thus clandestinely, at an unseasonable hour, broke into my house? Am I to consider you as a robber, or how?
Lean. As one whom love has made indiscreet; as one whom love has taught industry and art to compass his designs. I love the beautiful Leonora, and she me; but further than what you hear and see, neither one nor the other have been culpable.
Mun. Hear him, hear him.
Lean. Don Diego, you know my father well—Don Alphonso de Luna; I am a scholar of this university, and am willing to submit to whatever punishment he, through your means, shall inflict; but wreak not your vengeance here.
Dieg. Thus then my hopes and cares are at once frustrated; possessed of what I thought a jewel, I was desirous to keep it for myself; I raised up the walls of this house to a great height; I barred up my windows towards the street; I put double bolts on my doors; I banished all that had the shadow of man or

male kind; and I stood continually centinel over it myself, to guard my suspicion from surprise: thus secured, I left my watch for one little moment, and in that moment——

Leon. Pray, pray, guardian, let me tell you the story; you'll find I'm not to blame.

Dieg. No, child, I am only to blame, who should have considered that sixteen and sixty agree ill together. But though I was too old to be wise, I am not too old to learn; and so, I say, send for a smith directly, beat all the grates from my windows, take the locks from my doors, and let egress and regress be given freely.

Leon. And will you be my husband, Sir?

Dieg. No, child, I will give you to one that will make you a better husband. Here, young man, take her: if your parents consent, to-morrow shall see you joined in the face of the church, and the dowry which I promised her, in case of failure on my side of the contract, shall now go with her as a marriage portion.

Lean. Signor, this is so generous——

Dieg. No thanks; perhaps I owe acknowledgments to you; but you, Ursula, have no excuse—no passion to plead—and your age should have taught you better. I'll give you five hundred crowns; but never let me see you more.

Mun. And what you give me, Massa?

Dieg. Bastinadoes for your drunkenness and infidelity. Call in my neighbours and friends.——O man! man! how short is your foresight, how ineffectual your prudence! while the very means you use are destructive of your ends!

Go forge me fetters that shall bind
The rage of the tempestuous wind;
Sound with a needleful of thread
The depth of ocean's steepy bed;

Snap like a twig the oak's tough tree;
Quench Etna with a cup of tea;
In these manœuvres shew your skill,
Then hold a woman, if you will.

Urs. Permit me to put in a word.
My master here is quite absurd.
That men should rule our sex is meet;
But art, not force, must do the feat:
Remember what the fable says,
Where the sun's warm and melting rays
Soon bring about what wind and rain,
With all their fuss, attempt in vain.

Mun. And, Massa, be not angry, pray,
If neger man a word should say;
Me have a fable pat as she,
Which wid dis matter will agree:
An owl once took it in his head
Wid some young pretty bird to wed;
But when his worship came to woo,
He could get none but de cuckoo.

Leon. Ye youth select, who wish to taste
The joys of wedlock, pure and chaste,
Ne'er let the mistress and the friend
An abject slave and tyrant end.
While each with tender passion burns,
Ascend the throne of rule by turns;
And place (to love, to virtue just)
Security in mutual trust.

Lean. To sum up all you now have heard——
Young men and old, peruse the bard:
A female trusted to your care,
(His rule is pithy, short, and clear,)
Be to her faults a little blind;
Be to her virtues very kind;
Let all her ways be unconfined,
And clap your padlock on her mind.

[*Exeunt.*

MISS IN HER TEENS;

OR,

THE MEDLEY OF LOVERS.

A

FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

BY

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Captain FLASH,	*Master Betty.*
Captain LOVEIT,	*Mr Bartley.*
FRIBBLE,	*Mr Russell.*
PUFF,	*Mr Purser.*
JASPER,	*Mr Fisher.*
Miss BIDDY,	*Miss Mellon.*
TAG,	*Miss Tidswell.*

MISS IN HER TEENS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter Captain LOVEIT *and* PUFF.

Capt. This is the place we were directed to; and now, Puff, if I can get no intelligence of her, what will become of me?

Puff And me too, sir—you must consider I am a married man, and can't bear fatigue as I have done. ——But pray, sir, why did you leave the army so abruptly, and not give me time to fill my knapsack with common necessaries? half a dozen shirts and your regimentals are my whole cargo.

Capt. I was wild to get away; and as soon as I obtained my leave of absence, I thought every moment an age till I returned to the place where I first saw this young, charming, innocent, bewitching creature. —I did so, but we found the house was shut up, and all the information, you know, that we could get from the neighbouring cottage was, that miss and her aunt were removed to town, and lived somewhat near this part of it.

Puff. And now we are got to the place of action, propose your plan of operation.

Capt. My father lives but in the next street, so I must decamp immediately for fear of discoveries; you are not known to be my servant, so make what inquiries you can in the neighbourhood, and I shall wait at the inn for your intelligence.

Puff. I'll patrole hereabouts, and examine all that pass; but I've forgot the word, sir——Miss Biddy—

Capt. Bellair.

Puff. A young lady of wit, beauty, and fifteen thousand pounds fortune—but, sir——

Capt. What do you say, Puff?

Puff. If your honour pleases to consider, that I had a wife in town, whom I left somewhat abruptly half a year ago, you'll think it, I believe, but decent to make some inquiry after her first; to be sure it would be some small consolation to me, to know whether the poor woman is living, or has made away with herself, or——

Capt. Pr'ythee don't distract me; a moment's delay is of the utmost consequence; I must insist upon an immediate compliance with my commands.

[*Exit Captain.*

Puff. The devil's in these fiery young fellows; they think of nobody's wants but their own. He does not consider, that I am flesh and blood as well as himself. However, I may kill two birds at once; for I shan't be surprised if I meet my lady walking the streets——but who have we here? sure I should know that face.

Enter JASPER *from a House.*

Who's that, my old acquaintance, Jasper?

Jas. What, Puff! are you here?

Puff. My dear friend! well, and now, Jasper, still easy and happy! *Toujours le même!*—what intrigues

now? what girls have you ruined, and what cuckolds made, since you and I beat up together, eh?

Jas. Faith, business hath been very brisk during the war; men are scarce, you know; not that I can say I ever wanted amusement in the worst of times. —But hark ye, Puff——

Puff. Not a word aloud; I am *incognito.*

Jas. Why, faith, I should not have known you, if you had not spoke first; you seem to be a little *dishabille* too, as well as *incognito.* Whom do you honour with your service now? are you from the wars?

Puff. Piping hot, I assure you; fire and smoke will tarnish; a man that will go into such service as I have been in, will find his clothes the worse for wear, take my word for it: but how is it with you, friend Jasper? what, you still serve, I see? you live at that house, I suppose?

Jas. I don't absolutely live, but I am most of my time there; I have within these two months entered into the service of an old gentleman, who hired a reputable servant, and dressed him as you see, because he has taken it into his head to fall in love.

Puff. False appetite and second childhood! but prithee what's the object of his passion?

Jas. No less than a virgin of sixteen, I assure you.

Puff. Oh, the toothless old dotard!

Jas. And he mumbles, and plays with her till his mouth waters; and then he chuckles till he cries, and calls it his Bid and his Bidsy, and is so foolishly fond——

Puff. Bidsy! what's that?——

Jas. ——Her name is Biddy.

Puff. Biddy! what, Miss Biddy Bellair?

Jas. ——The same.

Puff. I have no luck, to be sure. [*Aside.*]——Oh! I have heard of her; she's of a pretty good family, and has some fortune, I know. But are things settled? is the marriage fixed?

Jas. Not absolutely; the girl, I believe, detests him: but her aunt, a very good, prudent old lady, has given her consent, if he can gain her niece's; how it will end I cannot tell—but I am hot upon't myself.

Puff. The devil! not marriage, I hope.

Jas. This is not yet determined.

Puff. Who is the lady, pray?

Jas. A maid in the same family, a woman of honour, I assure you: she has one husband already, a scoundrel sort of a fellow that has run away from her, and listed for a soldier; so towards the end of the campaign she hopes to have a certificate he's knock'd o' the head: if not, I suppose we shall settle matters another way.

Puff. Well, speed the plough.—But hark ye, consummate without the certificate, if you can—keep your neck out of the collar—do——I have wore it these two years, and damnably galled I am.

Jas. I'll take your advice; but I must run away to my master, who will be impatient for an answer to his message, which I have just delivered to the young lady; so, dear Mr Puff, I am your most obedient, humble servant.

Puff. And I must to our agent's for my arrears: if you have an hour to spare, you'll hear of me at George's, or the Tilt Yard—*Au revoir*, as we say abroad. [*Exit* JASPER.] Thus we are as civil and as false as our betters; Jasper and I were always the *beau monde* exactly; we ever hated one another heartily, yet always kiss and shake hands—but now to my master with a head full of news, and a heart full of joy. [*Going, starts.*]—Angels and ministers of grace defend me!—it can't be! by heavens, it is that fretful porcupine, my wife! I can't stand it; what shall I do? I'll try to avoid her.

Enter TAG.

Tag. It must be he! I'll swear to the rogue at a mile's distance; he either has not seen me, or won't know me; if I can keep my temper, I'll try him farther.

Puff. I sweat—I tremble—she comes upon me!

Tag. Pray, good sir, if I may be so bold—

Puff. I have nothing for you, good woman; don't trouble me.

Tag. If your honour pleases to look this way—

Puff. The kingdom is over-run with beggars; I suppose the last I gave to has sent this; but I have no more loose silver about me, so prithee, woman, don't disturb me.

Tag. I can hold no longer: oh, you villain, you! where have you been, scoundrel? do you know me now, varlet? [*Seizes him.*

Puff. Here, watch, watch! zounds, I shall have my pocket picked.

Tag. Own me this minute, hang-dog, and confess every thing, or by the rage of an injured woman, I'll raise up the neighbourhood, throttle you, and send you to Newgate.

Puff. Amazement! what, my own dear Tag? come to my arms, and let me press you to my heart that pants for thee, and only thee, my true and lawful wife—now my stars have over paid me for the fatigue and danger of the field; I have wandered about like Achilles in search of faithful Penelope, and the gods have brought me to this happy spot. [*Embraces her.*

Tag. The fellow's cracked for certain! leave your bombastic stuff, and tell me, rascal, why you left me, and where you have been these six months, heh?

Puff. We'll reserve my adventures for our happy winter's evenings—I shall only tell you now, that my heart beat so strong in my country's cause, and being instigated by either honour or the devil (I can't tell

which), I set out for Flanders to gather laurels, and lay 'em at thy feet.

Tag. You left me to starve, villain, and beg my bread, you did so.

Puff. I left you too hastily I must confess, and often has my conscience stung me for it.—I am got into an officer's service, have been in several actions, gained some credit by my behaviour, and am now returned with my master to indulge the genteeler passions.

Tag. Don't think to fob me off with this nonsensical talk; what have you brought me home besides?

Puff. Honour, and immoderate love.

Tag. I could tear your eyes out.

Puff. Temperance, or I walk off.

Tag. Temperance, traitor, temperance! what can you say for yourself? leave me to the wide world——

Puff. Well, I have been in the wide world too, han't I? what would the woman have?

Tag. Reduce me to the necessity of going to service! [*Cries.*

Puff. Why, I'm in service too, your lord and master, an't I, you saucy jade you?—come, where dost live, hereabouts? hast got good vails? dost go to market? come, give me a kiss, darling, and tell me where I shall pay my duty to thee.

Tag. Why then, I live at that house.

[*Pointing to the house* JASPER *came out of.*

Puff. What, there? that house?

Tag. Yes, there, that house—

Puff. Huzza! we're made for ever, you slut you! —huzza! every thing conspires this day to make me happy—prepare for an inundation of joy! my master is in love with your Miss Biddy over head and ears, and she with him: I know she is courted by some old fumbler, and her aunt is not against the match; but now we are come, the town will be relieved, and the governor brought over—in plain Eng-

lish, our fortune is made; my master must marry the lady, and the old gentleman must go to the devil.

Tag. Hey day! what's all this?

Puff. Say no more, the dice are thrown, doublets for us; away to your young mistress, while I run to my master; tell her Rhodophil! Rhodophil! will be with her immediately; then, if her blood does not mount to her face like quicksilver in a weather-glass, and point to extreme hot, believe the whole to be a lie, and your husband no politician.

Tag. This is news indeed! I have had the place but a little while, and have not quite got into the secrets of the family; but part of your story is true; and if you bring your master, and miss is willing, I warrant we'll be too hard for the old folks.

Puff. I'll about it straight!—but hold, Tag, I had forgot—pray how does Mr Jasper do?

Tag. Mr Jasper!—what do you mean!—I—I—I

Puff. What, out of countenance, child? oh, fy! speak plain, my dear——and the certificate, when comes that, heh, love?

Tag. He has sold himself and turned conjurer, or he would never have known it. [*Aside.*

Puff. Are not you a jade! are not you a Jezebel? —arn't you a———

Tag. O ho, temperance; or I walk off—

Puff. I know I am not finish'd yet, and so I am easy, but more thanks to my fortune than your virtue, madam.

Tag. Away to your master, and I'll prepare his reception within.

Puff. Shall I bring the certificate with me? [*Exit.*

Tag. Go, you graceless rogue, you richly deserve it. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Chamber.*

Enter BIDDY.

Biddy. How unfortunate a poor girl I am! dare not tell my secret to any body, and, if I don't, I'm undone—heigho, [*Sighs*], pray, Tag, is my aunt gone to her lawyer about me? heigho!

Tag. What's that sigh for, my dear young mistress?

Biddy. I did not sigh, not I— [*Sighs.*

Tag. Nay, never gulp 'em down; they are the worst things you can swallow. There's something in that little heart of your's that swells it and puffs it, and will burst it at last, if you don't give it vent.

Biddy. What would you have me tell you? [*Sighs.*

Tag. Come, come; you are afraid I will betray you; but you had as good speak, I may do you some service you little think of.

Biddy. It is not in your power, Tag, to give me what I want. [*Sighs.*

Tag. Not directly, perhaps; but I may be the means of helping you to it; as for example—If you should not like to marry the old man your aunt designs for you, one may find a way to break——

Biddy. His neck, Tag?

Tag. Or the match; either will do, child.

Biddy. I don't care which, indeed, so I was clear of him—I don't think I'm fit to be married.

Tag. To him you mean—you have no objection to marriage, but the man, and I applaud you for it: but come, courage, miss; never keep it in; out with it all.

Biddy. If you'll ask me any questions, I'll answer em; but I can't tell you any things of myself, I shall blush if I do.

Tag. Well then—in the first place, pray tell me,

Miss Biddy Bellair, if you don't like somebody better than old Sir Simon Loveit?

Biddy. Heigho!

Tag. What's heigho, miss?

Biddy. When I say heigho, it means yes.

Tag. Very well; and this somebody is a young handsome fellow?

Biddy. Heigho!

Tag. And if you were once his, you would be as merry as the best of us?

Biddy. Heigho!

Tag. So far so good; and since I have got you to wet your feet, souce over-head at once, and the pain will be over.

Biddy. There—then—[*A long sigh.*] Now help me out, Tag, as fast as you can.

Tag. When did you hear from your gallant?

Biddy. Never since he went to the army.

Tag. How so?

Biddy. I was afraid the letters would fall into my aunt's hands, so I would not let him write to me; but I had a better reason then.

Tag. Pray let's hear that too.

Biddy. Why, I thought if I should write to him, and promise him to love nobody else, and should afterwards change my mind, he might think I was inconstant, and call me a coquette.

Tag. What a simple innocent it is! [*Aside.*] and have you changed your mind, miss?

Biddy. No, indeed, Tag, I love him the best of any of 'em.

Tag. Of any of 'em! why, have you any more?

Biddy. Pray don't ask me.

Tag. Nay, miss, if you only trust me by halves, you can't expect——

Biddy. I will trust you with every thing.—When I parted with him I grew melancholy; so, in order to divert me, I have let two others court me till he returns again.

Tag. Is that all, my dear? mighty simple indeed. [*Aside.*

Biddy. One of 'em is a fine blust'ring man, and is called Captain Flash; he's always talking of fighting, and wars; he thinks he's sure of me, but I shall baulk him; we shall see him this afternoon, for he pressed strongly to come, and I have given him leave, while my aunt's taking her afternoon's nap.

Tag. And who is the other, pray?

Biddy. Quite another sort of a man: he speaks like a lady for all the world, and never swears as Mr Flash does, but wears nice white gloves, and tells me what ribbons become my complexion, where to stick my patches, who is the best milliner, where they sell the best tea, and which is the best wash for the face and the best paste for the hands; he is always playing with my fan, and shewing his teeth, and whenever I speak he pats me——so——and cries—*the devil take me, Miss Biddy, but you'll be my perdition*—— ha, ha, ha!

Tag. Oh the pretty creature! and what do you call him, pray?

Biddy. His name is Fribble, and you shall see him too! for by mistake I appointed 'em at the same time; but you must help me out with 'em.

Tag. And suppose your favourite should come too?

Biddy. I should not care what became of the others.

Tag. What's his name?

Biddy. It begins with an R—h—o—

Tag. I'll be hang'd if it be not Rhodophil.

Biddy. I am frightened at you! you are a witch.

Tag. I am so, and I can tell your fortune too. Look me in the face. The gentleman you love most in the world will be at our house this afternoon; he arrived from the army this morning, and dies till he sees you.

Biddy. Is he come, Tag? don't joke with me.

Tag. Not to keep you longer in suspence, you

must know, the servant of your Strephon, by some unaccountable fate or other, is my lord and master: he has just been with me, and told me of his master's arrival and impatience—

Biddy. Oh my dear, dear Tag, you have put me out of my wits—I am all over in a flutter. I shall leap out of my skin—I don't know what to do with myself—is he come, Tag?—I am ready to faint—I'd give the world I had put on my pink and silver robings to-day.

Tag. I assure you, miss, you look charmingly!

Biddy. Do I indeed though? I'll put a little patch under my left eye, and powder my hair immediately.

Tag. We'll go to dinner first, and then I'll assist you.

Biddy. Dinner! I can't eat a morsel—I don't know what's the matter with me—my ears tingle, my heart beats, my face flushes, and I tremble every joint of me—I must run in and look at myself in the glass this moment.— [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Enter Captain* LOVEIT, BIDDY, TAG, *and* PUFF.

Capt. To find you still constant, and to arrive at such a critical juncture, is the height of fortune and happiness.

Biddy. Nothing shall force me from you; and if I am secure of your affections——

Puff. I'll be bound for him, madam, and give you any security you can ask.

Tag. Every thing goes on to our wish, sir; I just now had a second conference with my old lady, and she was so convinced by my arguments, that she returned instantly to the lawyer to forbid the drawing

out of any writings at all, and she is determined never to thwart miss's inclinations, and left it to us to give the old gentleman his discharge at the next visit.

Capt. Shall I undertake the old dragon?

Tag. If we have occasion for help, we shall call for you.

Biddy. I expect him every moment, therefore I'll tell you what, Rhodophil, you and your man shall be locked up in my bed-chamber till we have settled matters with the old gentleman.

Capt. Do what you please with me.

Biddy. You must not be impatient though.

Capt. I can undergo any thing with such a reward in view; one kiss and I'll be quite resigned—and now show me the way. [*Exeunt.*

Tag. Come, sirrah, when I have got you under lock and key, I shall bring you to reason.

Puff. Are your wedding-clothes ready, my dove? the certificate's come.

Tag. Go follow your captain, sirrah—march—you may thank heaven I had patience to stay so long. [*Exeunt* TAG *and* PUFF.

Enter BIDDY.

Biddy. I was very much alarmed for fear my two gallants should come in upon us unawares; we should have had sad work if they had. I find I love Rhodophil vastly, for though my other sparks flatter me more, I can't abide the thoughts of them now—I have business upon my hands enough to turn my little head; but egad my heart's good, and a fig for dangers—let me see, what shall I do with my two gallants? I must, at least, part with them decently.—Suppose I set them together by the ears?—the luckiest thought in the world! for if they won't quarrel, (as I believe they won't,) I can break with them for cowards, and very justly dismiss them my service;

and if they will fight, and one of them should be killed, the other will certainly be hanged or run away; and so I shall very handsomely get rid of both—I am glad I have settled it so purely.

Enter TAG.

Well, Tag, are they safe?

Tag. I think so; the door's double locked, and I have the key in my pocket.

Biddy. That's pure: but have you given them any thing to divert them?

Tag. I have given the captain one of your old gloves to mumble; but my Strephon is diverting himself with the more substantial comforts of a cold venison pasty.

Biddy What shall we do with the next that comes?

Tag. If Mr Fribble comes first, I'll clap him up into my lady's store-room; I suppose he is a great maker of marmalade himself, and will have an opportunity of making some critical remarks upon our pastry and sweetmeats.

Biddy. When one of them comes, do you go and watch for the other, and as soon as you see him, run in to us and pretend it is my aunt, and so we shall have an excuse to lock him up till we want him.

Tag. You may depend upon me; here is one of them—

Enter FRIBBLE.

Biddy. Mr Fribble, your servant—

Frib. Miss Biddy, your slave—I hope I have not come upon you abruptly, I should have waited upon you sooner, but an accident happened that discomposed me so, that I was obliged to go home again to take my drops.

Biddy. Indeed you don't look well, sir.—Go, Tag, and do as I bid you.

Tag. I will, madam. [*Exit.*

Biddy. I have set my maid to watch my aunt, that we may not be surprised by her.

Frib. Your prudence is equal to your beauty, miss, and I hope your permitting me to kiss your hands, will be no impeachment to your understanding.

Biddy. I hate the sight of him. [*Aside.*] I was afraid I should not have had the pleasure of seeing you; pray let me know what accident you met with, and what's the matter with your hand? I shan't be easy till I know.

Frib. Well, I vow, Miss Biddy, you're a good *creeter*—I'll endeavour to muster up what little spirits I have, and tell you the whole affair—hem!—but first you must give me leave to make you a present of a small pot of my lip salve: my servant made it this morning; the ingredients are innocent, I assure you; nothing but the best virgin wax, conserve of roses, and lily of the valley water.

Biddy. I thank you, sir; but my lips are generally red, and when they an't, I bite them.

Frib. I bite my own, sometimes, to pout them a little; but this will give them a softness, colour, and an agreeable *moister*——thus let me make an humble offering at that shrine, where I have already sacrificed my heart. [*Kneels, and gives the Pot.*

Biddy. Upon my word that's very prettily expressed; you are positively the best company in the world—I wish he was out of the house. [*Aside.*

Frib. But to return to my accident, and the reason why my hand is in this condition—I beg you'll excuse the appearance of it, and be satisfied that nothing but mere necessity could have forced me to appear thus muffled before you.

Biddy. I am very willing to excuse any misfortune that happens to you, sir. [*Curtsies.*

Frib. You are vastly good indeed—Thus it was—hem!—you must know, miss, there is not an animal in the creation I have so great an aversion to, as those

hackney-coach fellows—as I was coming out of my lodgings, says one of them to me, "would your honour have a coach?"—No, man, said I, not now (with all the civility imaginable)—"I'll carry you and your doll too," said he, "Miss Margery, for the same price,"—upon which the masculine beasts about us fell a laughing; then I turned round in a great passion, "curse me," says I, "fellow, but I'll trounce thee."—And, as I was holding out my hand in a threatening *poster*, thus; he makes a cut at me with his whip, and striking me over the nail of my little finger, it gave me such exquisite *torter* that I fainted away; and while I was in this condition, the mob picked my pocket of my purse, my scissars, my *macco* smelling bottle, and my huswife.

Biddy. I shall laugh in his face. [*Aside.*]—I am afraid you are in great pain; pray sit down, Mr Fribble; but I hope your hand is in no danger.

[*They sit.*

Frib. Not in the least, ma'am; pray don't be apprehensive. A milk poultice, and a gentle sweat tonight, with a little manna in the morning, I am confident will relieve me entirely.

Biddy. But pray, Mr Fribble, do you make use of a huswife?

Frib. I can't do without it, ma'am; there is a club of us, all young bachelors, the sweetest society in the world; and we meet three times a week at each others lodgings, where we drink tea, hear the chat of the day, invent fashions for the ladies, make models of them, and cut out patterns in paper. We were the first inventors of knotting; and this fringe is the original produce and joint labour of our little community.

Biddy. And who are your pretty set, pray?

Frib. There's Phil. Whiffle, Jacky Wagtail, my

Lord Trip, Billy Dimple, Sir Dilberry Diddle, and your humble—

Biddy. What a sweet collection of happy creatures!

Frib. Indeed, and so we are, miss—but a prodigious *fracas* disconcerted us some time ago at Billy Dimple's—three drunken naughty women of the town burst into our club-room, curst us all, threw down the china, broke six looking-glasses, scalded us with the slop bason, and scratched poor Phil. Whiffle's cheek in such a manner, that he has kept his bed these three weeks.

Bibby. Indeed, Mr Fribble, I think all our sex have great reason to be angry; for if you are so happy now you are bachelors, the ladies may wish and sigh to very little purpose.

Frib. You are mistaken, I assure you; I am prodigiously rallied about my passion for you, I can tell you that, and am looked upon as lost to our society already; he, he, he!

Biddy. Pray, Mr Fribble, now you have gone so far, don't think me impudent if I long to know how you intend to use the lady who has been honoured with your affections?

Frib. Not as most other wives are used, I assure you; all the domestic business will be taken off her hands; I shall make the tea, comb the dogs, and dress the children myself, so that, though I'm a commoner, Mrs Fribble will lead the life of a woman of quality; for she will have nothing to do, but lie in bed, play at cards, and scold the servants.

Biddy. What a happy creature she must be!

Frib. Do you really think so? then pray let me have a little *serous* talk with you—though my passion is not of a long standing, I hope the sincerity of my intentions—

Biddy. Ha, ha, ha!

Frib. Go, you wild thing. [*Pats her.*] The devil

take me but there is no talking to you—how can you use me in this barbarous manner! if I had the constitution of an alderman, it would sink under my sufferings—*hooman nater* can't support it.

Biddy. Why, what would you do with me, Mr Fribble?

Frib. Well, I vow I'll beat you if you talk so—don't look at me in that manner—flesh and blood can't bear it—I could—but I won't grow indecent—

Biddy. But pray, sir, where are the verses you were to write upon me? I find, if a young lady depends too much upon such fine gentlemen as you, she'll certainly be disappointed.

Frib. I vow, the flutter I was put into this afternoon has quite turned my senses—here they are though—and I believe you'll like them.

Biddy. There can be no doubt of it. [*Curtsies.*

Frib. I protest, miss, I don't like that curtsey—look at me, and always rise in this manner. [*Shews her.*] But, my dear *creeter*, who put on your cap to-day? they have made a fright of you, and it is as yellow as old Lady Crowfoot's neck.—When we are settled, I'll dress your head myself.

Biddy. Pray read the verses to me, Mr Fribble.

Frib. I obey—hem!—William Fribble, Esq. to Miss Biddy Bellair—greeting.

No ice so hard, so cold as I,
Till warm'd and soften'd by your eye;
And now my heart dissolves away
In dreams by night, in sighs by day;
No brutal passion fires my breast,
Which loaths the object when possess'd;
But one of harmless, gentle kind,
Whose joys are center'd—in the mind;
Then take with me love's better part,
His downy wing, but not his dart.

How do you like 'em?

Biddy. Ha, ha, ha! I swear they are very pretty—but I don't quite understand 'em.

Frib. These light pieces are never so well understood in reading as singing; I have set 'em myself, and will endeavour to give 'em you—*la*—*la*—I have an abominable cold, and can't sing a note; however, the tune's nothing, the manner's all.

No ice so hard, &c. [*Sings.*

Enter TAG, *running.*

Tag. Your aunt, your aunt, your aunt, madam!

Frib. What's the matter?

Biddy. Hide, hide Mr Fribble, Tag, or we are ruined!

Frib. Oh! for heaven's sake, put me any where, so I don't dirty my clothes.

Biddy. Put him into the store-room, Tag, this moment.

Frib. Is it a damp place, Mrs Tag? the floor is boarded, I hope?

Tag. Indeed it is not, sir.

Frib. What shall I do? I shall certainly catch my death; where's my cambric handkerchief, and my salts? I shall certainly have my hysterics!

[*Runs in.*

Biddy. In, in, in—so now let the other come as soon as he will: I did not care if I had twenty of 'em, so they would but come one after another.

Enter TAG.

Was my aunt coming?

Tag. No, 'twas Mr Flash, I suppose, by the length of his stride and the cock of his hat.—He'll be here this minute—what shall we do with him?

Biddy. I'll manage him, I warrant you, and try his courage; be sure you are ready to second me—we shall have pure sport.

Tag. Hush! here he comes.

Enter FLASH, *Singing.*

Flash. Well, my blossom, here am I? what hopes for a poor dog, eh?—how! the maid here! then I've lost the town, damme! not a shilling to bribe the governor; she'll spring a mine, and I shall be blown to the devil.

Biddy. Don't be ashamed, Mr Flash; I have told Tag the whole affair, and she's my friend, I can assure you.

Flash. Is she? then she won't be mine, I am certain. [*Aside.*] Well, Mrs Tag, you know, I suppose, what's to be done: this young lady and I have contracted ourselves; and so, if you please to stand bridemaid, why we'll fix the wedding-day directly.

Tag. The wedding-day, sir?

Flash. The wedding-day, sir? aye, sir, the wedding-day, sir; what have you to say to that, sir?

Biddy My dear Captain Flash, don't make such a noise, you'll wake my aunt.

Flash. And suppose I did, child, what then?

Biddy. She'd be frightened out of her wits.

Flash. At me, miss! frightened at me? *tout au contraire,* I assure you; you mistake the thing, child; I have some reason to believe I am not quite so shocking. [*Affectedly.*

Tag. Indeed, sir, you flatter yourself—but pray, sir, what are your pretensions?

Flash. The lady's promises, my own passion, and the best mounted blade in the three kingdoms. If any man can produce a better title, let him take her; if not, the d—l mince me, if I give up an atom of her.

Biddy. He's in a fine passion, if he would but hold it.

Tag. Pray, sir, hear reason a little.

Flash. I never do, madam; it is not my method of proceeding; here is my logic. [*Draws his Sword.*]

Sa, sa,—my best argument is carte over arm, madam, ha, ha! [*Lunges.*] And if he answers that, madam, through my small guts, my breath, blood, and mistress, are all at his service—nothing more, madam.

Biddy. This'll do, this'll do.

Tag. But, sir, sir, sir!

Flash. But, madam, madam, madam! I profess blood, madam; I was bred up to it from a child; I study the book of fate, and the camp is my university; I have attended the lectures of Prince Charles upon the Rhine, and Bathiani upon the Po, and have extracted knowledge from the mouth of the cannon: I'm not to be frightened with squibs, madam, no, no.

Biddy. Pray, dear sir, don't mind her, but let me prevail with you to go away this time—your passion is very fine, to be sure, and when my aunt and Tag are out of the way, I'll let you know when I'd have you come again.

Flash. When you'd have me come again, child? and suppose I never would come again, what do you think of that now, ha? you pretend to be afraid of your aunt; your aunt knows what's what too well to refuse a good match when 'tis offered—lookee, miss, I'm a man of honour; glory is my aim, I have told you the road I am in, and do you see here, child.—[*Shewing his Sword.*] No tricks upon travellers.

Biddy. But pray, sir, hear me.

Flash. No, no, no; I know the world, madam: I am as well known at Covent-garden as the dial, madam; I'll break a lamp, bully a constable, bam a justice, or bilk a box-keeper, with any man in the liberties of Westminster. What do you think of me now, madam?

Biddy. Pray, don't be so furious, sir.

Flash. Come, come, come, few words are best; somebody's happier than somebody, and I am a

poor silly fellow; ha, ha,—that's all—look you, child, to be short, (for I'm a man of reflection,) I have but a *bagatelle* to say to you—I am in love with you up to hell and desperation, may the sky crush me if I am not—but since there is another more fortunate than I, adieu, Biddy! prosperity to the happy rival, patience to poor Flash; but the first time we meet—gunpowder be my perdition, but I'll have the honour to cut a throat with him.

Biddy. [*Stopping him.*] You may meet with him now, if you please.

Flash. Now, may I!—where is he? I'll sacrifice the villain. [*Aloud.*

Tag. Hush! he's but in the next room.

Flash. Is he! ram me [*Low.*] into a mortar-piece, but I'll have vengeance; my blood boils to be at him—don't be frightened, miss.

Biddy. No, sir, I never was better pleased, I assure you.

Flash. I shall soon do his business.

Biddy. As soon as you please, take your own time.

Tag. I'll fetch the gentleman to you immediately.

Flash. [*Stopping her.*] Stay, stay, a little; what a passion I am in!—are you sure he is in the next room?—I shall certainly tear him to pieces—I would fain murder him like a gentleman too—besides this family shan't be brought into trouble upon my account—I have it—I'll watch for him in the street, and mix his blood with the puddle of the next kennel. [*Going.*

Biddy. [*Stopping him.*] No, pray, Mr Flash, let me see the battle, I should be glad to see you fight for me; you shan't go, indeed. [*Holding him.*

Tag. [*Holding him.*] Oh, pray, let me see you fight; there were two gentlemen *fit* yesterday, and my mistress was never so diverted in her life—I'll fetch him out. [*Exit.*

Biddy. Do stick him, stick him, Captain Flash; I shall love you the better for it.

Flash. D—n your love; I wish I was out of the house. [*Aside.*

Biddy. Here he is—now speak some of your hard words, and run him through.

Flash. Don't be in fits now. [*Aside to* BIDDY.

Biddy. Never fear me.

Enter TAG *and* FRIBBLE.

Tag. [*To* FRIBBLE.] Take it on my word, sir, he is a bully, and nothing else.

Frib. [*Frightened.*] I know you are my good friend, but perhaps you don't know his disposition.

Tag. I am confident he is a coward.

Frib. Is he? nay, then I'm his man.

Flash. I like his looks, but I'll not venture too far at first.

Tag. Speak with him, sir.

Frib. I will—I understand, sir,—hem—that you —by Mrs Tag, here,—sir,—who has informed me —hem—that you would be glad to speak to me—demmee— [*Turns off.*

Flash. I can speak to you, sir,—or to any body, sir—or I can let it alone and hold my tongue,—if I can see occasion, dammee— [*Turns off.*

Biddy. Well said, Mr Flash, be in a passion.

Tag. [*To* FRIBBLE.] Don't mind his looks; he changes colour already—to him, to him.

[*Pushes him.*

Frib. Don't hurry me, Mrs Tag, for heaven's sake! I shall be out of breath before I begin, if you do.—Sir,—[*To* FLASH.] if you can't speak to a gentleman in another manner, sir, why then I'll venture to say, you had better hold your tongue—oons.

Flash. Sir, you and I are of different opinions.

Frib. You and your opinion may go to the devil —take that. [*Turns off to* TAG.

Tag. Well said, sir, the day's your own.

Biddy. What's the matter, Mr Flash? is all your fury gone! do you give me up?

Frib. I have done his business. [*Struts about.*

Flash. Give you up, madam! no, madam, when I am determined in my resolutions I am always calm; 'tis our way, madam; and now I shall proceed to business—sir, I beg to say a word to you in private.

Frib. Keep your distance, fellow, and I'll answer you—that lady has confessed a passion for me, and as she has delivered up her heart into my keeping, nothing but thy *art's* blood shall purchase it. Damnation!

Tag. Bravo! bravo!

Flash. If those are the conditions, I'll give you earnest for it directly. [*Draws.*] Now, villain, renounce all right and title this minute, or the torrent of my rage will overflow my reason, and I shall annihilate the nothingness of your soul and body in an instant.

Frib. I wish there was a constable at hand to take us both up; we shall certainly do one another a prejudice.

Tag. No, you won't indeed, sir; pray bear up to him; if you would but draw your sword, and be in a passion, he would run away directly.

Frib. Will he? [*Draws his Sword.*] then I can no longer contain myself—hell and the furies! come on, thou savage brute.

Tag. Go on, sir.

[*Here they stand in fighting postures, while* Biddy *and* Tag *push 'em forward.*

Flash. Come on.

Biddy. Go on.

Frib. Come on, rascal.

Tag. Go on, sir.

Enter Captain Loveit *and* Puff.

Capt. What's the matter, my dear!

Biddy. If you won't fight, here's one that will

Oh, Rhodophil, these two sparks are your rivals, and have pestered me these two months with their addresses; they forced themselves into the house, and have been quarrelling about me, and disturbing the family; if they won't fight, pray kick 'em out of the house.

Capt. What's the matter, gentlemen?

[*They both keep their fencing posture.*

Flash. Don't part us, sir.

Frib. No, pray, sir, don't part us, we shall do you a mischief.

Capt. Puff, look to the other gentleman, and call a surgeon.

Biddy and Tag. Ha, ha, ha!

Puff. Bless me! how can you stand under your wounds, sir?

Frib. Am I hurt, sir?

Puff. Hurt, sir! why you have—let me see—pray stand in the light—one, two, three, through the heart; and let me see—hum—eight through the small guts! come, sir, make it up the round dozen, and then we'll part you.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Capt. Come here, Puff.

[*Whispers, and looks at* FLASH.

Puff. 'Tis the very same, sir.

Capt. [*To* FLASH.] Pray, sir, have I not had the pleasure of seeing you abroad?

Flash. I have served abroad.

Capt. Had not you the misfortune, sir, to be missing at the last engagement in Flanders?

Flash. I was found among the dead in the field of battle.

Puff. He was the first that fell, sir; the wind of a cannon ball had struck him flat upon his face; he had just strength enough to creep into a ditch, and there he was found after the battle in a most deplorable condition.

Capt. Pray, sir, what advancement did you get by the service of that day!

Flash. My wounds rendered me unfit for service, and I sold out.

Puff. Stole out, you mean.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Frib. He, he, he!

Capt. And now, sir, how have you dared to shew your face in open day, or wear even the outside of a profession you have so much scandalized by your behaviour? I honour the name of a soldier, and, as a party concerned, am bound not to see it disgraced. As you have forfeited your title to honour, deliver up your sword this instant.

Flash. Nay, good captain—

Capt. No words, sir. [*Takes his Sword.*] The next thing I command—leave this house, change the colour of your clothes and fierceness of your looks, appear from top to toe the wretch, the very wretch thou art: If e'er I meet thee in the military dress again, or if you put on looks that belie the native baseness of thy heart, be it where it will, this shall be the reward of thy impudence and disobedience. [*Kicks him, he runs off.*

Frib. What an infamous rascal it is! I thank you, sir, for this favour; but I must after and cane him.

[*Going, is stopt by the Captain.*

Capt. One word with you too, sir.

Frib. With me, sir!

Capt. You need not tremble? I won't use you roughly.

Frib. I am certain of that, sir; but I am sadly troubled with weak nerves.

Capt. Thou art of a species too despicable for correction; therefore be gone; and if I see you here again, your insignificancy shan't protect you.

Frib. I am obliged to you for your kindness; well, if ever I have any thing to do with intrigues again! [*Exit.*

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Puff. Shall I ease you of your trophy, sir?

Capt. Take it, Puff, as a small recompence for thy fidelity; thou can'st better use it than its owner.

Puff. I wish your honour had a patent to take such trifles from every pretty gentleman that could spare 'em; I would set up the largest cutler's shop in the kingdom.

Biddy. I'm afraid the town will be ill-natured enough to think I have been a little coquetish in my behaviour; but I hope, as I have been constant to the captain, I shall be excused diverting myself with pretenders.

Ladies, to fops and braggarts ne'er be kind,
No charms can warm 'em, and no virtues bind;
Each lover's merit by his conduct prove,
Who fails in honour, will be false in love.

[*Exeunt.*

THE

QUAKER;

A

COMIC OPERA,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY

CHARLES DIBDIN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

STEADY,	*Mr Incledon.*
EASY,	*Mr Davenport.*
LUBIN,	*Mr Taylor.*
SOLOMON,	*Mr Liston.*
JOHN,	*Mr Jefferies.*
THOMAS,	*Mr Truman.*
GILLIAN,	*Miss Bolton.*
CICELY,	*Miss Leserve.*
FLORETTA,	*Mrs Liston.*

Villagers.

THE QUAKER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An irregular Hill carried quite to the back of the Stage, so situated that* LUBIN, *who comes from it during the Symphony of the Duet, is sometimes seen and sometimes concealed by the Trees. A Cottage on one side, near the front.*

LUBIN *and* CICELY.

AIR *and* DUET.

Lub. 'Midst thrushes, blackbirds, nightingales,
Whose songs are echo'd from the vales,
Trudging along through thick and thin,
Thank Fate, at last I've reach'd the door.
How pleased they'll be to let me in!
I've walk'd amain,
And yet ne er leaving her before,
Hast ning to see my love again,
I thought each furlong half-a-score.—
They're long, methinks—
Cice. [*at the window.*] ——Who's there, I trow?
Lub. Look out, good mother, don t you know?
'Tis Lubin. How does Gillian do?
And Hodge, and Margery, and Sue?

Cice. Not a whit better, sir, for you.
Lub. Why, what's the matter? why d'ye frown?
Cice. You shall know all when I come down.
Lub. What is the meaning of all this?
Oh, here she comes.—

Enter CICELY.

Cice. ———Well, what's amiss?
Who are you, making all this stir?
If to come in you mean,
You may as well be jogging, sir,
While yet your boots are green.
Lub. I'm perfectly like one astound,
I know not, I declare,
Whether I'm walking on the ground,
Or flying in the air.
This treatment is enough to quite
Bereave one of one's wits.
Cice. Good lack-a-day! and do you bite,
Pray, ever, in these fits?
Lub. But you are jesting—
Cice. ——Think so still.
Lub. Where's Gillian?—
Cice. ——She's not here:
She's gone abroad, sir, she is ill,
She's dead, you cannot see her;
She knows you not, did never see
Your face in all her life;
In short, to-morrow she's to be
Another person's wife.

I tell you we know nothing at all about you.

Lub. You don't! why then may happen my name 'en't Lubin Blackthorn, and 'tis likely I did not set out six months ago to see my father down in the west, and ask his consent to my marriage with your daughter Gillian; and I warrant you I did not stay till my father died, to take possession of his farm and every thing that belonged to him; nay, you'll want to make me believe presently that I 'en't come now to settle affairs, and take her back into the country with me.

Cice. Don't make a fool of yourself, young man:

get back to your farm, and graze your oxen. You won't get a lamb out of our fold, I promise you.

Lub. Well, but in sober sadness, you 'en't serious, are you?

Cice. Serious! why don't I tell you, Gillian's to be married to another to-morrow?

Lub. Where is she? I'll hear it from her own mouth.

Cice. I believe about this time she is trying on her wedding suit.

Lub. And who is this she is going to be married to? I'll see him, and know what he has done to deserve her more than I have.

Cice. Done to deserve her!

Lub. Yes, done to deserve her. You forget, I suppose, when I've carried her milk-pail for her, or taken her share of work in the hay-field, how you used to say, that I was a true lover indeed: but I don't desire to have any thing to say to you——you'll repent first.

Cice. Poor young man!

Lub. Nay, but don't you think you have used me very ill now?

Cice. I thought you said you would not speak a word to me?

Lub. Nay, but dame Cicely—

Cice. Your servant. If you have a mind to be a brideman, we shall be glad to see you.

[*Exit into the House.*

SCENE II.

Lub. A very pretty spot of work this! and so I have come a hundred miles to make a fool of myself, and to be laughed at by the whole village.

AIR.

I.

I lock'd up all my treasure,
I journey'd many a mile,
And by my grief did measure
The passing time the while.

II.

My business done and over,
I hasten'd back amain,
Like an expecting lover,
To view it once again.

III.

But this delight was stifled,
As it began to dawn :
I found the casket rifled,
And all my treasure gone.

SCENE III.

Enter EASY.

Lub. Here comes her father. I don't suppose he had much hand in it; for so he had his afternoon's nap in quiet, he was always for letting things go as they would.—So, master Easy, you have consented, I find, to marry your daughter to another, after promising me over and over, that nobody should have her but me.

Easy. My wife desired me.

Lub. Your mind is strangely altered, farmer Easy. But do me one piece of justice, however—tell me, who is it you intend for your son-in-law?

Easy. 'Tis a rich one, I assure you.

Lub. And so you have broke your word, and all

for the lucre of gain. And, pray now, don't you expect to be hooted out of the village?

Easy. I can't say I do.

Lub. Then they're a vile pack of wretches, and I'll get away from them as soon as I can. Go on, go on—let me know all.

Easy. You are in a passion, child, so I don't regard what you say: but I think I should have been out of my wits to have refused Mr Steady, the rich Quaker.

Lub. What, is it he then?

Easy. It is.

Lub. What, he that you are steward to; he that does so much good all about; and he that gives a portion every May-day to a damsel, as a reward for her sweetheart's ingenuity?

Easy. The same. You have seen the nature of it—that villager who can boast of having done the most ingenious thing, claims a right to demand a farm, containing sixty acres, rent free for seven years, and a hundred pounds to stock it, together with whatever maiden he chooses, provided he gains her consent: and it is a good custom; for the young men who formerly used to vie with one another in the feats of strength, now, as I may say, vie with one another in feats of understanding.

Lub. And so he is to marry your daughter?

Easy. Things are as I tell you. And for that purpose he has taken Gillian into his own house, had her taught music, and to say the truth, she is a different thing to what she was when you saw her last.

Lub. She is, indeed! for when I saw her last, she told me, that all the riches in the world should never make her forget me.

Easy. But since she has changed her mind; and it so falls out, that to-morrow is May-day, you would do well to study some ingenious thing, and get this portion for a more deserving damsel.

Lub. No, farmer Easy; her using me ill is no reason why I should do any thing to make me angry with myself; I swore to love her for ever, and I'll keep my word, though I see she has broke hers.

Easy. Do what you please; I must be gone.

Lub. Nay, but tell me one thing—did Gillian herself consent to this?

Easy. You'll know all in good time. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

AIR.—*Lubin.*

Women are will-o'the-wisps 'tis plain,
The closer they seem, still the more they retire;
They teaze you, and jade you,
And round about lead you,
Without hopes of shelter,
Ding-dong, helter-skelter,
Through water and fire.

And when you believe every danger and pain
From your heart you may banish,
And you're near the possession of what you desire,
That instant they vanish,
And the devil a bit can you catch them again.
By some they're not badly compared to the sea,
Which is calm and tempestuous within the same hour;
Some say they are Syrens, but take it from me,
They're a sweet race of angels, o'er man that have power;
His person, his heart, nay his reason to seize,
And lead the poor creature wherever they please.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the Quaker's House, with Glass Doors in the Back.*

Enter FLORETTA *and* GILLIAN.

Flo. Pooh, pooh, you must forget Lubin.

Gil. How can you talk so, Floretta? I won't though, and none of them shall make me; they all

frightened me, by saying it was a bad thing not to obey my parents, and so I consented to marry this Quaker-man; but there's a wide difference between marrying him and forgetting Lubin.

AIR.

I.

A kernel from an apple core,
One day on either cheek I wore,
Lubin was placed on my right cheek,
That on my left did Hodge bespeak.
Hodge in an instant dropp'd to ground,
Sure token that his love's unsound;
But Lubin nothing could remove,
Sure token his is constant love.

II.

Last May I sought to find a snail,
That might my lover's name reveal;
Which finding, home I quickly sped,
And on the hearth the embers spread;
When, if my letters I can tell,
I saw it mark'a curious L.
Oh, may this omen lucky prove!
For L's for Lubin and for Love.

SCENE VI.

Enter STEADY.

Steady. Verily thou rejoicest me to find thee singing, and in such spirits.

Gil. I was singing to be sure; bnt I cannot say much about being in spirits.

Steady. No? why do not thy approaching nuptials lift up, and as it were exhilarate thee?

Flo. Lord, sir! there's no persuading her, nothing will get this Lubin out of her head.

Steady. And why, young maiden, wilt thou not listen unto me? have I not, for thy pleasure, given

into all the vanities in which youth delights? I tell thee, that although my complexion be saturnine, my manners are not austere; why therefore likest thou not me?

Gil. I should like you very well if you were my father, but I don't like you at all for a husband.

Steady. And wherefore I pray thee?

Gil Oh, there are reasons enough.

Steady. Which be they?

Gil. Why, in the first place, I should want you to change your clothes, and to have you as spruce as I am.

Steady. Rather do thou change those thou wearest, unto the likeness of mine. The dove regardeth not the gay plumage of the gaudy mackaw, and the painted rainbow delighteth our sight, but it vanishes away, yea, even as a vapour. What more?

Gil. Why, in the next place, I should want to change your age, and have you as young as I am.

Steady. She speaketh her mind, and I esteem her. Therefore why then, since it is necessary unto my peace, that thou should'st become bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, and thou can'st not fashion thy disposition unto the likeness of mine, I will make it my study to double thy pleasure, until that which is now gratitude, shall at last become love.

Gil. Ah! you'll never see that day, so you had better take no trouble about it.

Steady. Thou art mistaken; and when thou beholdest the gambols to-morrow on the green—

Gil. I shall long most monstrously to make one amongst them.

Steady. And so thou shalt. Goodness forbid that I should with-hold from thee those pleasures that are innocent.

AIR.

I.

While the lads of the village shall merrily, ah!
Sound the tabors, I'll hand thee along,
And I say unto thee, that verily, ah!
Thou and I will be first in the throng.
While the lads, &c.

II.

Just then when the swain who last year won the dower,
With his mates shall the sports have begun,
When the gay voice of gladness resounds from each bower,
And thou long'st in thy heart to make one.
Whilst the lads, &c.

III.

Those joys which are harmless, what mortal can blame?
'Tis my maxim, that youth should be free.
And to prove that my words and my deeds are the same,
Believe me, thou'lt presently see.
While the lads, &c.

[*Exit* STEADY.

SCENE VII.

Gil. What an unfortunate girl am I, Floretta!

Flo. What makes you think so?

Gil. Why, what would make you think so too, if you was in my place.

Flo. Well then, I own I do think so; and if you'll promise not to betray me, I'll stand your friend in this affair.

Gil. Will you? oh la! and what must be done, Floretta?

Flo. Why—but see, yonder's a lover of mine; I'll make him of use to us.

Gil. Lord! what's Solomon your lover? I hate him, with his proverbs and his formality. What the deuce do you intend to do with him?

Flo. What women generally do with their lovers, my dear,—make a fool of him.—Mr Solomon!

SCENE VIII.

Enter SOLOMON.

Sol. I listened, when lo! thou calledst me: and as the voice of the shepherd is delightful unto the sheep in his fold, so even is thy voice delightful unto me.

Flo. There's a lover for you! why the spirit moves you, Mr Solomon, to say abundance of fine things.

Sol. According unto the proverb, love maketh a wit of the fool.

Flo. Yes, and a fool of the wit. But do you love me?

Sol. When thou seest one of our speakers dancing a jig at a country wake; when thou beholdest the brethren take off their beavers, and bow their bodies, or hearest them swear, then believe I love thee not.

Flo. A very pompous speech, upon my word.

Sol. An ill phrase may come from a good heart; but all men cannot do all things; one getteth an estate by what another getteth an halter; a foolish man—

Flo. Talks just as you do now. But will you do a little favour I have to beg of you?

Sol. Slaves obey the will of them who command them.

Flo. There is a young man who has been used ill—

Sol. 'Tis very like; kind words are easier met with than good actions; charity seldom goeth out of the house, while ill-nature is always rambling abroad.

Flo. His name is Lubin, and I want you to enquire him out, and appoint him to meet me to-morrow morning very early, in the row of elms at the bottom of the garden.

Sol. But shall I not in this offend my master?

Gil. Never mind him; suppose if he should find us out, and scold us a little—

Sol. True; high words break no bones. But wilt thou give me a smile if I do this for thee?

Gil. Ay, that she shall, Mr Solomon, and I'll give you another.

Sol. But wilt thou appoint the spousal day?

Flo. You are so hasty, Mr Solomon—

Sol. And with reason; a man may catch cold while his coat is making. Shall it be to-morrow?

Flo. Must I promise?

Sol. Yea, and perform too; 'tis not plumbs only that maketh the pudding.

Flo. Well, well, we'll talk about it another time.

Sol. No time like the time present.

Flo. Nay, now but go, Solomon.

Sol. An egg to-day is better than a chicken to-morrow.

Flo. Pray now go.

Sol. Yea, I will. A bird in the hand is better than two in the bush. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Gil. I wonder what they plague us poor girls so for? Fathers and mothers in this case are comical folks; they are for ever telling one what they'll do to please one; and yet, when they take it into their heads, they make nothing of desiring us to be miserable as long as one lives. I wish I could be dutiful and happy too. May be Floretta will bring matters about for me to marry Lubin with their consent; if she does, Lord, how I shall love her!

AIR.

The captive linnet newly taken,
Vainly strives and vents its rage;

With struggling pants, by hopes forsaken,
And flutters in its golden cage;
But once releas'd, to freedom soaring,
Quickly on some neighbouring tree,
It sings, as if its thanks 'twere pouring,
To bless the hand that set it free.

[*Exit.*

SCENE X.—*A Wall at the Back of the Quaker's Garden.* LUBIN; *afterwards* STEADY *and* EASY; *then* SOLOMON; *and last* GILLIAN *and* FLORETTA, *who look over the Garden Wall.*

Lub. 'Tis all true, 'tis all true; there's not a soul in the whole village that has not had something to say to me about it. Some pity me, others laugh at me, and all blame me for making myself uneasy. I know, if I did as I ought to do, I should get me back, and think no more concerning of them: but instead of that, here am I come creeping to the garden-gate, to see if I can get a sight of her. Who comes yonder?—Oh, 'tis her father and the old Quaker. I'll listen and hear what they are talking about.

Enter STEADY *and* EASY.

Steady. Friend Easy, hie thee home to thy wife, tell her to hold herself ready for to-morrow, and say unto her, that when the youth who gains the customary dower, shall receive from me the hand of his bride, I will from thee receive the hand of thy daughter.

Lub. Why, I must be turned fool to hear all this, and not say a word.

Steady. Get thee gone, friend. [*Exit* EASY.

Enter SOLOMON.

Steady. Where art thou going?

Sol. The truth is not to be spoken at all times.

Into the village about a little business for Mrs Floretta.

Steady. Verily, I do suspect thee to be in a plot against me. I will not have thee therefore do this business: stay here by me.

FLORETTA *and* GILLIAN *look over the Garden Wall.*

Flo. I wonder whether Solomon is gone.

Gil. Oh, dear Floretta, as sure as you're alive, yonder's Lubin!

Flo. So there is. And see, on the other side, the old fellow talking to Solomon.

QUINTETTO.

Steady. Regard the instructions, I say,
Which I am now giving thee—
Sol. ——Yea.
Steady. Speed betimes to friend Easy, and bid him take care,
The minstrels, the feastings, and sports to prepare.
He must keep away Lubin too.—
Lub. ——Can I bear this?
Gil. Won't you call out to Solomon presently?—
Flo. ——Yes.
Steady. And do thou attend with thy dobbins of beer,
And see that our neighbours and friends have good cheer:
Make the whole village welcome, and—
Flo. ——Solomon!
Steady. ——Stay,
Flo. You blockhead come here.—
Steady. ——Dost thou notice me?
Sol. ——Yea.

[*Here, as often as* SOLOMON *tries to speak to* FLORETTA *and* GILLIAN, *he is prevented by* STEADY.]

Steady. Stand still then.——
Flo. ——Friend Solomon.—
Lub. ——Is it not she?

Flo. Mind the oaf—
Gil. ——Ha, ha, ha!—
Lub. ——They are laughing at me.
Steady. See that garlands are ready—
Gil. & Flo. ——Ha, ha, ha!
Lub. ——Again,
Oh Gillian! thou falsest of women, since when
Have I merited this?—
Steady. ——So that when on the lawn—
Lub. But I'll speak to her:—
Gil. ——Look, look, he sees us!—
Steady. ——Begone.
But hark thee—
Lub. ——Oh, Gillian! how wicked thou art!
Thou hast fool'd me, betray'd me, and broke my poor heart;
But henceforth with safety in infamy reign,
For I never, no never, will see you again.
[*Exit* LUBIN.
Gil. He's gone! Now, lord, lord! I'm so mad, I could cry!
Flo. Here, Solomon!—
Steady. ——Go where I told thee—
Sol. ——I fly!
Steady. Well, do then, and tarry no where by the way.
Flo. Quickly run after Lubin.—
Gil. ——Do, Solomon.—
Sol. ——Yea.
Steady. What, Gillian, art there?
Gil. ——Yes, I am!—
Steady. ——Why dost sigh
When the hour of thy happiness waxeth so nigh?
Gil. Why, you know well enough.—
Steady. ——Come, come, do not sorrow.
Gil. Go along: Get away!—
Steady. ——By yea, and by nay,
Thy mind shall be easy, believe me, to-morrow.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Garden.*

Enter LUBIN.

Lub. What a plague have they brought me here for! I am in a rare humour—they'd better not provoke me—they would not have set eyes on me again, if it had not been that I want to see how she can look me in the face after all this.

Enter FLORETTA.

Flo. There he is.

Lub. She shall find that I am not to be persuaded into any thing.

Flo. We shall try.

Lub. And if her father and all of them were at this minute begging and praying me to marry her, they should see—

Flo. That you would consent to it with all your heart.

Lub. I'll just abuse her heartily; tell the Quaker what an old fool he is; call her father and mother all to pieces for persuading her to marry him; then get me down to my farm, and be as careful to keep myself out of love, as I would to keep my wheat free from tares, a fox from my poultry, or the murrain from my cattle.

Flo. If I should make you alter your tone now?

Lub. I remember the time, when 'twas who should love most: but what a fool am I to think of that now

—no, no, she shall find I can forget her, as easily as she can forget me.

Flo. That I firmly believe.

DUET.

Flo. [*Taps his shoulder.*] How! Lubin sad! this is not common?
What do ye sigh for?
Lub. ——A woman.
Flo. How fair is she who on your brow prints care?
Lub. ——Just such a toy as thou.
Flo. What has she done?
Lub. ——For ever lost my love.
Flo. That's sad, indeed! And can no prayers move?
Lub. None: 'tis too late, that folly is o'er;
My love's turn'd to hate, and I'll see her no more.
The time has been, when all our boast
Was who should love the other most.
How did I count without my host!
I thought her mine for ever.
But now I know her all deceit:
Will tell her so whene'er we meet,
And, was she sighing at my feet—
Flo. You would forgive her.—
Lub. ———Never.
Flo. Then I may e'en go back I find;
To serve you, sir, I was inclined;
But to your own advantage blind,
'Twould be a vain endeavour.
'Tis certain she does all she can,
And we had form'd a charming plan
To take her from the Quaker-man.
Lub. Nay, pr'ythee tell it—
Flo. ———Never.

SCENE II.

Enter GILLIAN.

Flo. Here she is; now let her speak for herself.
Gil. Oh, Lubin! why would you not hear me

speak to you yesterday? I did not sleep a wink all night for thinking on't.

Lub. Why, had I not reason, Gillian, to be angry, when every one I met told me what a fool you had made of me?

Gil. Why, what could I do? Floretta here knows that I have done nothing but abuse old Steady from morning till night about it.

Flo. Come, come, don't let us dispute about what's past, but make use of the present opportunity; we have not a moment to lose. Get you to my master, make up a plausible story how ill you have been used by an old fellow, who has run away with your sweetheart; and tell him, that you come to complain to him, as you know 'tis a custom for every body to do when they are used ill.

Gil. What a rare girl you are, Floretta! But are you sure he won't know him?

Flo. No; I heard your father say, he never saw him in all his life.

Lub. That's lucky; leave me alone for a plausible story. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter SOLOMON.

Flo. Here comes my formal messenger. Well, Solomon, where's your master?

Sol. In the great hall waiting your approach.

Gil. I am very much obliged to you, Mr Solomon.

Sol. Words cost us nothing. If I have done thee service, thank me by deeds.

Gil. Oh, what, you want me to coax Floretta to marry you?

Sol. I do.

Flo. Solomon has it very much in his power to make me love him.

Sol. How, I pray thee?

Flo. Why, I have said a hundred times, that I never would marry a man who has always a proverb in his mouth.

Gil. So you have, Floretta; I have heard you.

Sol. And thou wouldst have me leave off mine—a word to the wise—thou shalt hear them no more.

Flo. Why, that sounded something like one.

Sol. It must be done by degrees. Word by word great books are written.

Flo. Again!

Sol. I pray thee to pardon me; I shall soon conquer them: but Rome was not built in a day.

Flo. Oh! this is making game of one.

Sol. I protest I meant no ill. I shall forget them, I say; 'tis a long lane that hath no turning.

Gil. Poor Solomon, he can't help it.

Flo. Have you any desire to marry me?

Sol. Ask the vintner if the wine be good.

Flo. Because I will have my way in this; and I think it very hard you won't strive to oblige me.

Sol. I protest, I strive all I can; but custom is second nature; and what is bred in the bone—verily I had like to have displeased thee again.

Flo. Oh! what, you found yourself out, did you? then there's some hopes of amendment.

Sol. It shall be amended. A thing resolved upon is half done; and 'tis an old saying—but what have I to do with old sayings?

Flo. Very true.

Sol. But I must attend on the green.

Flo. Well, go! and by the time I see you next, take care that you get rid of all your musty old sayings. I wonder how so sensible a man as you, could give into such nonsense.

Sol. Evil communication corrupts good manners; and a dog—pies on the dog! well, thou shalt be obeyed, believe me—pies on the dog! [*Exit.*

Gil. For goodness sake, what excuse do you intend to make to him, when he has left off his proverbs?

Flo. Why, desire him to leave off something else; and at the rate of one in a month, he won't have parted with all his particularities in seven years.

Gil. Well, how we do use men in love with us, when we take it into our heads!

Flo. And yet they are fools to be used so by us. But I am sure you will never use Lubin ill—he will make you the happiest girl in the world. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Hall.*

Enter STEADY *and* LUBIN.

Lub. Your servant, sir.

Steady. Thine, friend.

Lub. I hope, sir, you'll excuse my rudeness?

Steady. I don't perceive thee guilty of any.

Lub. May be not; but I made bold to ask, if I might not trouble your worship about a little affair, concerning my being sadly ill used.

Steady. Speak freely.

Lub. Why, there's a covetous old hunks, and like your worship, that, because he is rich, would fain take away a young woman that I was to be married to, without her consent or mine.

Steady. Has the old hunks, thou speakest of, the consent of her friends?

Lub. They have no consent to give, and please you.

Steady. And why, I pray thee?

Lub. Because, as I take it, if any body gives a

thing, 'tis not their's any longer; and they gave me their consent long ago.

Steady. Thou speakest the truth: but what would'st thou have me to do in this business?

Lub. Why, please you, sir, I have often heard it said of your worship, that there were three things you'd never suffer in our village, if you could help it —the maidens to go without sweethearts—the industrious without reward—and the injured without redress—and to be sure it made me think, that if you were once acquainted with the rights of this affair, you would not suffer it to go on; for, says I, set in case it was his worship's own concern, how would he like to have the young woman taken away from him, that he is going to marry?

Steady. There thou saidst it.

Lub. Why yes, I thought that was bringing the case home.

Steady. Well, attend on the lawn; make thy claim known, and if the parties concerned are present, deliver to them what I now write thee for that purpose.

[*Goes to the Table.*

Lub. This is better and better still—how they'll all be laughed at—he little thinks he is signing his consent to part with Gillian.

Steady. Do thou direct it; thou knowest to whom it is to be given.

Lub. Yes, I am sure the person will be upon the lawn.

Steady. And fear not to tell him thy mind.

Lub. I shan't be sparing of that, I warrant you.

Steady. Urge thy ill usage.

Lub. Never fear me.

Steady. And tell him, that by endeavouring to prevent thy happiness, he hath done thee an injury he can never repair. For that riches are given us to comfort and not distress those beneath us.

AIR.

Lubin.

I.

With respect, sir, to you be it spoken,
So well do I like your advice,
He shall have it, and by the same token,
I don't much intend to be nice.

II.

There's something so comical in it,
I ne'er was so tickled by half,
And was I to die the next minute,
I verily think I should laugh.

III.

Affairs happen better and better,
Your worship, but mind the old put,
When first he looks over the letter,
I say, what a figure he'll cut.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter GILLIAN *and* FLORETTA.

Flo. Yonder he goes—I wonder how he succeeded?

Steady. Come, Gillian, I was anxious to see thee—the time draweth near, and the sports will shortly begin on the lawn.

Gil I long to be there as much as you do.

Steady. I doubt it not—and when thou seest thyself the queen of such a set of happy mortals, I know thou wilt consent that this shall be thy bridal day.

Flo. Yes, sir, if you'll consent to her having Lubin.

Gil. And I can tell you he's to be there.

Steady. Lubin, I'm sure, will not oppose what I decree.

Gil. I'm sure he won't part with me quietly.

Steady. Thou shalt see that he will not dare to murmur at my will and pleasure. But come, we are expected. Verily I find myself exalted even to transport, in that I am going this day to make thee a bride.

AIR.

I.

In verity, damsel, thou surely wilt find,
That my manners are simple and plain;
That my words and my actions, my lips and my mind,
By my own good-will never are twain.
I love thee—umph!
Would move thee—umph!
Of love to be a partaker.
Relent then—umph!
Consent then—umph!
And take thy upright Quaker.

II.

Though vain I am not, nor of foppery possess'd,
Would'st thou yield to be wedded to me,
Thou should'st find, gentle damsel, a heart in my breast,
As joyful as joyful can be.
I love thee, &c

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Gil. Why I don't see but that I am as bad off as ever, Floretta.

Flo. I don't know what to make of it myself; but, however, if the worst comes to the worst, you must downright give them the slip, and run away.

Gil. I'cod, and so I will! Lubin has got enough for us both.

SCENE VII.

Enter LUBIN.

Lub. Gillian, I had just watched the old Quaker out, and slipped back to tell you that every thing goes well. I have got his consent under his hand to marry the young woman.

Gil. And does he know 'tis me?

Lub. Not a bit; but you know he never forfeits his word, so that we have him safe enough. But don't let us be seen together. I am going to the lawn —we shall have fine sport, I warrant you. [*Exit.*

AIR.

Gillian.

I.

Again I feel my bosom bound,
My heart sits lightly on its seat;
My griefs are all in rapture drown'd,
In every pulse new pleasures beat.

II.

Upon my troubled mind at last,
Kind fate has pour'd a friendly balm;
So after dreadful perils past,
At length succeeds a smiling calm.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

A Lawn, with a May-pole. STEADY, EASY, LUBIN, SOLOMON, GILLIAN, FLORETTA, CICELY, *Country Lads and Lasses.*

Steady. Friends and neighbours, it hath been my

study since I first came among you, to do whatever might procure me your love and esteem. I have instituted a custom, the salutary effects of which I view with great gladness; and each is well entitled to the reward he has received. I will now propose to you a question, to see which of you can make the most ready reply. What of all things in the world is the longest and the shortest, the swiftest and the slowest, the most precious, the most neglected, and without which nothing can be done?

First C. The earth.

Steady. No.

Second C. Ah, I knew you would not guess it. Light, and please your worship.

Steady. Thou art as much mistaken as he, friend.

Lub. 'Tis my belief 'tis time. Nothing can be longer, because 'twill last for ever—nothing can be shorter, because 'tis gone in a moment—nothing can go slower than it does, when one's away from her one loves, and nothing swifter when one's with her. 'Tis an old saying, that 'tis as precious as gold; and yet we are always throwing it away. And your worship, as a proof that nothing can be done without it, if the old gentleman we were talking about to-day, had not had the opportunity of my absence, he could not have run away with a certain young damsel.

Steady. Thou hast solved my question aright, and art indeed an ingenious youth. If thou goest on as thou hast begun, I foresee that thou wilt win the dower. Give me now your several claims, sealed up as usual, and go on with the sports while I peruse them. [*A Dance here.*

Steady. Hast thou nothing to give, young man? [*To* LUBIN.

Lub. Why yes, please your worship, I have.

Steady. This is addressed unto me! let me view the contents—how! my own hand! thou expectest,

I find, to receive this damsel for thy wife; and thy plot, which thou didst so artfully carry on, was contrived to make my neighbours laugh at me.

Lub. No, with respect to your worship, 'twas to keep them from laughing at you.

Steady. How is this?

Lub. Why, you know, you advised me to tell the old gentleman a piece of my mind.

Steady. Thou shalt see the revenge I will take upon thee for this. I will comply with the contents of this paper to the utmost. Here, read this aloud. [*To a Countryman.*

Coun. "If the youth Lubin"—

Steady. Thou seest I knew thee then.

Lub. I am afraid I have been too cunning for myself.

Steady. You see, neighbours, how I am treated; and I request of you to be witness how much it behoveth us to resent such injuries. Go on.

Coun. "If the youth Lubin will faithfully love and cherish the maiden, called Gillian, and make her a good help-mate, I do freely give my consent to her becoming his wife, and request her friends to do the same."

Lub. How is this!

Steady. This is my revenge. By this ingenuity thou hast won the dower; and by thy truth and integrity, my friendship.

Lub. Was ever the like!

Gil. I never could abide you before, but now I shall love you as long as I live.

Steady. Verily, my heart warmeth unto you both; your innocency and love are equally respectable. And would the voluptuous man taste a more exquisite sensation than the gratifying his passions, let him prevail upon himself to do a benevolent action.

CATCH.

Let nimble dances beat the ground,
  Let tabor, flagelet, and fife,
Be heard from every bower;
  Let the can go round:
What's the health?—long life
  To the donor of the dower.

[*Exeunt.*

THE

GUARDIAN,

A

FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

BY

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr Heartly, the Guardian,	*Mr Murray.*
Sir Charles Clackit,	*Mr Munden.*
Mr Clackit, his Nephew,	*Mr Brunton.*
Servant,	*Mr Sargent.*
Miss Harriet. an Heiress,	*Miss Taylor.*
Lucy, the Maid,	*Mrs Mattocks.*

THE GUARDIAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in Mr* HEARTLY'S *House.*

Enter Sir CHARLES CLACKIT, *his Nephew, and* SERVANT.

Serv. Please to walk this way, sir.

Sir C. Where is your master, friend?

Serv. In his dressing-room, sir.

Y. Clac. Let him know then——

Sir C. Prithee be quiet, Jack; when I am in company let me direct. 'Tis proper and decent.

Y. Clac. I am dumb, sir.

Sir C. Tell Mr Heartly, his friend and neighbour, Sir Charles Clackit, would say three words to him.

Serv. I shall, sir. [*Exit.*

Sir C. Now nephew, consider once again, before I open the matter to my neighbour Heartly, what I am going to undertake for you. Why don't you speak?

Y. Clac. Is it proper and decent, uncle?

Sir C. Pshaw! don't be a fool, but answer me; don't you flatter yourself. What assurance have you that this young lady, my friend's ward, has a liking to you? the young fellows of this age are all coxcombs, and I am afraid you are no exception to the general rule.

Y. Clac. Thank you, uncle; but may I this instant be struck old and peevish, if I would put you upon a false scent to expose you, for all the fine women in christendom. I assure you again and again, and you may take my word, uncle, that Miss Harriet has no kind of aversion to your nephew and most humble servant.

Sir C. Ay, ay,—vanity!—vanity!—but I never take a young fellow's word about women; they'll lie as fast, and with as little conscience, as the Brussels Gazette. Produce your proofs.

Y. Cla. Can't your eyes see 'em, uncle, without urging me to the indelicacy of repeating 'em.

Sir C. Why I see nothing but a fool's head and a fool's coat, supported by a pair of most unpromising legs. Have you no better proofs?

Y. Clac. Yes, I have, my good infidel uncle, half a hundred.

Sir C. Out with them then.

Y. Clac. First then—whenever I see her, she never looks at me.—That's a sign of love.—Whenever I speak to her, she never answers me.—Another sign of love.—And whenever I speak to any body else, she seems to be perfectly easy.—That's a certain sign of love.

Sir C. The devil it is!

Y. Clac. When I am with her, she's always grave; and the moment I get up to leave her, then the poor thing begins—" why will you leave me, Mr Clackit; can't you sacrifice a few moments to my bashfulness? stay, you agreeable runaway, stay, I shall soon over-

come the fears your presence gives me."—I could say more,—but a man of honour, uncle—

Sir C. What, and has she said all these things to you?

Y. Clac. O yes, and ten times more—with her eyes.

Sir C. With her eyes!—eyes are very equivocal, Jack. However, if the young lady has any liking to you, Mr Heartly is too much a man of the world, and too much my friend, to oppose the match; so do you walk into the garden, and I will open the matter to him.

Y. Clac. Is there any objection to my staying, uncle? the business will be soon ended. You will propose the match, he will give his consent, I shall give mine, miss is sent for, and *l'affair est fait.*

[*Snapping his finger.*

Sir C. And so you think that a young beautiful heiress, with forty thousand pounds, is to be had with a scrap of French, and a snap of your finger.—Prithee get away, and don't provoke me.

Y. Clac. Nay, but, my dear uncle—

Sir C. Nay, but my impertinent nephew, either retire, or I'll throw up the game. [*Putting him out.*

Y. Clac. Well, well, I am gone, uncle. When you come to the point, I shall be ready to make my appearance.—*Bon voyage!* [*Exit.*

Sir C. The devil's in these young fellows, I think—we send 'em abroad to cure their sheepishness, and they get above proof the other way.

Enter Mr HEARTLY.

Good morrow to you, neighbour.

Heart. And to you, Sir Charles; I am glad to see you so strong and healthy.

Sir C. I can return you the compliment, my friend; without flattery, you don't look more than thirty-

five; and, between ourselves, you are on the wrong side of forty—but mum for that.

Heart. Ease and tranquillity keep me as you see.

Sir C. Why don't you marry, neighbour? a good wife would do well for you.

Heart. For me? you are pleased to be merry, Sir Charles.

Sir C. No faith, I am serious, and had I a daughter to recommend to you, you should say me nay more than once, I assure you, neighbour Heartly, before I would quit you.

Heart. I am much obliged to you.

Sir C. But indeed, you are a little too much of the philosopher, to think of being troubled with women and their concerns.

Heart. I beg your pardon, Sir Charles; though there are many who call themselves philosophers, that live single, and perhaps are in the right of it, yet I cannot think that marriage is at all inconsistent with true philosophy. It is not because I have a little philosophy, but because I am on the wrong side of forty, Sir Charles, that I desire to be excused.

[*Smiling.*

Sir C. As you please, sir; and now to my business—you have no objection, I suppose, to tie up your ward, Miss Harriet, though you have slipped the collar yourself—ha! ha! ha!

Heart. Quite the contrary, sir; I have taken her some time from the boarding-school, and brought her home, in order to dispose of her worthily, with her own inclination.

Sir C. Her father, I have heard you say, recommended that particular care to you, when she had reached a certain age.

Heart. He did so; and I am the more desirous to obey him scrupulously in this circumstance, as she will be a most valuable acquisition to the person who shall gain her. She is gentle, modest, and obliging.

In a word, my friend, I never saw youth more amiable or discreet; but perhaps I am a little partial to her.

Sir C. No, no, she is a delicious creature, every body says so. But I believe, neighbour, something has happened that you little think of.

Heart. What, pray, Sir Charles?

Sir C. My nephew, Mr Heartly—

Enter Young CLACKIT.

Y. Clac. Here I am, at your service, sir: my uncle is a little unhappy in his manner; but I'll clear the matter in a moment—Miss Harriet, sir, your ward,—

Sir C. Get away, you puppy!

Y. Clac. Miss Harriet, sir, your ward,—a most accomplished young lady, to be sure—

Sir C. Thou art a most accomplished coxcomb, to be sure.

Heart. Pray, Sir Charles, let the young gentleman speak.

Y. Clac. You'll excuse me, Mr Heartly—my uncle does not set up for an orator,—a little confused, or so, sir,—you see me what I am,—but I ought to ask pardon for the young lady and myself. We are young, sir,—I must confess we were wrong to conceal it from you,—but my uncle I see is pleased to be angry, and therefore I shall say no more at present.

Sir C. If you don't leave the room this moment, and stay in the garden till I call you——

Y. Clac. I am sorry I have displeased you—I did not think it was *mal-a-propos;* but you must have your way, uncle—You command—I submit—Mr Heartly, your's. [*Exit Young* CLACKIT.

Sir C. Puppy! [*aside.*]—My nephew's a little unthinking, Mr Heartly, as you see, and therefore I have been a little cautious how I have proceeded in this affair: but indeed, he has persuaded me in a manner, that your ward and he are not ill together.

Heart. Indeed! this is the first notice I have had of it, and I cannot conceive why Miss Harriet should conceal it from me; for I have often assured her, that I would never oppose her inclination, though I might endeavour to direct it.

Sir C. 'Tis human nature, neighbour,—we are so ashamed of our first passion, that we would willingly hide it from ourselves; but will you mention my nephew to her?

Heart. I must beg your pardon, Sir Charles,—The name of the gentleman whom she chooses, must first come from herself; my advice or importunity shall never influence her: if guardians would be less rigorous, young people would be more reasonable; and I am so unfashionable to think, that happiness in marriage can't be bought too dear. I am still on the wrong side of forty, Sir Charles.

Sir C. No, no,—you are right, neighbour.—But here she is,—don't alarm her young heart too much, I beg of you,—upon my word, she is a sweet morsel.

Enter Miss HARRIET *and* LUCY.

Miss H. He is with company—I'll speak to him another time. [*Retiring.*

Lucy. Young, handsome, and afraid of being seen! You are very particular, miss.

Heart. Miss Harriet, you must not go.—[HARRIET *returns.*] Sir Charles, give me leave to introduce you to this young lady.—[*Introduces her.*] You know, I suppose, the reason of this gentleman's visit to me? [*To* HARRIET.

Miss H. Sir! [*Confused.*

Heart. You may trust me, my dear, [*Smiling.*]—Don't be disturb'd, I shall not reproach you with any thing, but keeping your wishes a secret from me so long.

Miss H. Upon my word, sir,—Lucy!

Lucy. Well, and Lucy! I'll lay my life 'tis a treaty

of marriage. Is that such a dreadful thing? oh, for shame, madam! young ladies of fashion are not frightened at such things now-a-days.

Heart. to *Sir C.* We have gone too far, Sir Charles, we must excuse her delicacy, and give her time to recover,—I had better talk with her alone; we will leave her now;—be persuaded, that no endeavours shall be wanting on my part, to bring this affair to a happy and a speedy conclusion.

Sir C. I shall be obliged to you, Mr Heartly.—Young lady, your servant. What grace and modesty! she is a most engaging creature, and I shall be proud to make her one of my family.

Heart. You do us honour, Sir Charles.

[*Exeunt Sir* CHARLES *and* HEARTLY.

Lucy. Indeed, Miss Harriet, you are very particular: you was tired of the boarding-school, and yet seem to have no inclination to be married. What can be the meaning of all this?—that smirking old gentleman is uncle to Mr Clackit; and, my life for it, he has made some proposals to your guardian.

Miss H. Prithee don't plague me about Mr Clackit.

Lucy. But why not, miss? though he is a little fantastical, loves to hear himself talk, and is somewhat self-sufficient; you must consider he is young, has been abroad, and keeps good company;—the trade will soon be at an end, if young ladies and gentlemen grow over nice and exceptious.

Miss H. But if I can find one without these faults, I may surely please myself.

Lucy. Without these faults! and is he young, miss?

Miss H. He is sensible, modest, polite, affable, and generous; and charms, from the natural impulses of his own heart, as much as others disgust by their senseless airs, and insolent affectation.

Lucy. Upon my word!—but why have you kept this secret so long?—your guardian is kind to you

beyond conception. What difficulties can you have to overcome?

Miss H. Why, the difficulty of declaring my sentiments.

Lucy. Leave that to me, miss. But your spark, with all his accomplishments, must have very little penetration not to have discovered his good fortune in your eyes.

Miss H. I take care that my eyes don't tell too much; and he has too much delicay to interpret looks to his advantage. Besides, he would certainly disapprove my passion; and if I should ever make the declaration, and meet with a denial, I should absolutely die with shame.

Lucy. I'll ensure your life for a silver thimble.—But what can possibly hinder your coming together?

Miss H. His excess of merit.

Lucy. His excess of a fiddlestick;—but come, I'll put you in the way;—you shall trust me with the secret;—I'll entrust it again to half a dozen friends, they shall entrust it to half a dozen more, by which means it will travel half the town over in a week's time; the gentleman will certainly hear of it, and then if he is not at your feet in the fetching of a sigh, I'll give up all my perquisites at your wedding.—What is his name, miss?

Miss H. I cannot tell you his name,—indeed I cannot; I am afraid of being thought too singular. But why should I be ashamed of my passion? is the impression which a virtuous character makes upon our hearts such a weakness, that it may not be excused?

Lucy. By my faith, miss, I can't understand you: you are afraid of being thought singular, and you really are so:—I would sooner renounce all the passions in the universe, than have one in my bosom beating and fluttering itself to pieces. Come, come, miss, open the window, and let the poor devil out.

Enter HEARTLY.

Heart. Leave us, Lucy.

Lucy. There's something going forward,—'tis very hard I can't be of the party. [*Exit.*

Heart. She certainly thinks, from the character of the young man, that I shall disapprove of her choice. [*Aside.*

Miss H. What can I possibly say to him? I am as much ashamed to make the declaration, as he would be to understand it.

Heart. Don't imagine, my dear, that I would know more of your thoughts than you desire I should; but the tender care which I have ever shewn, and the sincere friendship which I shall always have for you, give me a sort of right to inquire into every thing that concerns you. Some friends have spoken to me in particular,—but that is not all,—I have lately found you thoughtful, absent, and disturbed; be plain with me,—has not somebody been happy enough to please you?

Miss H. I cannot deny it, sir;—yes,—somebody, indeed, has pleased me;—but I must entreat you not to give credit to any idle stories, or inquire farther into the particulars of my inclination; for I cannot possibly have resolution enough to say more to you.

Heart. But have you made a choice, my dear?

Miss H. I have, in my own mind, sir; and 'tis impossible to make a better.

Heart. And how long have you conceived this passion?

Miss H. Ever since I left the country—to live with you. [*Sighs.*

Heart. I see your confusion, my dear, and will relieve you from it immediately,—I am informed of the whole—

Miss H. Sir!

Heart. Don't be uneasy, for I can with pleasure

assure you, that your passion is returned with equal tenderness.

Miss H. If you are not deceived—I cannot be more happy.

Heart. I think I am not deceived; but after the declaration you have made, and the assurances which I have given you, why will you conceal it any longer? have I not deserved a little more confidence from you?

Miss H. You have indeed deserved it, and should certainly have it, were I not well assured that you would oppose my inclinations.

Heart. I oppose 'em! I promise you that I have no will but your's.—Tell me his name, and the next moment I will go to him, and assure him, that my consent shall confirm both your happiness.

Miss H. You will easily find him,—and when you have, pray tell him how improper it is for a young woman to speak first,—persuade him to spare my blushes, and to release me from so terrible a situation.—I shall leave him with you,—and hope that this declaration will make it impossible for you to mistake me any longer.

[HARRIET *is going, but upon seeing* Y. CLACKIT, *remains upon the Stage.*

Heart. Are we not alone? what can this mean! [*Aside.*

Y. Clac. *A propos,* faith! here they are together.

Heart. I did not see him;—but now the riddle's explained. [*Aside.*

Miss H. What can he want now?—this is the most spiteful interruption! [*Aside.*

Y. Clac. By your leave, Mr Heartly—

[*Crosses him to go to* HARRIET.

—Have I caught you at last, my divine Harriet?—Well, Mr Heartly, *sans façon*——but what's the matter, ho!—things look a little gloomy here;—one

mutters to himself, and gives me no answer, and the other turns the head, and winks at me.

Miss H. I wink at you, sir! did I, sir?

Y. Clac. Yes, you, my angel;—but mum.—Mr Heartly, for heaven's sake, what is all this? speak, I conjure you, is it life or death with me?

Miss H. What a dreadful situation I am in!

Y. Clac. Hope for the best,—I'll bring matters about, I warrant you.

Heart. You have both of you great reason to be satisfied,—nothing shall oppose your happiness.

Y. Clac. Bravo, Mr Heartly.

Heart. Miss Harriet's will is a law to me; and for you, sir,—the friendship which I have ever professed for your uncle is too sincere not to exert some of it upon this occasion.

Miss H. I shall die with confusion! [*Aside.*

Y. Clac. I am alive again.—Dear Mr Heartly, thou art a most adorable creature! what a happiness it is to have to do with a man of sense, who has no foolish prejudices, and can see when a young fellow has something tolerable about him!——

Heart. Sir, not to flatter you, I must declare, that it is from a knowledge of your friends and family, that I have hopes of seeing you and this young lady happy. I will go directly to your uncle, and assure him that every thing goes on to our wishes.——

[*Going.*

Miss H. Mr Heartly,—pray, sir!——

Heart. Poor Miss Harriet, I see your distress, and am sorry for it; but it must be got over, and the sooner the better. Mr Clackit, my dear, will be glad of an opportunity to entertain you, for the little time that I shall be absent.—Poor Miss Harriet! [*Smiling.*

[*Exit* HEARTLY.

Y. Clac. *Allez, allez, monsieur!*—I'll answer for that.— Well, ma'am, I think every thing succeeds to

our wishes; be sincere, my adorable, don't you think yourself a very happy young lady?

Miss H. I shall be most particularly obliged to you, sir, if you would inform me what is the meaning of all this.

Y. Clac. Inform you, miss? the matter, I believe, is pretty clear,—our friends have understanding, we have affections,—and a marriage follows of course.

Miss H. Marriage, sir! pray what relation or particular connection is there between you and me, sir?

Y. Clac. I may be deceived, faith;—but upon my honour, I always supposed that there was a little smattering of inclination between us.

Miss H. And have you spoke to my guardian upon this supposition, sir?

Y. Clac. And are you angry at it? I believe not. ——[*Smiling.*] Come, come, I believe not,—'tis delicate in you to be upon the reserve.

Miss H. Indeed, sir, this behaviour of yours is most extraordinary.

Y. Clac. Come, come, my dear, don't carry this jest too far, *è troppo, è troppo, mia carissima.*—What the devil, when every thing is agreed upon, and uncles and guardians, and such folks, have given their consent, why continue the hypocrisy?

Miss H. They may have consented for you; but I am mistress of my affections, and will never dispose of 'em by proxy.

Y. Clac. Upon my soul this is very droll;—what! has not your guardian been here this moment, and expressed all imaginable pleasure at our intended union?

Miss H. He is in an error, sir,—and had I not been too much astonished at your behaviour, I had undeceived him long before now.

Y. Clac. [*Humming a tune.*] But pray, miss, to return to business—what can be your intention in rais-

ing all this confusion in the family, and opposing your own inclinations?

Miss H. Opposing my own inclinations, sir?

Y. Clac. Ay, opposing your own inclinations, madam;—do you know, child, if you carry on this farce any longer, I shall begin to be a little angry?

Miss H. I would wish it, sir; for be assured, that I never in my life had the least thought about you.

Y. Clac. Words, words, words—

Miss H. 'Tis most sincerely and literally true.

Y. Clac. Come, come, I know what I know—

Miss H. Don't make yourself ridiculous, Mr Clackit.

Y. Clac. Don't you make yourself miserable, Miss Harriet.

Miss H. I am only so, when you persist to torment me.

Y. Clac. [*Smiling.*] And you really believe that you don't love me?

Miss H. Positively not.

Y. Clac. [*Conceitedly.*] And you are very sure now, that you hate me?

Miss H. Oh! most cordially.

Y. Clac. Poor young lady! I do pity you from my soul.

Miss H. Then why won't you leave me?

Y. Clac. ——"She never told her love,
"But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud,
"Feed on her damask cheek."—

Take warning, miss, when you once begin to pine in thought, its all over with you; and be assured, since you are obstinately bent to give yourself airs, that, if you once suffer me to leave this house in a pet—do you mind me?—not all your sighing, whining, fits, vapours, and hysterics, shall ever move me to take the least compassion on you—*coute qui coute*—

Enter HEARTLY *and Sir* CHARLES.

Sir C. I am overjoyed to hear it;—there they are,

the pretty doves! that is the age, neighbour Heartly, for happiness and pleasure.

Heart. I am willing, you see, to lose no time, which may convince you, Sir Charles, how proud I am of this alliance in our families.

Sir C. The thought of it rejoices me,—gad, I will send for the fiddles, and take a dance myself; and a fig for the gout and rheumatism. But hold, hold,—the lovers, methinks, are a little out of humour with each other.—What is the matter, Jack? not pouting, sure, before your time.

Y. Clac. A trifle, sir; the lady will tell you—

[*Hums a tune.*

Heart. You seem to be troubled, Harriet.—What can this mean?

Miss H. You have been in an error, sir, about me;—I did not undeceive you, because I did not imagine that the consequences could have been so serious and so sudden;—but I am now forced to tell you, that you have misunderstood me—that you have distressed me.

Heart. How, my dear?

Sir C. What do you say, miss?

Y. Clac. *Mademoiselle* is pleased to be out of humour; but I can't blame her, for, upon my honour, I think a little coquetry becomes her.

Sir C. Ay, ay, ay,—oh, ho!—is that all? these little squalls seldom overset the lover's boat, but drive it the faster to port—ay, ay, ay!

Heart. Don't be uneasy, my dear, that you have declared your passion,—be consistent now, lest you should be thought capricious.

Y. Clac. Talk to her a little, Mr Heartly, she is a fine lady, and has many virtues, but she does not know the world.

Sir C. Come, come, you must be friends again, my children.

Miss H. I beg you will let me alone, sir.

Heart. For heaven's sake, Miss Harriet, explain this riddle to me.

Miss H. I cannot, sir; I have discovered the weakness of my heart—I have discovered it to you, sir;—but your unkind interpretations, and reproachful looks, convince me that I have already said but too much. [*Exit.*

[HEARTLY *muses.*

Sir C. Well, but hark'ye, nephew,—this is going a little too far,—what have you done to her?

Heart. I never saw her so much moved before!

Y. Clac. Upon my soul, gentlemen, I am as much surprised at it as you can be;—the little *brouillerie* between us arose upon her persisting that there was no passion, no *penchant* between us.

Sir C. I'll tell you what, Jack, there is a certain kind of impudence about you that I don't approve of; and were I a young girl, those coxcomical airs of your's would surfeit me.

Y. Clac. But as the young ladies are not quite so squeamish as you, uncle, I fancy they will choose me as I am. Ha, ha!—but what can the lady object to? I have offered to marry her, is not that a proof sufficient that I like her?—a young fellow must have some affection that will go such lengths to indulge it. Ha, ha!

Sir C. Why really, friend Heartly, I don't see how a young man can well do more, or a lady desire more.—What say you, neighbour?

Heart. Upon my word, I am puzzled about it,—my thoughts upon the matter are so various, and so confused;—every thing I see and hear is so contradictory—is so—she certainly cannot like any body else?

Y. Clac. No, no, I'll answer for that—

Heart. Or she may be fearful then, that your passion for her is not sincere, or, like other young men of the times, you may grow careless upon marriage and neglect her.

Y. Clac. Ha! egad, you have hit it; nothing but a little natural delicate sensibility— [*Hums a tune.*

Heart. If so, perhaps the violence of her reproaches may proceed from the lukewarmness of your professions.

Y. Clac. *Je vous demande pardon*—I have sworn to her a hundred and a hundred times, that she should be the happiest of her sex; but there is nothing surprising in all this, it is the misery of an over-fond heart, to be always doubtful of its happiness.

Heart. And if she marries thee, I fear that she'll be kept in a state of doubt as long as she lives.

[*Half aside.*

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Pray, gentlemen, what is the matter among you? and which of you has affronted my mistress? she is in a most prodigious taking yonder, and she vows to return into the country again;—I can get nothing but sighs from her.

Y. Clac. Poor thing!

Lucy. Poor thing? the devil take this love, I say, there's more rout about it than 'tis worth.

Y. Clac. I beg your pardon for that, Mrs Abigail.

Heart. I must enquire farther into this; her behaviour is too particular for me not to be disturbed at it.

Lucy. She desires, with the leave of these gentlemen, that, when she has recovered herself, she may talk with you alone, sir. [*To* Heartly.

Heart. I shall with pleasure attend her.

[*Exit* Lucy.

Y. Clac. *Divin Bacchus!* La, la, la! [*Sings.*

Sir C. I would give, old as I am, a leg or an arm to be beloved by that sweet creature as you are, Jack.

Y. Clac. And throw your gout and rheumatism into the bargain, uncle.——Ha, ha! *Divin Bacchus.* La, la, la, &c. [*Sings.*

Sir C. What the plague are you quavering at?

thou hast no more feeling for thy happiness than my stick here.

Y. Clac. I beg your pardon for that, my dear uncle. [*Takes out a pocket Looking-glass.*

Sir C. I wonder what the devil is come to the young fellows of this age, neighbour Heartly? why a fine woman has no effect upon 'em.—Is there no method to make 'em less fond of themselves, and more mindful of the ladies?

Heart. I know but of one, Sir Charles—

Sir C. Ay, what's that?

Heart. Why, to break all the looking-glasses in the kingdom. [*Pointing to* Y. CLACKIT.

Sir C. Ay, ay, they are such fops, so taken up with themselves!—Zounds! when I was young, and in love—

Y. Clac. You were a prodigious fine sight, to be sure.—Who waits there? [*Enter Servant.*] Let the young lady know that I shall attend her commands in the library. [*Exit Servant.*] Will you excuse me, gentlemen?

Sir C. Ay, ay, we'll leave you to yourselves; and pray convince her, that I and my nephew are most sincerely her very humble servants.

Y. Clac. O yes, you may depend upon me.

Heart. A very slender dependence truly. [*Aside. Exit.*

Y. Clac. We'll be with you again, to know what your *tête-a-tête* produces; and in the meantime I am her's, and your's,—adieu! Come, uncle,——Fal, lal, la, la!

Sir C. I could knock him down with pleasure. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt Sir* CHARLES *and* Y. CLACKIT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Library.*

HEARTLY, *speaking to a Servant.*

Tell Miss Harriet, that I am here. If she is indisposed, I will wait upon her in her own room.

[*Exit Servant.*

However mysterious her conduct appears to me, yet still it is to be decyphered. This young gentleman has certainly touched her—there are some objections to him, and among so many young men of fashion that fall in her way, she certainly might have made a better choice: she has an understanding to be sensible of this; and, if I am not mistaken, it is a struggle between her reason and her passion, that occasions all this confusion.—But here she is.

Enter Miss HARRIET.

Miss H. I hope you are not angry, sir, that I left you so abruptly, without making any apology?

Heart. I am angry that you think any apology necessary. I guess whence proceeds all your uneasiness;—you fear that the world will not be so readily convinced of this young gentleman's merit as you are: and, indeed, I could wish him more deserving of you; but your regard for him gives him a merit he otherwise would have wanted, and almost makes me blind to his failings.

Miss H. And would you advise me, sir, to make choice of this gentleman?

Heart. I would advise you, as I always have done, to consult your own heart upon such an occasion.

Miss H. If that is your advice, I will most religiously follow it; and, for the last time, I am resolved to discover my real sentiments; but as a confession

of this kind will not become me, I have been thinking of some innocent stratagem to spare my blushes, and in part to relieve me from the shame of a declaration.—Might I be permitted to write to him?

Heart. I think you may, my dear, without the least offence to your delicacy: and indeed you ought to explain yourself; your late misunderstanding makes it absolutely necessary.

Miss H. Will you be kind enough to assist me;—will you write it for me, sir?

Heart. Oh, most willingly!—and as I am made a party, it will remove all objections.

Miss H. I will dictate to you in the best manner I am able. [*Sighing.*

Heart. And here is pen, ink, and paper, to obey your commands. [*Draws the Table.*

Miss H. Lord, how my heart beats! I fear I cannot go through it. [*Aside.*

Heart. Now, my dear, I am ready—Don't be disturbed.—He is certainly a man of family, and though he has some little faults, time and your virtues will correct them.—Come, what shall I write?

[*Preparing to write.*

Miss H. Pray give me a moment's thought;—'tis a terrible task, Mr Heartly.

Heart. I know it is.—Don't hurry yourself:—I shall wait with patience.—Come, Miss Harriet.

Miss H. [*Dictating.*] "It is in vain for me to conceal from one of your understanding, the secrets of my heart."

Heart. "The secrets of my heart"— [*Writing.*

Miss H. "Though your humility and modesty will not suffer you to perceive it,"—

Heart. Do you think, my dear, that he is much troubled with those qualities?

Miss H. Pray indulge me, sir.

Heart. I beg your pardon.—"Your humility and

modesty will not suffer you to perceive it."—[*Writes.*] So.

Miss H. "Every thing tells you, that it is you that I love."

Heart. Very well. [*Writes.*

Miss H. Yes:—"*you* that I love:"—do you understand me?

Heart. O! yes, yes;—I understand you,—"that it is you that I love."—This is very plain, my dear.

Miss H. I would have it so.—"and though I am already bound in gratitude to you,"—

Heart. In gratitude to Mr Clackit?

Miss H. Pray write, sir.

Heart. Well,—"in gratitude to you;" [*writes.*] —I must write what she would have me. [*Aside.*

Miss H. "Yet my passion is a most disinterested one."—

Heart. "Most disinterested one." [*Writes.*

Miss H. "And to convince you, that you owe much more to my affections,"—

Heart. And then?

Miss H. "I could wish that I had not experienced"—

Heart. Stay,—stay:—"had not experienced"— [*Writes.*

Miss H. "Your tender care of me in my infancy."—

Heart. [*Disturbed.*] What did you say?——did I hear right, or am I in a dream! [*Aside.*

Miss H. Why have I declared myself?—he'll hate me—my folly. [*Aside.*

Heart. Harriet!

Miss H. Sir!

Heart. To whom do you write this letter?

Miss H. To—to—Mr Clackit,—is it not?

Heart. You must not mention then the care of your infancy; it would be ridiculous.

Miss H. It would indeed;—I own it;—is is improper.—

Heart. What, did it escape you in your confusion?

Miss H. It did indeed.

Heart. What must I put in its place?

Miss H. Indeed I don't know.—I have said more than enough to make myself understood.

Heart. Then I'll only finish your letter with the usual compliment, and send it away.

Miss H. Yes,—send it away,—If you think I ought to send it.

Heart. [*Troubled.*] Ought to send it!—who's there?—[*Enter a Servant.*] Carry this letter.

[*An action escapes from* HARRIET, *as if to hinder the sending the Letter.*

—Is it not for Mr Clackit?

Miss H. [*Peevishly.*] Who can it be for?

Heart. [*To the Servant.*] Here, take this letter to Mr. Clackit? [*Gives the Letter.*

[*Exit Servant.*

Miss H. What a terrible situation! [*Aside.*

Heart. I am thunderstruck! [*Aside.*

Miss H. I cannot speak another word. [*Aside.*

Heart. My prudence fails me! [*Aside.*

Miss H. He disapproves my passion, and I shall die with confusion. [*Aside.*

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. The conversation is over, and I may appear. [*Aside.*]—Sir Charles is without, sir, and is impatient to know your determination;—may he be permitted to see you?

Heart. [*Aside.*] I must retire to conceal my weakness. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Upon my word this is very whimsical.—What is the reason, miss, that your guardian is gone away without giving me an answer?

Miss H. [*Aside.*] What a contempt he must have for me, to behave in this manner! [*Exit.*

Lucy. Extremely well, this, and equally foolish on both sides!—but what can be the meaning of it?—ho, ho,—I think I have a glimmering at last.——Suppose she should not like young shatter-brains after all; and indeed she has never absolutely said she did; who knows but she has at last opened her mind to my good master, and he, finding her taste (like that of other girls at her age) most particularly ridiculous, has not been so complaisant as he used to be.—What a shame it is that I don't know more of this matter, a wench of spirit, as I am, a favourite of my mistress, and as inquisitive as I ought to be? It is an affront to my character, and I must have satisfaction immediately——[*Going.*] I will go directly to my young mistress, tease her to death, till I am at the bottom of this; and if threatening, soothing, scolding, whispering, crying, and lying, will not prevail, I will e'en give her warning,—and go upon the stage. [*Exit.*

Enter HEARTLY.

Heart. The more I reflect upon what has passed, the more I am convinced that she did not intend writing to this young fellow.—What am I to think of it then?—Let a man be ever so much upon his guard against the approaches of vanity, yet he will find himself weak in that quarter.—Had not my reason made a little stand against my presumption, I might have interpreted some of Harriet's words in my own favour; but—I may well blush, though alone, at my extravagant folly!—

Enter Sir CHARLES.

Sir C. Well, Mr Heartly, what are we to hope for?

Heart. Upon my word, sir, I am still in the dark; we puzzle about, indeed, but we don't get forward.

Sir C. What the devil is the meaning of all this?

there never sure were lovers so difficult to bring together. But have you not been a little too rough with the lady? for as I passed by her but now, she seemed a little out of humour,—and, upon my faith, not the less beautiful for a little pouting.

Heart. Upon my word, Sir Charles, what I can collect from her behaviour is, that your nephew is not so much in her good graces, as he made you believe.

Sir C. 'Egad, like enough;—but hold, hold,—this must be looked a little into;—if it is so, I would be glad to know, why and wherefore I have been made so ridiculous.—Eh, master Heartly, does he take me for his fool, his beast, his Merry Andrew? by the lord Harry—

Heart. In him a little vanity is excusable.

Sir C. I am his vanity's humble servant for that though.

Heart. He is of an age, Sir Charles——

Sir C. Ay, of an age to be very impertinent; but I shall desire him to be less free with his uncle for the future, I assure him.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. I have it, I have it, gentlemen! you need not puzzle any more about the matter.—I have got the secret.—I know the knight-errant that has wounded our distressed lady.

Sir C. Well, and who? and what, child?

Lucy. What, has not she told you, sir?

[*To* HEARTLY.

Heart. Not directly.

Lucy. So much the better.—What pleasure it is to discover a secret, and then tell it to all the world!—I pressed her so much, that she at last confessed.

Sir C. Well, what?

Lucy. That, in the first place, she did not like your nephew.

Sir C. And I told the puppy so.

Lucy. That she had a most mortal antipathy for the young men of this age; and that she had settled her affections upon one of riper years, and riper understanding.

Sir C. Indeed?

Lucy. And that she expected from a lover in his autumn more affection, more complaisance, more constancy, and more discretion of course.

Heart. That is very particular.

Sir C. Ay, but it is very prudent for all that.

Lucy. In short, as she had openly declared against the nephew, I took upon me to speak of his uncle.

Sir C. Of me, child?

Lucy. Yes, of you, sir; —and she did not say me nay,—but cast such a look, and fetched such a sigh, —that if ever I looked and sighed in my life, I know how it is with her.

Sir C. What the devil!—why surely,—eh, Lucy! you joke for certain, Mr Heartly!—eh!—.

Lucy. Indeed I do not, sir,—'twas in vain for me to say that nothing could be so ridiculous as such a choice.—Nay, sir, I went a little further, (you'll excuse me) and told her—good God, madam, said I, why he is old and gouty, asthmatic, rheumatic, sciatic, spleenatic.—It signified nothing, she had determined.

Sir C. But you need not have told her all that.

Heart. I am persuaded, Sir Charles, that a good heart, and a good mind, will prevail more with that young lady, than the more fashionable accomplishments.

Sir C. I tell you what, neighbour, I have had my days, and have been well received among the ladies, I have—but in truth, I am rather in my winter than my autumn; she must mean somebody else. Now I think again - it can't be me—no, no, it can't be me.

Lucy. But I tell you it is, sir. You are the man,—

her stars have decreed it; and what they decree, though ever so ridiculous, must come to pass.

Sir C. Say you so?—why then, monsieur nephew, I shall have a little laugh with you,—ha, ha, ha! the tit-bit is not for you, my nice sir.—Your betters must be served before you.—But here he comes.—Not a word for your life.—We'll laugh at him most triumphantly,—ha, ha! but mum, mum.

Enter Y. CLACKIT. *Music plays without.*

Y. Clac. That will do most divinely well.—Bravo, bravo! messieurs vocal and instrumental!—stay in that chamber, and I will let you know the time for your appearance. [*To the Musicians.*] Meeting by accident with some artists of the string, and my particular friends, I have brought 'em to celebrate Miss Harriet's and my approaching happiness.

[*To* HEARTLY.

Sir C. Do you hear the puppy? [*To* LUCY.

Heart. It is time to clear up all mistakes.

Sir C. Now for it.

Heart. Miss Harriet, sir, was not destined for you.

Y. Clac. What do you say, sir?

Heart. That the young lady has fixed her affections upon another.

Y. Clac. Upon another?

Sir C. Yes, sir, another,—that is English, sir, and you may translate it into French, if you like it better.

Y. Clac. *Vous êtes bien drole mon oncle.*— ha, ha!

Sir C. Ay, ay, shew your teeth, you have nothing else for it;—but she has fixed her heart upon another, I tell you.

Y. Clac. Very well, sir, extremely well.

Sir C. And that other, sir, is one to whom you owe great respect.

Y. Clac. I am his most respectful humble servant.

Sir C. You are a fine youth, my sweet nephew, to tell me a story of a cock and a bull, of you and the

young lady, when you have no more interest in her than the czar of Muscovy.

Y. Clac. [*Smiling.*] But, my dear uncle, don't carry this jest too far,—I shall begin to be uneasy.

Sir C. Ay, ay, I know your vanity: you think now that the women are all for you young fellows.

Y. Clac. Nine hundred and ninety-nine in a thousand, I believe, uncle, ha, ha, ha!

Sir C. You'll make a damned foolish figure, bye-and-bye, Jack.

Y. Clac. Whoever my precious rival is, he must prepare himself for a little humility; for, be he ever so mighty, my dear uncle, I have that in my pocket will lower his top-sails for him.

[*Searching his Pocket.*

Sir C. Well, what's that?

Y. Clac. A fourteen pounder only, my good uncle, —a letter from the lady. [*Takes it out of his Pocket.*

Sir C. What, to you?

Y. Clac. To me, sir,—this moment received, and overflowing with the tenderest sentiments.

Sir C. To you?

Y. Clac. Most undoubtedly. She reproaches me with my excessive modesty.—There can be no mistake.

Sir C. What letter is this he chatters about?

[*To* HEARTLY.

Heart. One written by me, and dictated by the young lady.

Sir C. What, sent by her to him?

Heart. I believe so.

Sir C. Well, but then,—how the devil,—Mrs Lucy!—eh!—what becomes of your fine story?

Lucy. I don't understand it.

Sir C. Nor I!

Heart. [*Hesitating.*] Nor—I—

Y. Clac. But I do,—and so you will all presently. —Well, my dear uncle, what, are you astonished, petrified, annihilated?

Sir C. With your impudence, Jack!—but I'll see it out.

Enter Miss HARRIET.

Miss H. Bless me, Mr Heartly, what is all this music for in the next room?

Y. Clac. I brought the gentlemen of the string, mademoiselle, to convince you, that I feel, as I ought, the honour you have done me—[*showing the Letter.*] But for heaven's sake be sincere a little with these good folks; they tell me here that I am nobody, and there is another happier than myself, and for the soul of me, I don't know how to believe 'em,—ha, ha, ha!

Sir C. Let us hear miss speak.

Miss H. It is a most terrible task; but I am compelled to it, and to hesitate any longer would be injurious to my guardian, his friend, this young gentleman, and my own character.

Y. Clac. Most judicious, upon my soul.

Sir C. Hold your tongue, Jack.

Y. Clac. I am dumb.

Miss H. You have all been in an error.—My bashfulness may have deceived you,—my heart never did.

Y. Clac. *C'est vrai.*

Miss H. Therefore, before I declare my sentiments, it is proper that I disavow any engagement:—but at the same time must confess—

Y. Clac. Ho,—ho!—

Miss H. With fear and shame confess—

Y. Clac. Courage, mademoiselle!

Miss H. That another, not you, sir, has gained a power over my heart. [*To Y.* CLACKIT.

Sir C. Another, not you; mind that, Jack. Ha, ha!

Miss H. It is a power indeed which he despises. —I cannot be deceived in his conduct.—Modesty

may tie the tongue of our sex, but silence in him could proceed only from contempt.

Sir C. How prettily she reproaches me!—but I'll soon make it up with her.

Miss H. As to that letter, sir; your error there is excusable; and I own myself in that particular a little blameable.—But it was not my fault that it was sent to you; and the contents must have told you, that it could not possibly be meant for you.

[*To Y.* CLACKIT.

Sir C. Proof positive, Jack:—say no more.—Now is my time to begin.—hem!—hem!—sweet young lady,—hem!—whose charms are so mighty, so far transcending every thing that we read of, in history or fable, how could you possibly think that my silence proceeded from contempt? was it natural or prudent, think you, for a man of sixty-five, nay, just entering into his sixty-sixth year—

Y. Clac. O *misericorde!* what, is my uncle my rival! nay then I shall burst, by Jupiter!—ha, ha, ha!

Miss H. Don't imagine, sir, that to me your age is any fault.

Sir C. [*Bowing.*] You are very obliging, madam.

Miss H. Neither is it, sir, a merit of that extraordinary nature, that I should sacrifice to it an inclination which I have conceived for another.

Sir C. How is this?

Y. Clac. Another! not you.—mind that, uncle.

Lucy. What is the meaning of all this?

Y. Clac. Proof positive, uncle—and very positive.

Sir C. I have been led into a mistake, madam, which I hope you will excuse; and I have made myself very ridiculous, which I hope I shall forget:—and so, madam, I am your humble servant.—This young lady has something very extraordinary about her.

Heart. What I now see, and the remembrance of what is past, force me to break silence.

Y. Clac. Ay, now for it.—hear him—hear him.—

Heart. O my Harriet!—I too must be disgraced in my turn.—Can you think that I have seen and conversed with you unmoved?—indeed I have not.—The more I was sensible of your merit, the stronger were my motives to stifle the ambition of my heart.—But now I can no longer resist the violence of my passion, which casts me at your feet, the most unworthy indeed of all your admirers, but of all the most affectionate.

Y. Clac. So, so, the moon has changed, and the grown gentlemen begin to be frisky.

Lucy. What, my master in love too!—I'll never trust these sentimental gentlemen again. [*Aside.*

Miss H. I have refused my hand to Sir Charles, and this young gentleman:—the one accuses me of caprice, the other of singularity.—Should I refuse my hand a third time, [*smiling*] I might draw upon myself a more severe reproach,—and therefore I accept your favour, sir, and will endeavour to deserve it.

Heart. And thus I seal my acknowledgments, and from henceforth devote my every thought, and all my services, to the author of my happiness.

[*Kisses her Hand.*

Lucy. Since matters are so well settled, give me leave, sir, to congratulate you on your success,—and my young lady on her judgment.—You have my taste exactly, miss; ripe fruit for my money; when it is too green it sets one's teeth on edge, and when too mellow it has no flavour at all.

Sir C. Mr Heartly, I have sense enough, and friendship enough, not to be uneasy at your happiness.

Heart. I hope, Sir Charles, that we shall still continue to live as neighbours and friends. For you, my Harriet, words cannot express my wonder or my joy,

For every charm that ever yet blessed youth,
Accept compliance, tenderness, and truth;
My friendly care shall change to grateful love,
And the fond husband still the Guardian prove.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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